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THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE FIRST STEP—THE FIRST BLOW

THE FIRST STEP

IN 1774 Philadelphia was the largest town in the American Colonies. Estimates of the population, which are all we have, differ widely, but it was probably not far from 30,000. A single city now has a larger population than all the colonies possessed in 1774, and there are in the United States to-day 104 cities and towns of over 30,000 inhabitants. Figures alone, however, cannot express the difference between those days and our own. Now a town of 30,000 people is reached by railroads and telegraphs. It is in close touch with all the rest of the world. Business brings strangers to it constantly, who come like shadows and so depart, unnoticed, except by those with whom they are immediately concerned. It was not so in 1774, not even in Philadelphia, which was as nearly as possible the central point of the colonies as well as the most populous city. Thanks to the energy and genius of Franklin, Philadelphia was paved, lighted, and ordered in a way almost unknown in any other town of that period. It was well built and thriving. Business was active and the people were thrifty and prosperous, and lived well. Yet, despite all these good qualities we must make an effort of the imagination to realize how quietly and slowly life moved then in comparison to the pace of to-day. There in Philadelphia was the centre of the postal system of the continent, and the recently established mail coach called the "Flying Machine," not in jest but in praise, performed the journey to New York in the hitherto unequalled time of two days. Another mail at longer intervals crept more slowly to the South. Vessels of the coastwise traffic, or from beyond seas, came into port at uncertain times, and after long and still more uncertain voyages. The daily round of life was so regular and so quiet that any incident or any novelty drew interest and attention in a way which would now be impossible.

In this thriving, well-conditioned, prosperous town, strangers, like events, were not common, and their appearance was sure to attract notice, especially if they gave evidence of distinction or were known to come with an important purpose. We can guess easily, therefore, at the interest which was felt by the people of Philadelphia in the strangers from other colonies who began to appear on their streets in the late summer of 1774, although these visitors were neither unexpected nor uninvited. They were received, too, with the utmost kindness and with open arms. We can read in the diary of John Adams, how he and his companions from Massachusetts were fêted and dined, and we can learn from the same authority how generous

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were the tables, and how much richer was the living among the followers of William Penn than among the descendants of the Puritans.

But these men from Massachusetts and from the other colonies had not travelled over rough roads and long distances simply to try the liberal hospitality of the Quakers of Philadelphia. They had come there on far more serious business and with a grave responsibility resting upon them. On September 5th they assembled at the City Tavern, and went thence together to the hall of the Carpenters, where they determined to hold their meetings. We can readily imagine how the little town was stirred and interested as these men passed along their streets that September morning from the tavern to the hall. The bystanders who were watching them as they walked by were trying, no doubt, after the fashion of human nature, to pick out and identify those whose names were already familiar. We may be sure that they noticed Christopher Gadsden and the two Rutledges from South Carolina; they must have marked John Jay's calm high-bred face; and the venerable figure of Hopkins of Rhode Island, while Roger Sherman of Connecticut, with his strong, handsome face, tall, grave impression, must have been readily identified. They certainly looked with especial eagerness for the Massachusetts delegates, their curiosity, we may believe, mingled with something of the suspicion and dread with which these particular men were then regarded in slow-moving, conservative Pennsylvania. When the Boston men came along, there must have been plenty of people to point out a short, sturdy, full-blooded man, clearly of a restless, impetuous, and ardent temperament, and to tell each other that there was John Adams, the distinguished lawyer and brilliant debater, whose fame in the last few years had spread far from his native town. With him was to be seen an older man, one still better known, and regarded as still more dangerous, whose fame had gone even across the water to England, Samuel Adams of Boston. He was taller than his cousin, with a somewhat stern set face of the Puritan type. He was plainly dressed, very likely in dark brown cloth, as Copley painted him, and yet his friends had almost by force fitted him out with clothes suitable for this occasion, simple as they were, for if left to himself he would have come as carelessly and roughly clad as was his habit at home. A man not much given to speech, an organizer, a manager and master of men, relentless in purpose, a planner of revolution with schemes and outlooks far beyond most of those about him. Yes, on the whole, here was a dangerous man to people in high places whom he meant to disturb or oppose.

Major Pitcairn's Pistols.

These pistols were taken from Pitcairn's horse, and a few days afterwards were presented to Israel Putnam, who carried them throughout the war. Later, they were presented to the Cary Library and are now in the Town Hall at Lexington.

And after the bystanders had watched curiously the New England group, they looked next for those who came from the great colony of Virginia, which, with Massachusetts, was to sway the Congress and carry it forward to stronger measures than the other colonies then desired. Conspicuous among the Virginians they saw an eminent member of the Randolph family, and those who were well informed no doubt wondered why they did not see by Randolph's side the slight figure and keen face of Richard Henry Lee, a fit representative of the great Virginian name, who had come to Philadelphia, but did not appear in Congress until the second day. All these Virginian delegates, indeed, were well known by reputation at least, and there could have been no difficulty in singling out among them the man whose fiery eloquence had brought the cry of "Treason" ringing about his ears in the House of Burgesses. The name of Patrick Henry had been sent across the water, like that of Samuel Adams, and we may be sure that the crowd was looking with intense curiosity for a sight of the already famous orator. When they found him they saw a tall, spare man, nearly forty years of

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

The Fight on Lexington Common, April 19, 1775.

A drawing of the Battle of Lexington was made by Earl, a portrait painter, and engraved by Amos Doolittle (both soldiers of the Connecticut Company), from narratives of participators in the affair within a month or two after the fight. This drawing must remain the best source of information, but it has been supplemented by careful studies of other documents.

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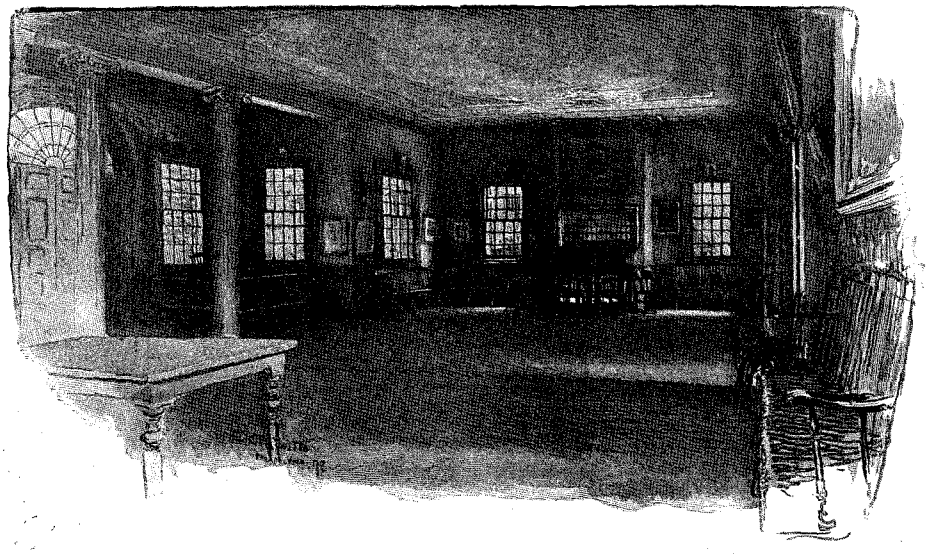
age, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, a strong, well-cut face, and keen, penetrating eyes, deeply set beneath a broad, high forehead on which the furrows of thought had already come. They must have noted, too, that he was negligently dressed, and that he had a very grave, almost severe, look, until a smile came, which lighted up his face, and showed all the kindliness and sympathy of an emotional nature.

Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, the First President of the Continental Congress.

From a painting by C. N. Peale, 1774.

The names of Henry and of Adams were more familiar just at that moment than those of any others. They were the men who by speech and pen had done more than anyone else to touch the heart and imagination of the people in the progress of those events which had caused this gathering in Philadelphia. Yet there was one man there that day who had made no speeches and drawn no resolutions, but who, nevertheless, was better known than any of them, and who, alone, among them all, had a soldier's fame won on hard-fought fields. There was not much need to point him out, for he was the type of man that commands attention and does not need identification. Very tall and large, admirably proportioned, with every sign of great physical strength; a fine head and face of power, with a strong jaw and a mouth accurately closed; calm and silent with a dignity which impressed everyone who ever entered his presence, there was no need to tell the onlookers that here was Colonel Washington. What he had done they knew. What he was yet to do no one dreamed, but such was the impression he made on all who came near him that we may easily believe that the people who gazed at him in the streets felt dumbly what Patrick



The Assembly Room, Carpenter's Hall, where the Continental Congress First Met.

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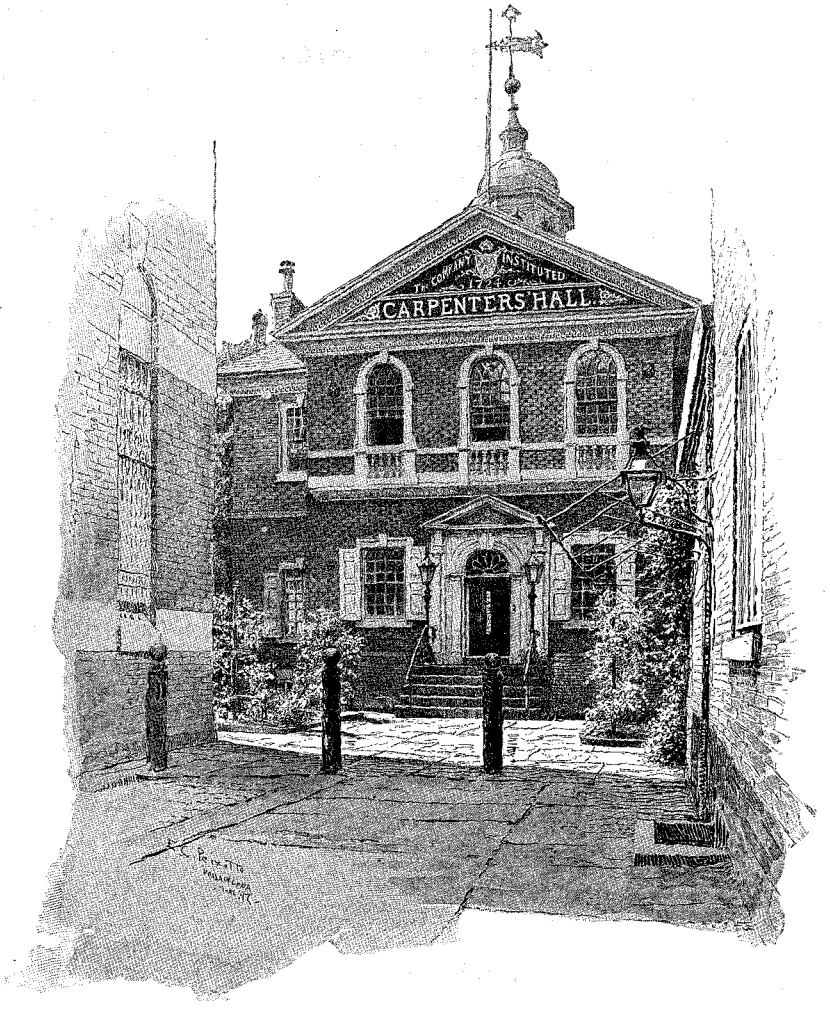

Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia.

Henry said for those who met him in the Congress: "Washington is unquestionably the greatest of them all." Thus he came to the opening scene of the Revolution as he went back to Mount Vernon at the war's close, quietly and silently, the great figure of the time, the doer of deeds to whom Congress and people turned as by instinct. On his way to Philadelphia he had stopped with Pendleton and Henry at his mother's house. To that mother, from whom he had inherited many of his strongest qualities, the soldier of forty-two was still a boy. She was a woman of pronounced views, and had the full courage of her convictions. To Pendleton and Henry she said: "I hope you will all stand firm. I know George will." It is a delightful speech to have been spared to us through the century, with its knowledge of her son's character and its touch of maternal command. Only a few years before another mother across the water had been saying to her son, "George, be a king," and the worthy, stubborn man with his limited intelligence was trying now to obey his mother in his own blundering fashion. How far apart they seem, the German Princess and the Virginian lady, with their commands to their sons. And yet the great forces of the time were bringing the two men steadily together in a conflict which was to settle the

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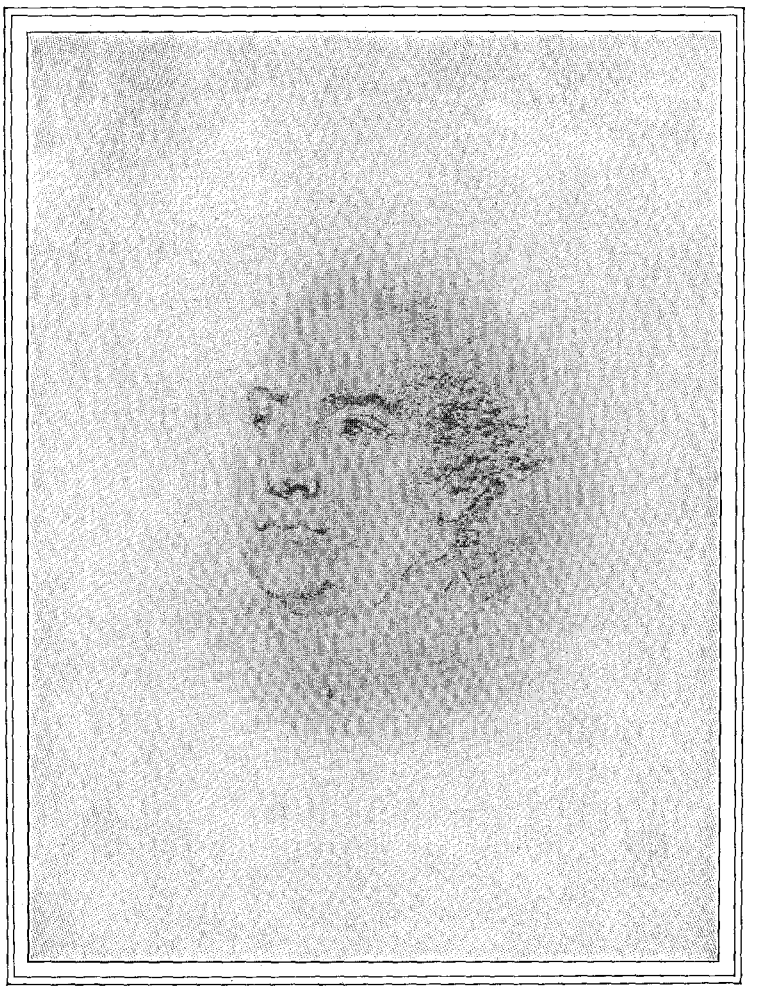

General John Sullivan.

From the original pencil sketch made by John Trumbull, at Exeter, N. H., in 1790. Now published for the first time, by the permission of his grandson, in whose possession the original now is.

fate of a nation. They were beginning to draw very near to each other on that September morning; the king, by accident of birth, and the king who would never wear a crown, but who was appointed to lead men by the divine right of the greatness of mind and will which was in him.

George Washington, ascending the steps of Carpenters' Hall, knew all about the other George, and had been proud to call himself the loyal subject of his namesake. The British George, with no English blood in his veins, except the little drop which came to him from the poor Winter Queen, had probably never heard even the name of the American soldier, although he was destined to learn a great deal about him in the next few years. Yet Washington was much the best-known man in America, with the single exception of Franklin, whose scientific work and whose missions to England had given him a European reputation. Washington had commanded the troops in that little action in the wilderness when the first shot of the Seven Years' War was fired, a war in which Frederick of Prussia had made certain famous campaigns and which had cost France her hold on North America. Later he had saved the wretched remnants of Brad-

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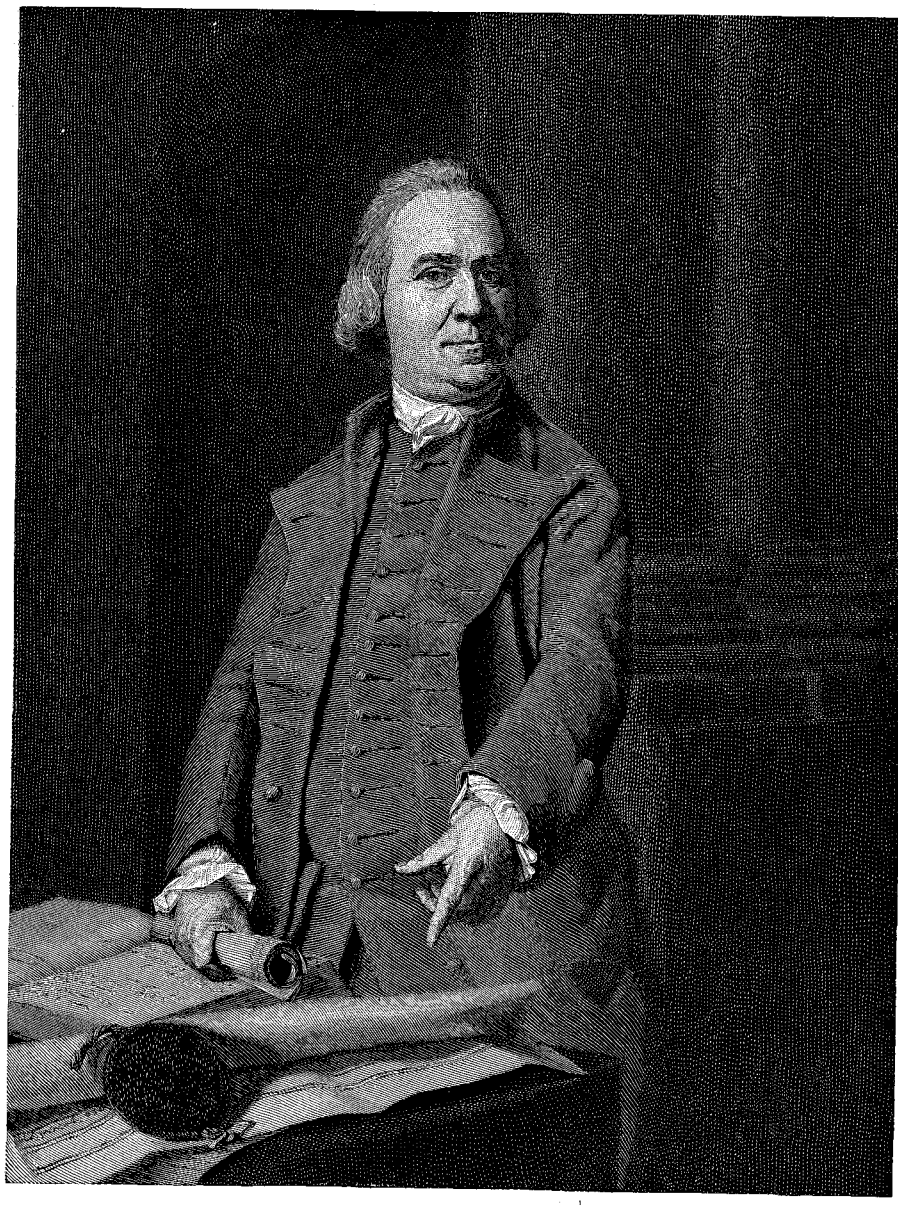

Samuel Adams.

Engraved from the portrait painted by Copley in 1773. Now in possession of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

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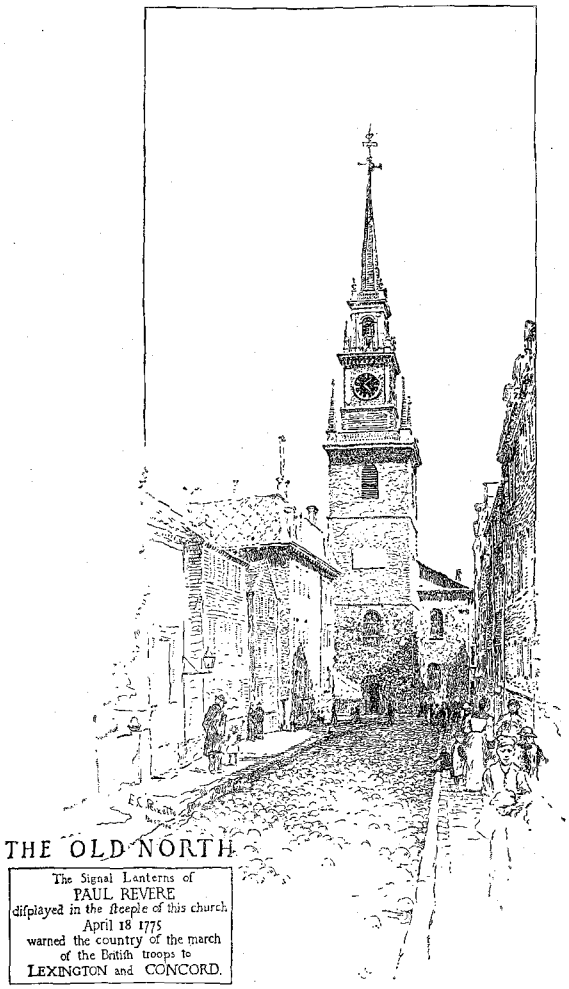
dock's army, his name had figured in gazettes, and had been embalmed in Horace Walpole's letters. That, however, was all twenty years before, and was probably quite forgotten in 1774 outside America. Samuel Adams was known in England, as Percy was known to the Prince of Wales, as a "very valiant rebel of that name." Possibly John Adams and Patrick Henry had been heard of in similar fashion. But as a whole, the members of the first American Congress were unknown outside the colonies, and many of them were not known beyond the limits of the particular colony they represented. To England and her ministers and people these forty or fifty grave gentlemen, lawyers, merchants, and planters, were merely a body of obscure colonial persons who were meeting in an unauthorized manner for distinctly treasonable and objectionable purposes. To the courts of Europe, engaged at the moment in meaningless intrigues, either foreign or domestic, and all alike grown quite dim now, this Colonial Congress was not even obscure, it was not visible at all. Yet thoughtfully regarded, it deserved consideration much better than anything which just then engaged the attention of Europe. Fifteen years later its utterances were to be quoted as authority, and its example emulated in Paris when an ancient monarchy was tottering to its fall. It was the start of a great movement which was to sweep on until checked at Waterloo. This same movement was to begin its march again in 1830 in the streets of Paris and carry the reform of the British Parliament two years later. It was to break forth once more in 1848 and keep steadily on advancing and conquering, although its work is still incomplete even among the nations of Western civilization. Yet, no one in Europe heeded it at the moment, and they failed to see that it meant not simply a colonial quarrel, not merely the coming of a new nation, but the rising of the people to take their share in the governments of the earth. It was in fact the first step in the great Democratic movement which has made history ever since. The great columns were even then beginning to move, and the beat of the drums could be heard faintly in the quiet Philadelphia streets. They were still distant, but they were ever drawing nearer and their roll was rising louder and louder, until at last they sounded in the ears of men from Concord Bridge to Moscow.



THE OLD NORTH

The Signal Lanterns of
PAUL REVERE
displayed in the steeple of this church
April 18 1775
warned the country of the march
of the British troops to
LEXINGTON and CONCORD.

Why did this come about? Why was it that the first step in the Revolution which was to take her colonies from England, bring a reign of terror to France, and make over the map of Europe before it passed away, should begin in the peaceful town of Philadelphia? There was nothing inevitable about the American Revolution, considered by itself. The colonies were very loyal, very proud to be a part of the great British Empire. If the second-rate men who governed England at that time had held to the maxim of that great statesman, Sir Robert Walpole, *quieta non movere*, and like him had let the colonies carefully alone; or if they had been ruled

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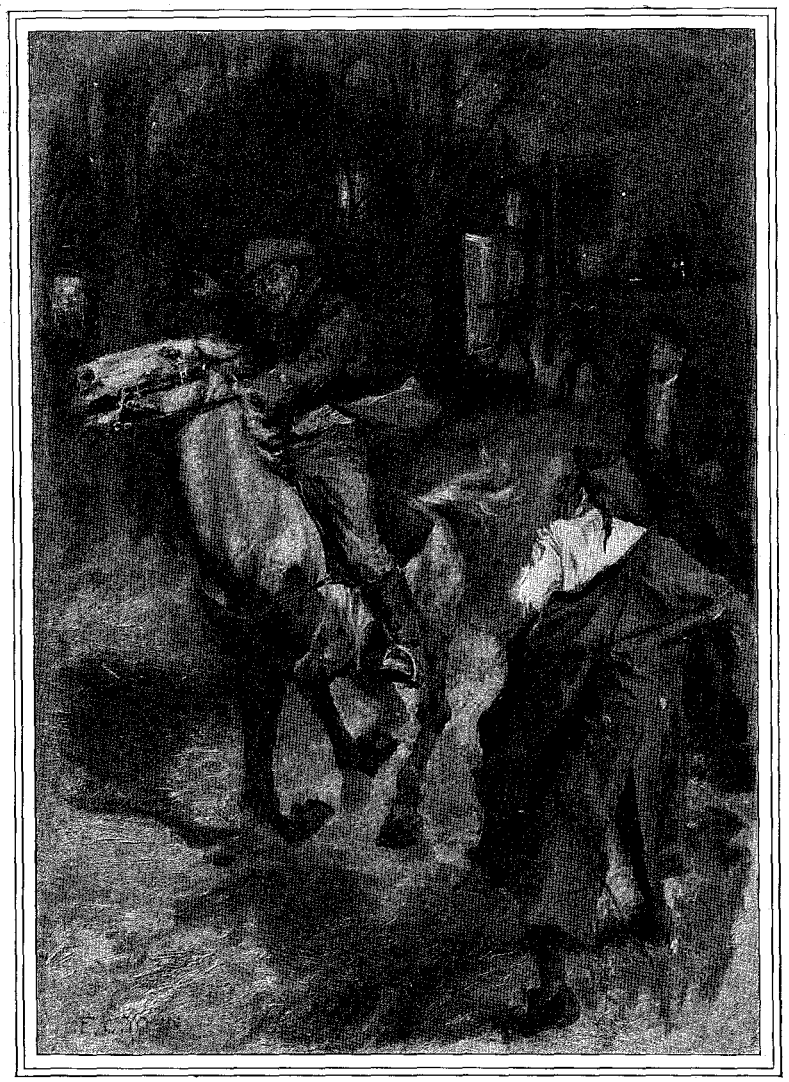

Paul Revere Rousing the Inhabitants Along the Road to Lexington.

by the genius of Pitt and had appealed to the colonies as part of the empire to share its glories and add to its greatness, there would have been no American revolution. But they insisted on meddling, and so the trouble began with the abandonment of Walpole's policy. They added to this blunder by abusing and sneering at the colonists instead of appealing, like Pitt, to their loyalty and patriotism. Even then, after all their mistakes, they still might have saved the situation which they had themselves created. A few concessions, a return to the old policies, and all would have been well. They made every concession finally, but each one came just too late, and so the colonies were lost by sheer stupidity and blundering on the part of the king and his ministers.

From this point of view, then, there was nothing inevitable about the American Revolution. It was created by a series of ministerial mistakes, each one of which could have been easily avoided. From another point of view, however, it was absolutely inevitable, the inexorable result of the great social and political forces which had long been gathering and now were begin-

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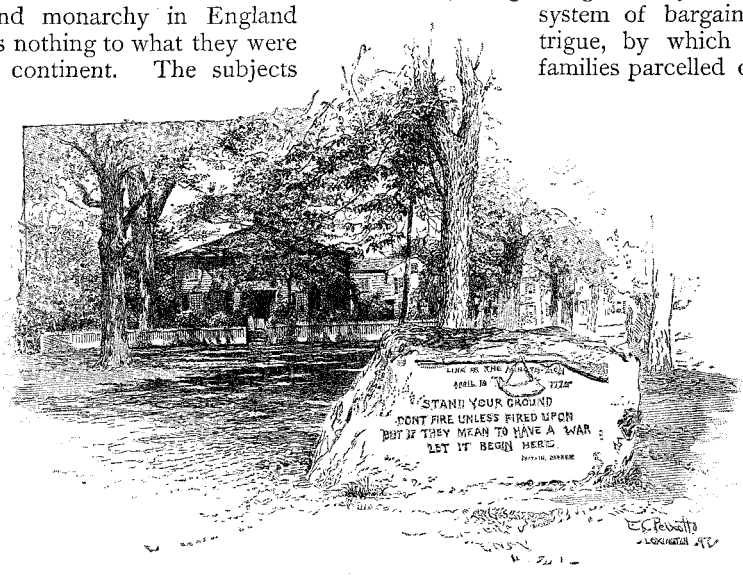
ning to move forward. The first resistance to the personal monarchies which grew up from the ruins of the feudal system came in England, the freest and best governed country in the world of the seventeenth century. The people rose and destroyed the personal government which Charles I. tried to set up, not because they were oppressed and crushed by tyranny, nor because they had grievances too heavy to be borne, but because they were a free people, jealous of their rights, with the instinct of liberty strong within them. In the same way when the great Democratic movement started at the close of the eighteenth century it began in England, where there was no despotic personal monarchy, where personal liberty was most assured, and where freedom existed in the largest measure. The abuses of aristocracy and monarchy in England were as nothing to what they were on the continent. The subjects of George III. were not ground down by taxes, were not sold to military service, were not trampled on by an aristocracy and crushed by their king. They were the freest, best governed people on earth, faulty as their government no doubt was in many respects. Yet it was among the English-speaking people that we catch the first signs of the democratic movement, for, as they were the least oppressed, so they were the most sensitive to any abuse or to any infringement upon the liberties they both prized and understood. The entire English people, both at home and abroad, were thus affected. The Middlesex elections, the career of Wilkes, the letters of Junius, the resolution of Burke against the increasing power of the Crown, the rising demand for Parliamentary reform, the growing hostility to the corrupt system of bargain and intrigue, by which the great families parcelled out offices

Paul Revere, by St. Mémin, 1804.



Harrington House, Lexington.

In the foreground on the common is a large stone marking the line of the Minute Men. Jonathan Harrington, after being shot, dragged himself to his doorstep and there died at his wife's feet.

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The old *Buckman Tavern*, built 1690.

Buckman Tavern.

Stands on the edge of Lexington Common. It was here that the Minute Men gathered after the alarm on the night before the fight.

and seats and controlled Parliament, all pointed in the same direction, all were signs of an approaching storm. If the revolution had not come in the American colonies, it would have come in England itself. The storm broke in the colonies for the same reason which had made the English strike down at its very inception the personal monarchy of the seventeenth century, and which forced them to be the first to exhibit signs of deep political unrest in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The colonies were the least governed, the best governed, and the freest part of the dominion of Great Britain. A people who for a hundred and fifty years had practically governed themselves, and who, like all other English-speaking people, understood the value of their liberties, were the quickest to feel and to resent any change which seemed to signify a loss of absolute freedom, and were sure to be the most jealous of anything like outside interference. America rebelled, not because the colonies were oppressed, but because their inhabitants were the freest people then in the world, and did not mean to suffer oppression. They did not enter upon resistance to England to redress intolerable grievances, but because they saw a policy adopted which they rightly believed threatened the freedom they possessed. As Burke said, they judged "the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle," and "snuffed the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." They were the most dangerous people in the world to meddle with, because they were ready to fight, not to avenge wrongs which indeed they had not suffered, but to maintain principles on which their rights and liberty rested. The

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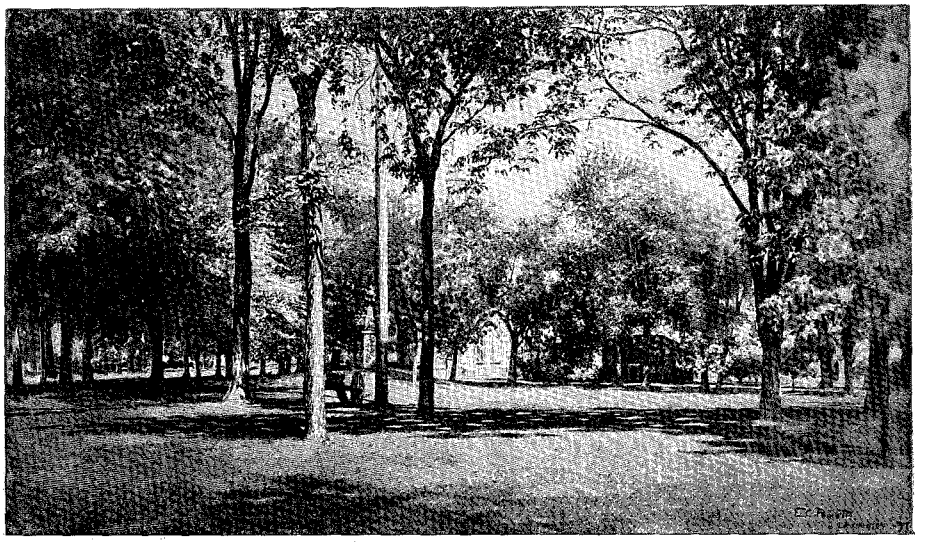
English ministry had begun to assail those principles; they were making clumsy and hesitating attempts to take money from the colonies without leave of the people; and George, in a belated way, was trying to be a king and revive an image of the dead and gone personal monarchy of Charles I. Hence came resistance, very acute in one colony, shared more or less by all. Hence the Congress in Philadelphia and the great popular movement starting as if inevitably in that quiet colonial town among the freest portion of the liberty-loving English race.



General View of Lexington Common at the Present Time.

It was these great forces, which, moving silently and irresistibly, had brought these English colonists from their plantations and offices, and sent them along the streets of Philadelphia to Carpenters' Hall. The deepest causes of the movement stretching far out among the nations of the West were quite unrecognized then, but nevertheless the men were there to carry on the work, forty-four of them in all, and representing eleven colonies. In a few days North Carolina's delegates appeared, and one by one others who had been delayed, until fifty-five members were present, and all the colonies represented but one. They went to work after the orderly fashion of their race, elected Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, President, and Charles Thomson, a patriotic citizen of Philadelphia, Secretary. Then they turned to the practical and very far-reaching question of how they should vote, whether by colonies or by population. "A little colony," said John Sullivan, of New Hampshire, "has its all at stake as well as a great one." "Let us rest on a representation of men," said Henry. "British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies; the distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American." Two contending principles on which American history was to turn were thus announced at the very outset. Sullivan's was the voice of the time, of separation and state rights. Henry's was the voice of the distant future, of union and of nationality. It took more than eighty years of union and a great civil war to establish the new principle proclaimed by Henry. At the moment it had no chance, and the doctrine of Sullivan, in harmony with every prejudice as well as every habit of thought, prevailed, and they decided to vote by colonies, each colony having one vote.

Then they appointed committees and fell to work. There was much debate, much discussion, many wide differences of opinion, but these lovers of freedom sat

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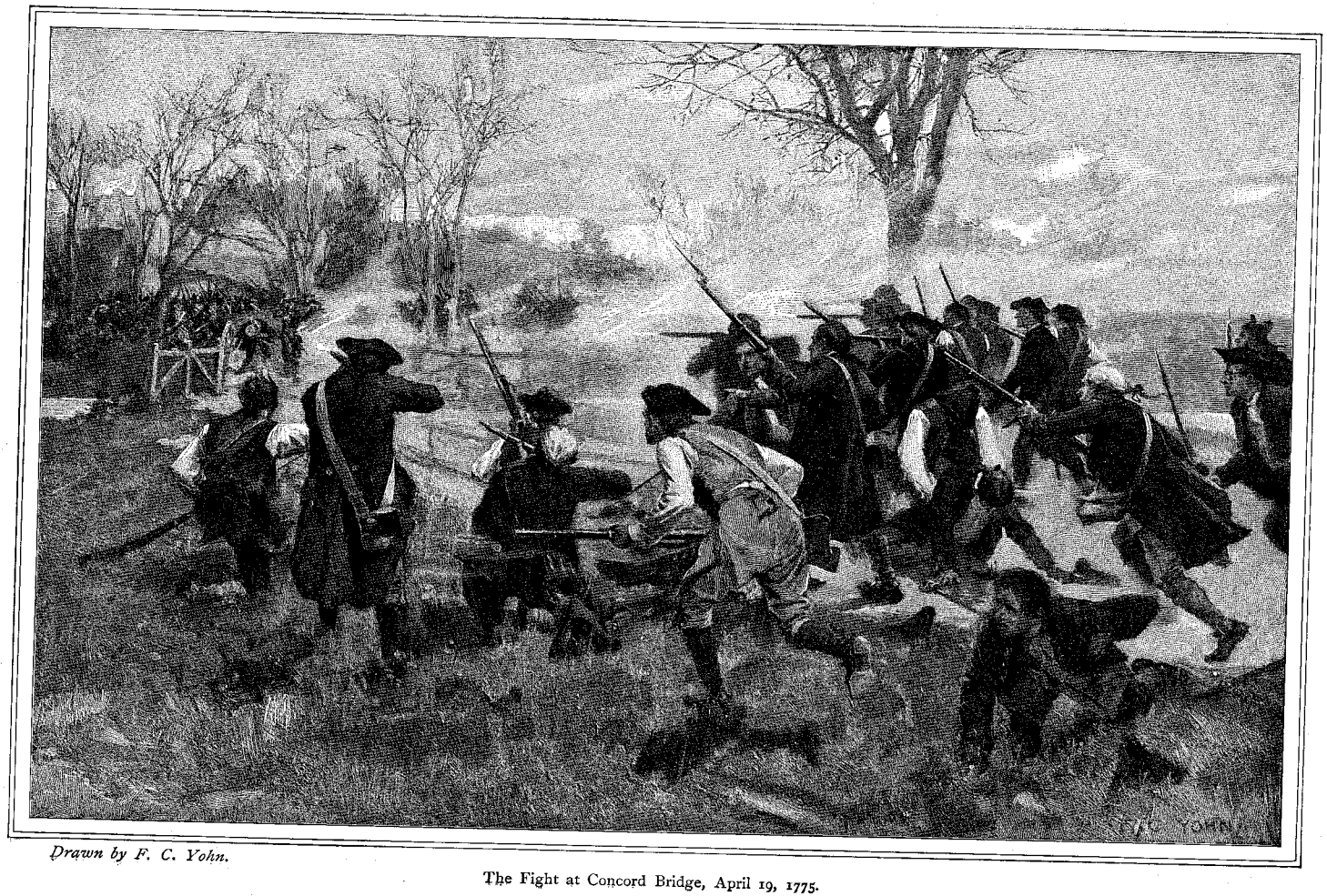

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Fight at Concord Bridge, April 19, 1775.

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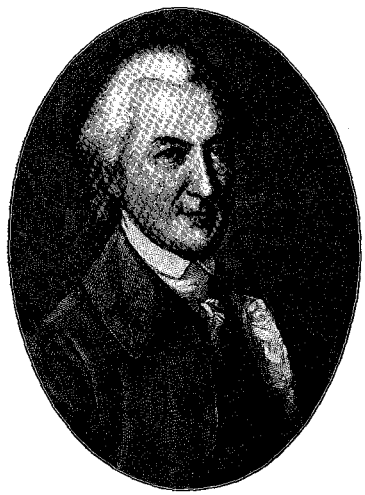
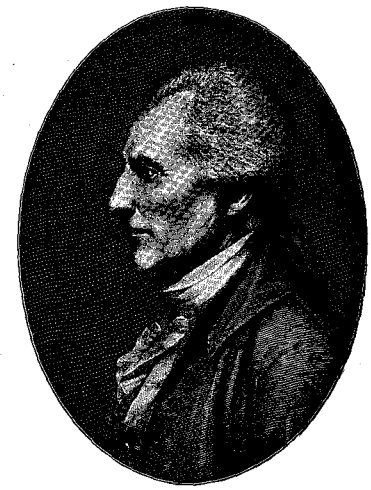
with closed doors, and the result, which alone reached the world, went forth with all the force of unanimous action. We know now what the debates and the differences were, and they are not of much moment. The results are the important things as the Congress wisely thought at the time. True to the traditions and instincts of their race, they decided to rest their case upon historic rather than natural rights. They adopted a declaration of rights, an address to the people of Great Britain drawn by Jay, and an address to the king by John Dickinson. Both Jay and Dickinson were moderate men, and the tone of the addresses was fair and conciliatory. On the motion of the dangerous John Adams, they conceded the right of the mother-country to regulate their external trade, while at the same time they firmly denied the right to tax them without their consent, or to change their form of government. The case was argued with great force and ability. It appeared when all was done and the arguments published to the world, that these obscure colonial persons, whose names were unknown in the courts of Europe, had produced some great state papers. "When your lordships," said Chatham, "look at the papers transmitted us from America, when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must avow that in all my reading—and I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world—for solidity of reason, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion under a complication of difficult circumstances, no body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia. The histories of Greece and Rome give us nothing equal to it, and all attempts to impose servitude on such a mighty continental nation must be in vain. We shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract when we can; not when we must." Pregnant words! The man who had led England to the greatest heights of glory detected a deep meaning in this little American Congress at Philadelphia. He saw that they had left the door wide open to a settlement, and adjustment of all difficulties, that they wished to avert and not gain independence, that their cause was strong and the conquest of a continent impossible, and so he pleaded with England to look and learn. But Chatham had the eye of a great statesman, while the King and ministry were dull and blind. He spoke in vain; he read the



John Dickinson, of Pennsylvania.
From a painting by C. W. Peale, 1791.



Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia.
Painting by C. W. Peale, 1791.

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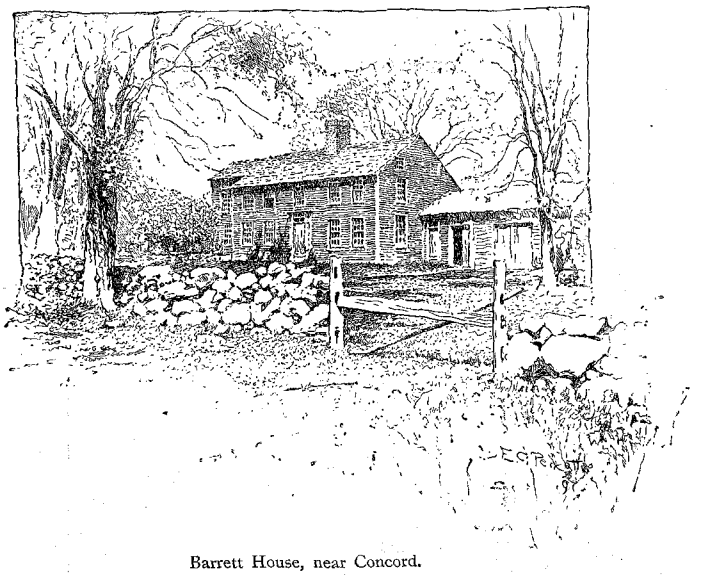

Barrett House, near Concord.

Where military stores were secreted, and also one of the objective points of the expedition under Colonel Smith.

writing on the wall to deaf ears. The rulers of England neither saw the open door of reconciliation, nor comprehended the dangers which lurked behind. They paid no heed to arguments and pleas; they felt only irritation at the measures which went with the words of the addresses. For Congress had not only spoken but acted. Before they adjourned on October 26th, they had passed a resolve against the slave-trade; they had signed agreements to neither import nor export, exempting rice alone from the prohibition of trade with England; they appointed a second Congress, and they voted to sustain Massachusetts, where the conflict had begun and was now fast culminating, in her resistance to England. Not at all palatable this last vote to an honest gentleman of German parentage who was trying to be a king. It is to be feared that it had more effect on the royal mind than all the loyal addresses ever penned. George did not like people who favored resistance of any kind to what he wanted, and his ministers were engaged in sharing his likes and dislikes at that period for personal reasons very obvious to themselves. Highly offensive too was the proposition to have another Congress, for the very existence of Congress meant union, and the ministry relied on disunion among the colonies for success. Arranging for a second Congress looked unpleasantly like a determination to persist, and as if these men were so satisfied of the goodness of their cause that they were bent on having what they wanted, even at some little cost. In that, unfortunately, they were somewhat like the King himself. Yet to all men now, and to many intelligent men then, it seemed a pity to lose these great colonies, so anxious to remain loyal and to continue part of the British Empire, merely for the sake of taxing them against their will. All England had heard Chatham, and all England knew from him what this Congress meant. After he had spoken no one could plead ignorance. It only remained to see what England's rulers would do, and it soon became clear that England's rulers would do noth-

Flag Carried by the Bedford Militia Company at Concord Bridge.

"It was originally designed in England in 1660-70, for the three county troops of Middlesex, and became one of the accepted standards of the organized Militia of the State, and as such it was used by the Bedford Company."

WILLIAM S. APPLETON,
Mass. Hist. Society.

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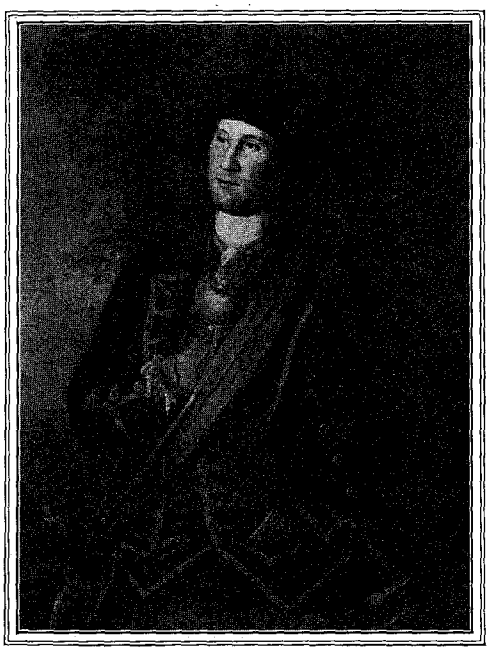
ing except persist in their policy of force. Meantime the Congress dispersed and the members scattered to their homes to wait upon events. They had not long to wait, for they had begun the American Revolution, loyal, peaceful, and anxious for reconciliation as they were.

The English ministry it is certain did not comprehend at all what this Congress meant. They were engaged in the congenial task of undertaking to rule a continental empire as if it were a village. This method was well adapted to their own mental calibre, but was not suited to the merciless realities of the case. Therefore they regarded the Congress as merely an audacious performance which was to be frowned upon, punished, and put down. The members of the Congress themselves took a much graver and juster view of what had happened. They realized that the mere fact of a Congress was itself of great moment, that it meant union, and that union was the first step toward an American nation which could only come from the breaking down of local barriers and the fusion of all the colonies for a common purpose. They were against independence, and yet they saw, what the King and his ministers could not understand, that it was a very near possibility if the existing situation was continued. But it is also clear that they failed to see behind the possibility of independence the deeper significance of the work in which they were engaged. This was only natural, for they were properly absorbed in the practical and pressing questions with which they were called to deal. They could not be expected to grasp and formulate the fact that they were beginning the battle of the people everywhere to secure control of their own governments for which they paid and fought. Yet the doctrine had been laid down for them twelve years before. In 1762 James Otis, with one of those flashes of deep insight which made him one of the most remarkable of all the men who led the way to revolution, had declared in a pamphlet that "Kings were made for the good of the people and not the people for them." This was one of the propositions on which he rested his argument. Forgotten in the passage of time, and lost in the hurly-burly of events, here was a declaration which went far be-



George Washington at the Age of Forty.

Painted by Charles Willson Peale, 1772. This picture shows Washington in the uniform of a Virginian Colonel.

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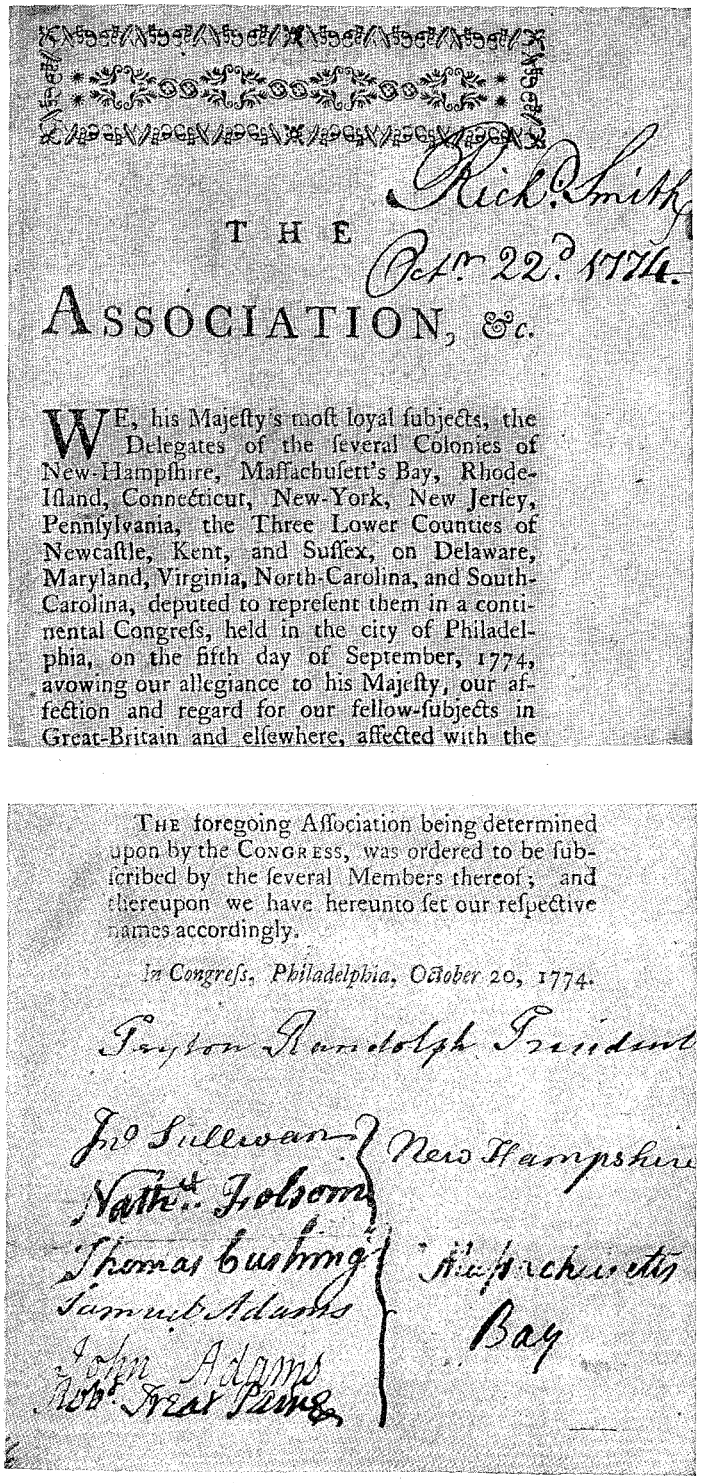

THE

Rich.d Smith

Oct.r 22.d 1774.

ASSOCIATION, &c.

WE, his Majeſty's moſt loyal ſubjects, the Delegates of the ſeveral Colonies of New-Hampſhire, Maſſachuſett's Bay, Rhode-Iſland, Connecticut, New-York, New Jerſey, Pennſylvania, the Three Lower Counties of Newcaſtle, Kent, and Suſſex, on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, and South-Carolina, deputed to repreſent them in a continental Congreſs, held in the city of Philadelphia, on the fifth day of September, 1774, avowing our allegiance to his Majeſty, our affection and regard for our fellow-ſubjects in Great-Britain and elſewhere, affected with the

THE foregoing Aſſociation being determined upon by the CONGRESS, was ordered to be ſubſcribed by the ſeveral Members thereof; and thereupon we have hereunto ſet our reſpective names accordingly.

In Congreſs, Philadelphia, October 20, 1774.

Peyton Randolph President

Jno Sullivan
Nath.l Folsom
} New Hampshire

Thomas Cushing
Samuel Adams
John Adams
Robt Treat Paine
} Massachusetts Bay

The Articles of Association and Resolutions Adopted by the First Congress at Philadelphia, October 20, 1774.

This plate shows sections of the first and last pages of printed matter, the latter with the first few signatures. A note at the end of the book sets forth the following facts:

"Messrs. Patrick Henry, Jr., and Edmund Pendleton, Esqrs., signed the original Association but were absent at the signing of this—Messrs. Philip Livingston, John Jay, Samuel Rhoads, George Ross and Robert Goldsborough did not sign the original, being then absent. Cæsar Rodney, Esq., was absent at the time of signing the original, but his name was written by his order."

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yond any question of colonial rights or even of American independence. Here was a doctrine subversive of all existing systems in the eighteenth century, and as applicable to Europe as to America. Now in 1774 a Congress had met and had acted unconsciously, but none the less efficiently, upon Otis's proposition. For, stripped of all disguises and all temporary questions, this was what the Congress meant: that the people of America did not propose to have Great Britain govern them, except as they pleased, and that they intended to control their own governments and govern themselves. Congress had taken the first step along this new road. They could still turn back. The English ministry had still time to yield. But the decision was to be made elsewhere, not in London or in Philadelphia, not among ministers or members of Congress, but by certain plain men, with arms in their hands, far away to the North, whose action would put it beyond the power of Congress to retreat, even if they had desired to do so.

THE FIRST BLOW

In Philadelphia, then, Congress took the first step in the Revolution, and set forth, in firm and able fashion, the arguments on which they rested their case and by which they still hoped to convince the reason and appeal to the affection of the English people and the English King. They were far from convinced that they would not succeed in securing a change of the British policy which they were resolved to resist, as they had already done in the case of the Stamp Act, ten years before. They could not even yet believe that the series of measures directed against Boston and Massachusetts showed a settled determination on the part of the rulers of England to make them subject to an irresponsible government, which they never had endured and to which they never would submit.

When Congress adjourned on October 26th, much had been done, but the question was not to be settled in the field of debate. The dread appeal from Parliaments and Ministries and Congresses was to be taken elsewhere, taken under the pressure of inexorable circumstances by the people themselves. Among those men whose ancestors had followed Pym and Hampden and Cromwell when they crushed crown and church in one common ruin; whose forefathers, a hundred years before, had defied Charles II., sent his commissioners, beaten and helpless, home; and later, had imprisoned and banished James II.'s governor, this new resistance to England first took on form and substance. There, in Massachusetts, that resistance had grown and culminated since the days of the Stamp Act. In that colony there was a powerful clergy determined to prevent the overthrow of the Puritan churches, and the setting up of the Church of England. In the streets of Boston there had been rioting and bloodshed, and Americans had been killed by the fire of British troops. On that devoted town had fallen the punishment of an angry ministry, and her closed harbor told the story of a struggle which had already passed from words to deeds. There feeling was tense and strained, arguments were worn out, an independent provincial government was facing that of the King, and popular leaders were in danger of arrest and death. Such a situation could not last long. The only question was, when and where the break would come. When would the power of England make a move which would cause the democracy of America to strike at it with the armed hand? That once done, all would be done. Congress would then cease to argue and begin to govern, and the sword would decide whether the old forces or the new were to rule in America.

Looking at the situation now it is clear enough that the break was destined to come from some attempt on the part of the British in Massachusetts to stop military preparations on the part of the colonists by seizing their stores and munitions of war, or by arresting their leaders. That such attempts on the part of the British were reasonable enough, provided that they both expected and desired hostilities, no one can deny. If one wishes to explode a powder magazine, it is sensible to fire the train which leads to it. But if one does not desire to explode gunpowder, it is prudent not to throw lighted matches about in its immediate neighborhood. The British acted on the superficial aspect of the case without considering ultimate pos-

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sibilities and results. They kept lighting matches to see whether the explosive substances under their charge were all right, and finally they dropped one in the magazine. Poor Gage and the rest of the English commanders in Massachusetts are not to be much blamed for what they did. They were a set of commonplace, mediocre men, without imagination and without knowledge, suddenly called upon to deal with what they thought was a little case of rather obstinate disorder and bad temper in a small colony, but which was really a great force just stirring into life, and destined to shake continents and empires before its course was stayed. Small wonder, then, that they dealt with a great problem in a little wrong-headed conventional way, and reached the results which are to be expected when men trifle with world forces in that careless and stupid fashion.

From a print lent by W. C. Crane.

Lord Percy.

Whose timely arrival relieved the British troops under Colonel Smith.

Thus Gage, even before Congress had assembled, sent over to Quarry Hill, near Boston, and seized cannons and stores. Thereupon armed crowds in Cambridge next day, tumult and disorder in the streets, the Lieutenant-Governor, Oliver, forced to resign, and bloodshed prevented only by Joseph Warren, summoned in haste from Boston. Reported in Philadelphia, this affair took on the form of fighting and bloodshed near Boston, and the chaplain of Congress read from the Psalm: "Lord, how long wilt thou look on? Stir up thyself, and awake to my judgment, even unto my cause, my God and my Lord." Worth considering this little incident, if there had been men able to do so in England at that moment. To those who had attentive ears and minds there was an echo there of the words of the great Puritan captain at Dunbar, speaking in a way very memorable to the world of England. When men of English blood side by side with the children of the Huguenots and the sons of Scotch Covenanters and of the men of Londonderry begin to pray after that fashion, a dangerous spirit is abroad and one not lightly to be tampered with.

Gage, knowing and caring nothing about prayers or anything else at Philadelphia, but annoyed by the outbreak in Cambridge, felt in his dull way that something was wrong, and began to fortify Boston Neck. Somehow he could not get his work done very well. He had his barges sunk, his straw fired, his wagons mired, all in unexplained ways, and the works were not finished until November. At the same time his movements excited alarm and suspicion, not only in Boston, but elsewhere. In December the cannon were taken away at Newport by the Governor, so that the British could not get them. A little later the people at Portsmouth, N. H., entered the fort and carried off the guns and the powder.

The trouble was spreading ominously, and evidently. Massachusetts for her part knew now that the continent was behind her, and the Provincial Congress in February declared their wish for peace and union, but advised preparation for war. How much effect the wishes had cannot be said, but the advice at least was eagerly followed. The people of Salem, in pursuance of the injunction, began to

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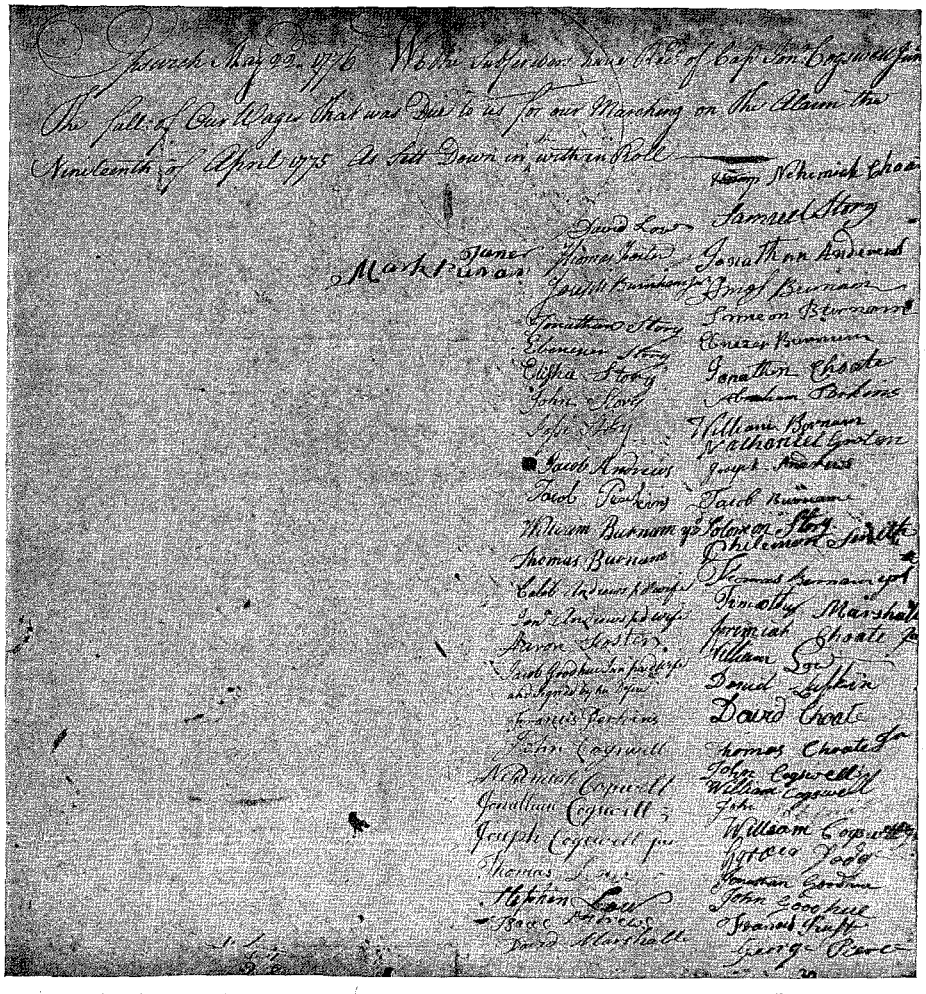

Receipt Signed by the Minute Men of Ipswich, Mass., who Marched on the Alarm, April 19, 1775.
The original of this document is in the Emmet Collection in the Lenox Library.

mount cannon, and Gage thereupon sent three hundred men to stop the work. The town was warned in time. A great crowd met the soldiers at the bridge and Colonel Leslie, shrinking from the decisive step, withdrew. It was a narrow escape. Soldiers and people had come face to face and had looked in each others' eyes. The conflict was getting very close.

Again, at the end of March, Gage sent out Lord Percy with some light troops who marched as far as Jamaica Plain and returned. The minute-men gathered, but once more the opposing forces stared in each others' faces and parted as they met. The Provincial Congress adjourned on April 15th. Still the peace was unbroken, but the storm was near at hand. British officers had been scouring the country for information, and they knew that John Hancock and Samuel Adams had taken refuge in Lexington, and that munitions of war were stored at Concord, a few miles farther on. It was determined to seize both the rebel leaders and the munitions at Concord. Other expeditions had failed. This one must succeed. All should be done in secret, and the advantage of a surprise was to be increased by the presence of an overwhelming force. The British commander managed well, but not quite well enough. It is difficult to keep military secrets in the midst of an attentive people, and by the people themselves

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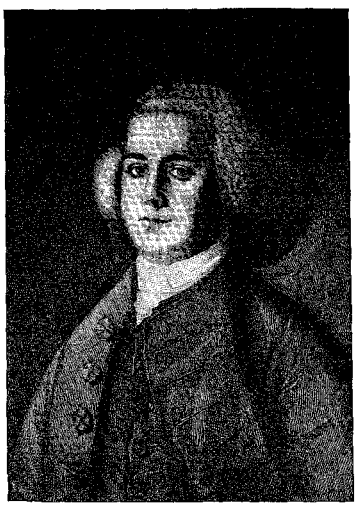
the discovery was made. Paul Revere had some thirty mechanics organized to watch and report the movements of the British. These men now became convinced that an expedition was on foot, and one of a serious character. The movement of troops and boats told the story to watchers with keen eyes and ears who believed that their rights were in peril. They were soon satisfied that the expedition was intended for Lexington and Concord, to seize the leaders and the stores; they gave notice to their chiefs in Boston and determined to thwart it by warning and rousing the country.

John Jay.

The earliest known portrait of him, engraved in 1783, from a pencil drawing by Du Simitière made in 1779.



John Adams.

From a painting by Blyth, 1765.

On April 18th, Warren sent William Dawes by land over the neck to Roxbury and thence to Lexington to carry the news. Paul Revere arranged to have lantern signals shown in the belfry of the Old North Church, "one if by land, and two if by sea," and then went home, dressed himself for a night ride, and taking a boat rowed over to Charlestown. It was a beautiful and quiet evening. As his boat slipped along he noted that the Somerset man-of-war was just winding with the tide, then at young flood. The moon was rising and shed its peaceful light upon the scene. Arrived at Charlestown, Revere secured a horse and waited. At eleven o'clock two lights gleamed from the belfry of the Old North Church, showing tha thet troops were going by water to Cambridge, and Revere mounted and rode away. He crossed Charlestown neck, and as he passed the spot where a felon had been hung in chains, he saw two British officers waiting to stop him. One tried to head him, one sought to take him. But Revere knew his country. He turned back sharply and then swung into the Medford road. His pursuer fell into a clay-pit and Revere rode swiftly to Medford, warned the captain of the minute-men, and then galloped on, rousing every house and farm and village until he reached Lexington. There he awakened Adams and Hancock and was joined by Dawes and by Dr. Samuel Prescott. After a brief delay the three started to alarm the country between Lexington and Concord. They had ridden but a short distance when they were met by four British officers who barred the road. Prescott jumped his horse over a stone wall and escaped, carrying the alarm to Concord. Revere rode toward a wood, when six more British officers appeared and he was made a prisoner and forced to return with Dawes and his captors to Lexington. There he was released, and as soon as he was free he persuaded Adams and Hancock to go to Woburn, and after accompanying them returned to get their papers and effects. As he was engaged in this work he heard firing and knew that he had not ridden through the night in vain. A memorable ride in truth it was, one which spread alarm at the time and has

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been much sung and celebrated since. Perhaps the fact which is best worth remembering is that it was well done and answered its purpose. Under the April moonlight, Revere and Dawes and Prescott galloped hard and fast. Brave men, and efficient, they defeated the British plans and warned the country. The new day, just dawning when Revere heard the firing, was to show the value of their work.

They had had, indeed, but little time to spare. As Revere was mounting his horse, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith with eight hundred men was crossing the Back Bay from Boston to Lechmere Point. At two o'clock he had his men landed, and they set forth at once, silently and rapidly, toward Lexington. So far all had gone well, but as they marched there broke upon their ears the sound of guns and bells, some near, some distant, but in every one the note of alarm. The country was not asleep, then? On the contrary, it seemed to be wide awake. All about among the hills and meadows armed men were gathering at the little meeting-houses, and falling into line prepared for action. Here, in the tolling of the bells and the sound of signal-guns, was much meaning and cause for anxiety. Colonel Smith became worried, sent back to Boston for reinforcements to beat these farmers that he and his friends had scoffed at so often, and ordered Major Pitcairn forward to Lexington with six light companies, still hopeful of surprise. Major Pitcairn picks up everybody he meets to prevent alarm being given; but one Bowman, an active and diligent person, as it would seem, eludes him, rides hotly to Lexington and warns the minute-men, who have been waiting since two o'clock, and had almost come to believe that the British were not advancing at all. So when Major Pitcairn got to Lexington Green, about half past four, thanks to Bowman's warning, there were some sixty or seventy men assembled to meet him. "Disperse, ye rebels; disperse!" cried Major Pitcairn, and rode toward them. There was much discussion then, and there has been much more since, as to who fired first. It matters not. It is certain that the British poured in a volley and followed it up with others. The minute-men, not yet realizing that the decisive moment had come, hesitated, some standing their ground, some scattering. They fired a few straggling shots, wounded a couple of British soldiers, and drew off. Eight Americans were killed and ten wounded. One of the eight had carried the standard when American troops captured Louisburg, and thus redeemed for England an otherwise ineffective war. One was wounded and bayoneted afterward. One dragged himself to the door of his house and died on the threshold at his wife's feet. What matters it who fired first? The first blow had been struck, the first blood shed. The people, in obedience to the orders of a Provincial Congress, had faced the soldiers of England in arms. They had been fired upon and had returned the fire. It was not a battle, hardly a skirmish. But it said to all the world that a people intended to govern themselves, and would die sooner than yield; a very pregnant fact, speaking much louder than words and charged with many meanings. A wholly new thing this was, indeed, to have people ready to die in battle for their rights, when a large part of the rulers of the civilized world did not recognize that they had any rights to either die or live for. A great example to be deeply considered, and destined to bear much fruit, was given by those brave men who died on Lexington Green in the fair dawn of that April morning.

The British formed after the encounter, fired a volley, and gave three cheers for their victory. If a victory is to be judged by what it costs, it must be admitted that this one was but modestly celebrated, for it is safe to say that it was the most expensive victory ever won by England. From another point of view the celebration was premature, for the day was not over and there was still much to be done.

They had killed some Massachusetts farmers, but they had missed the rebel leaders at Lexington. No time was to be lost if they were to carry out the second part of their mission and destroy the stores at Concord. Thither, therefore, they marched as rapidly as possible. Colonel Smith, a little disturbed by the fighting on Lexington Green, and still more anxious as to the future, not liking the looks of things, perhaps, was wondering, no doubt, whether they were sending from Boston

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Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

The Retreat from Concord.

the aid he had sent for. His messenger, if he could have known it, was safely in Boston at that moment and Gage gave heed at once to the appeal. There were blunders and delays, but, nevertheless, between eight and nine o'clock, Lord Percy, with about a thousand men—soldiers and marines—was marching out of Boston. A boy named Harrison Gray Otis, destined to much distinction in later years, was delayed in getting to school that morning by the troops marching along Tremont Street. He reached the Latin School in time, however, to hear Lovell, the schoolmaster, say, "War's begun. School's done. *Dimittite libros*," and then rush out with his fellows to see the red-coats disappear in the direction of the Neck. War was in the air. No news of Lexington had yet come, but it was a popular revolution that was beginning, and the popular instinct knew that the hour had struck. When the British reached Roxbury, Williams, the schoolmaster there, like Lovell in Boston, dismissed the school, locked the door, joined the minute-men, and served for seven years in the American army before returning to his home. As Lord Percy rode along the band played "Yankee Doodle," and a boy shouted and laughed at him from the side

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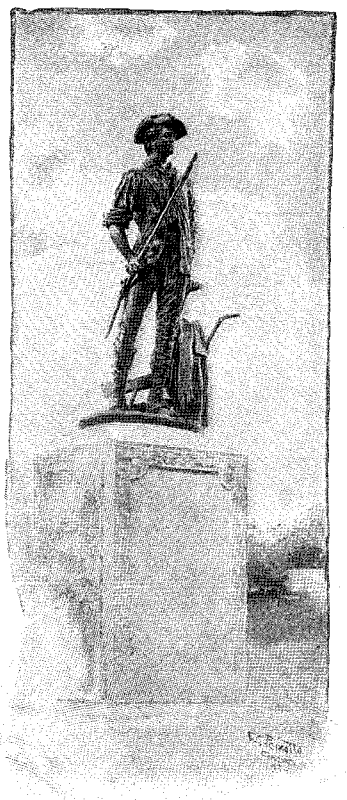
of the road. Lord Percy asked him what he meant, and the boy replied, "To think how you will dance by and by to 'Chevy Chase.'"* The contemporary witness who chronicles this little incident for us says the repartee stuck to Lord Percy all day. One cannot help wondering whether it made certain lines like these run in his head:

The child that is unborn shall rue
The hunting of that day.

Again it is the voice of the people, of the schoolmaster and his scholars, of the boys in the street. Very trivial seemingly all this at the moment, yet with much real meaning for those who were engaged in bringing on the conflict, if they had been able to interpret it. It was not heeded or thought about at all by Lord Percy as he marched on through Roxbury, whence, swinging to the right across the meadows and marshlands, he passed over the bridge to Cambridge, and thence away to Lexington, along the route already taken by the earlier detachment.

Meantime, while Lord Percy was setting out, Smith and his men got to Concord, only to find cannon and stores, for the most part, gone. A few guns to be spiked, the court-house to be set on fire, some barrels of flour to be broken open, made up the sum of what they were able to do. For this work small detachments were sent out. One went to the North Bridge, had in fact crossed over, when they perceived, on the other side, the minute-men who had assembled to guard the town, and who now advanced, trailing their guns. The British withdrew to their own side of the bridge and began to take it up. Major Buttrick remonstrated against this proceeding, and ordered his men to quicken their step. As they approached the British fired, ineffectually at first, then with closer aim, and two or three Americans fell. Buttrick sprang forward shouting, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! For God's sake fire!" The moment had come; the Americans fired, not straggling shots now as in the surprise at Lexington, but intending serious business. Two soldiers were killed and several wounded. The Americans poured over the bridge, the British retreated, and the Concord fight was over. The shot, heard round the world, had been fired to good purpose, both there and elsewhere. It echoed far, that shot of the Concord and Acton farmers, not because it was in defence of the principle that there must be no taxation without representation, not even because it portended the independence of America, but because it meant, as those fired on Lexington Common meant, that a people had arisen, determined to fight for the right to govern themselves. It meant that the instinct which pressed the triggers at the North Bridge was a popular instinct, that the great democratic movement had begun, that a new power had arisen in the world, destined, for weal or woe, to change in the coming century the forms of government and of society throughout the civilized nations of the West.



The Minute Man at Concord Bridge.
(Daniel C. French, Sculptor.)

After the British retreated from the bridge, the minute-men, not quite realizing

* There is no doubt that the band played "Yankee Doodle" in derision, but the boy's answer is so very apt, and apt for Lord Percy above all other men on earth, that it seems as if it must be an invention. Yet we have it from Dr. Gordon, a contemporary on the spot, writing down all incidents at the moment, and he was a painstaking, intelligent historian.

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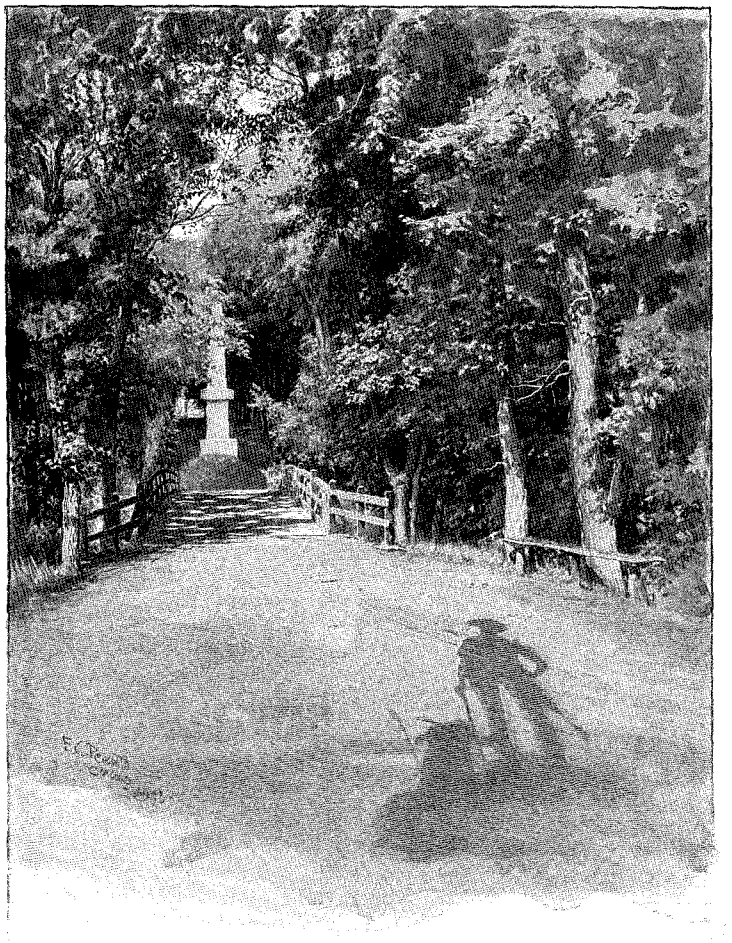

Concord Bridge at the Present Time.

even yet what had happened, drew back to the hills and waited. Colonel Smith wasted some two hours in concentrating and resting his men, and about noon started back for Lexington. At first he threw out light detachments to keep his flanks clear, but by the time he reached Merriam's Corner, they were forced by the nature of the ground back to the main line. Then the fighting began in earnest. From all the surrounding towns the minute-men were pouring in. There was a brush with a flanking party just as Merriam's Corner was reached. Then as the British passed along the road, in most parts thickly wooded, from every copse and thicket and stone wall the shots would ring out with deadly effect, for the Americans were all trained to the use of the rifle. A detachment would be thrown out to clear the flank, the enemy would scatter, and the detached soldiers entangled in the brush would be picked off more easily even than in the road itself. The Americans seemed "to drop from the clouds," as one British officer wrote, and their fire came upon the enemy on both flanks, from the rear, and even in front. These minute-men, in fact, were now waging the kind of war they perfectly understood. Many of them had served in the old French war; they had fought the Indians and had learned from their savage foe how to slip from tree to tree, to advance under cover, fire, and retreat, each man acting for himself, undisturbed by the going or coming of his fellows, and free from any danger of panic. In a word, they were practising backwoods

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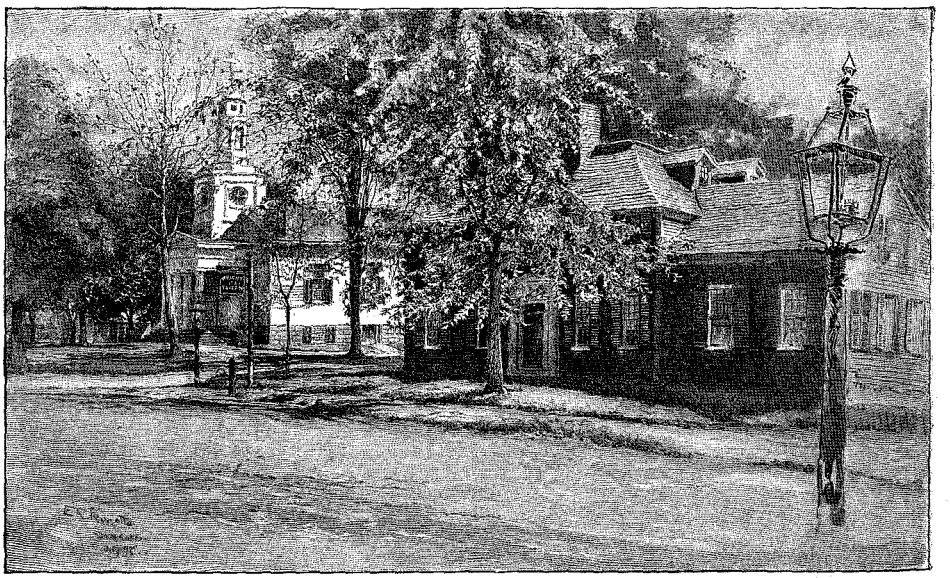

Wright Tavern, Concord, at the Present Time.

Built 1747. Here Major Pitcairn stopped to refresh himself.

fighting with deadly effect on regular troops who could neither understand nor meet it. So the time wore on. The shots from the flanks came faster and faster, officers and men were dropping beneath the deadly fire, the ranks were breaking, and only the desperate efforts of the officers prevented a panic like that in which Braddock's army had gone down. On through the pleasant country in the bright spring sunshine they went, disorder increasing, men falling, ammunition giving out: a fine body of regular and disciplined troops going pitifully and visibly to wreck. The Lexington company, out again in force, avenged the losses of the morning, and as the British thus beset struggled on, they came again to the famous common where they had celebrated their sunrise victory. No thought of victories now, only of safety; and here, at least, was relief. Here was Lord Percy with his fresh brigade, and into the square which he had formed, Smith's hunted men rushed wildly and flung themselves down on the ground, utterly exhausted, with their tongues out, says the British historian Stedman, "like dogs after a chase." Here, moreover, the Americans were at a disadvantage, for it was an open space, and Lord Percy's cannon soon cleared the ground, while his men set fire to the houses. The Americans drew off and waited. They had only to be patient for they knew their time would come again.

Lord Percy, although he had now nearly eighteen hundred men, made no attempt to attack the Americans, who were waiting quietly just out of range. After a brief period of rest he gave the word and the troops took up their march for Boston. As soon as they started the Americans closed in, and the fighting began again in front, behind, and on both flanks. More minute-men had come up, more were constantly arriving. There would be heavy firing and sharp fighting, then the cannon would be swung round, then a lull would follow, then more firing and fighting, until the cannon lost their terror, while the firing grew constantly heavier and the fighting sharper. There was no time to go round by Cambridge, as they had come in the morning. Lord Percy made straight for Charlestown, the nearest point of safety, and the worst attack fell on him just before he reached his haven and got his columns, now broken and running, under the guns of the men-of-war. At last the day was done—Lexington and Concord had had their battles and taken their place in history.

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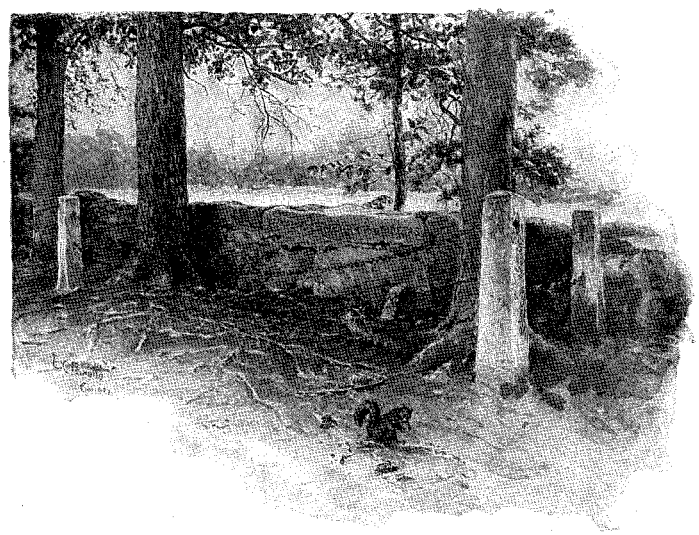
When the story of April 19, 1775, is told, we are apt to think only of the firing at sunrise on Lexington Green, and of the slight skirmish at the old North Bridge in Concord. We are prone to forget that apart from these two dramatic points there was a good deal of severe fighting during that memorable day. A column of regular English troops, at first 800, then 1,800 strong, had marched out to Concord and Lexington, and back to Boston, and had met some hundreds of irregular soldiers, at best militia. They retreated before these minute-men for miles, and reached Boston in a state not far removed from rout and panic. The running fight had not been child's play by any means. The Americans lost 88 men killed and wounded; the British 247, besides 26 missing or prisoners. These were serious figures. Evidently the British officers, who in the morning of that day thought the Americans had neither courage nor resolution, would have to revise their opinions, unless they were ready for further disasters. But more important than the views of British officers somewhat tired and annoyed that evening in Boston, was the fact that the American fighting had been done by the people themselves, on the spur of the moment. It was every man for himself. Heath and Warren had come out and rallied the minute-men into more compact bodies here and there, but it was the minute-men's fight. A common instinct moved those Middlesex yeomen, and it appeared that they were ready on their own account to take up arms and fight in their backwoods fashion hard and effectively. Here was a fact deserving much pondering from kings and ministers, who, it is to be feared, gave it but little heed, and certainly failed either to understand it, or to fathom its deep meaning for them, their empire, and, in certain wider aspects, for mankind.



Grave of British Soldiers, near the Bridge at Concord.

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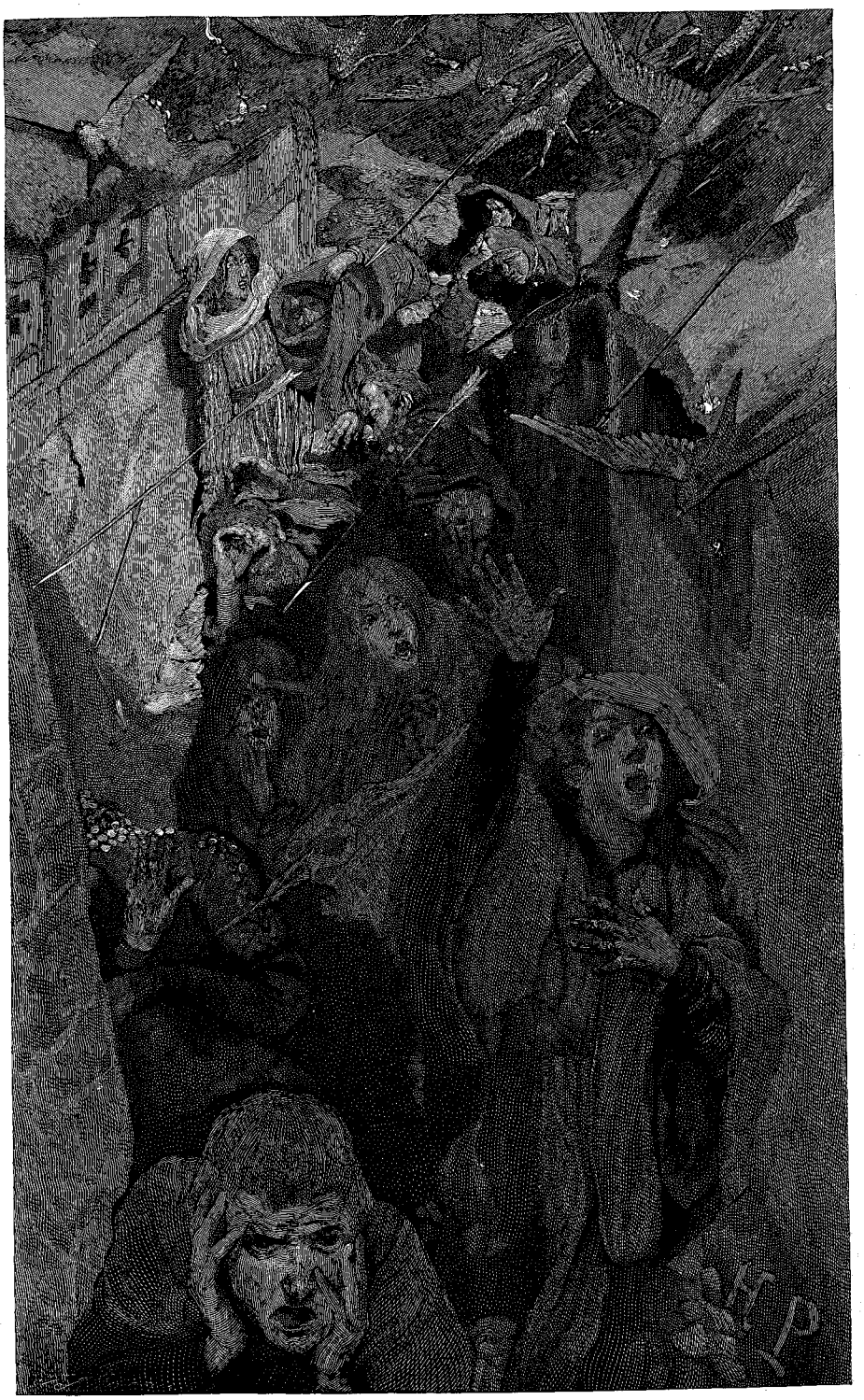

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

"Bringing fire and terror to roof-tree and bed
Till the town broke in flame, wherever they came."

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The Birds of Cirencester

by Bret Harte

DID I ever tell you, my dears, the way
That the birds of Cisseter—"Cisseter!" eh?
Well "Ciren-cester"—one *ought* to say,
From "Castra," or "Caster,"
As your Latin master
Will further explain to you some day;
Though even the wisest err,
And Shakespeare writes "*Ci*-cester,"
While every visitor
Who doesn't say "Cissiter"
Is in "Ciren-cester" considered astray.

A HUNDRED miles from London town—
Where the river goes curving and broadening down
From tree-top to spire, and spire to mast,
Till it tumbles outright in the Channel at last—
A hundred miles from that flat foreshore
That the Danes and the Northmen haunt no more—
There's a little cup in the Cotswold hills
Which a spring in a meadow bubbles and fills,
Spanned by a heron's wing—crossed by a stride—
Calm and untroubled by dreams of pride,
Guiltless of Fame or ambition's aims,
That is the source of the lordly Thames!

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Remark here again that custom continues
Both "Tames" and Thames—you must *say* "Tems!"
But *why?* no matter!—from them you can see
Cirencester's tall spires loom up o'er the lea.

A.D. Five Hundred and Fifty-two,
The Saxon invaders—a terrible crew—
Had forced the lines of the Britons through;
And Cirencester—half mud and thatch,
Dry and crisp as a tinder match,
Was fiercely beleaguered by foes, who'd catch
At any device that could harry and rout
The folk that so boldly were holding out.

FOR the streets of the town—as you'll see to-day—
Were twisted and curved in a curious way
That kept the invaders still at bay;
And the longest bolt that a Saxon drew
Was stopped ere a dozen of yards it flew,
By a turn in the street, and a law so true
That even these robbers—of all laws scorners!—
Knew you couldn't shoot arrows *around* street corners.

SO they sat them down on a little knoll,
And each man scratched his Saxon poll,
And stared at the sky, where, clear and high,
The birds of that summer went singing by,
As if, in his glee, each motley jester
Were mocking the foes of Cirencester,
Till the jeering crow and the saucy linnet
Seemed all to be saying: "Ah! you're not in it!"

HIGH o'er their heads the mavis flew,
And the "ouzel-cock so black of hue;"
And the "throstle," with his "note so true"
(You remember what Shakespeare says—*he* knew);
And the soaring lark, that kept dropping through
Like a bucket spilling in wells of blue;
And the merlin—seen on heraldic panes—
With legs as vague as the Queen of Spain's;
And the dashing swift that would *ricochet*
From the tufts of grasses before them, yet—
Like bold Antæus—would each time bring
New life from the earth, barely touched by his wing;
And the swallow and martlet that always knew
The straightest way home. Here a Saxon churl drew
His breath—tapped his forehead—an idea *had* got through!

SO they brought them some nets, which straightway they filled
With the swallows and martlets—the sweet birds who build
In the houses of man—all that innocent guild
Who sing at their labor on eaves and in thatch—
And they stuck on their feathers a rude lighted match

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Made of resin and tow. Then they let them all go
To be free! As a childlike diversion? Ah, no!
To work Cirencester's red ruin and woe.

FOR straight to each nest they flew, in wild quest
Of their homes and their fledgelings—that they loved the best;
And straighter than arrow of Saxon ere sped
They shot o'er the curving streets, high overhead,
Bringing fire and terror to roof-tree and bed,
Till the town broke in flame, wherever they came,
To the Briton's red ruin—the Saxon's red shame!

YET they're all gone together! To say you'll dig up
From "mound" or from "barrow" some arrow or cup.
Their fame is forgotten—their story is ended—
'Neath the feet of the race they have mixed with and blended.
But the birds are unchanged—the ouzel-cock sings,
Still gold on his crest and still black on his wings;
And the lark chants on high, as he mounts to the sky,
Still brown in his coat and still dim in his eye;
While the swallow or martlet is still a free nester
In the eaves and the roofs of *thrice-built* Cirencester.

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RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER I

THE old Gray place "Red Rock," lay at the highest part of the rich rolling country before it rose too abruptly in the wooded foothills of the Blue Mountains away to the westward. As everybody in the country knew, who knew anything, it took its name from the great red stain as big as a blanket which appeared on the huge bowlder beside the family graveyard at the far end of the gardens above the stable-hill. And as was equally well known, or equally well believed, which amounted about to the same thing, that stain was the blood of the Indian chief who had slain the wife of the first Jacquelin Gray who came to this part of the world, and had been in turn slain by her husband on that rock: the Jacquelin, who built the first house there, around the fireplace of which the present mansion was erected, and whose portrait, with its piercing eyes and fierce look, hung in a black frame over the mantel, and used to come down as a warning when any peril impended above the house.

This at least was what was asserted and believed by the old negroes (and, perhaps, by some of the whites too, a little); and if they did not know, who did?

Steve Allen, who was always a reckless talker, however, used to say that the stain was nothing but a bit of red sandstone which had outcropped at the point where that huge fragment had been broken off, and rolled along by a glacier thousands of years ago, far to the northward, but this view was clearly untenable to the children's minds, for there never could have been any glacier there; glaciers, as they knew from their geographies, being confined to Switzerland, and the world having been only created six thousand years ago; for the children were well grounded by their mothers and Miss Thomasia in Bible-history. Besides, there was the picture of the Indian-killer in the black frame nailed in the wall over the fireplace in the great hall, and you could not go anywhere in the hall without his fierce eyes following you with a look so intent and piercing that Mammy Celia was wont to use it as a threat effectual with Jacquelin when he was refractory—that if he did not mind, the Indian-killer would see him and come after him. How often Mammy Celia used it with Jacquelin, and afterward with little Rupert, and how severe she used to be with tall Steve, because he scoffed at the story and threatened with appropriate gesture to knock the picture out of the frame and see what was in the secret cabinet behind it. What would have happened had Steve carried out his threat, Jacquelin as a boy quite trembled to think; for though he admired Steve, his cousin, above all other mortals, as any small boy admires one several years his senior who can turn handsprings, ride wild horses and do things he cannot do, this would have been to engage in a contest with something supernatural not mortal. Still he used to urge Steve to do it, with a certain fascinated apprehensiveness that made the chills creep up and down his back. Besides it would have been very interesting to know whether the Indian's scalp was really in the hollow space behind the picture, and if so whether it was still bleeding.

Jacquelin Gray—the one who figures in these pages, was born while his father, and his father's cousin, Dr. Cary, and Mr. Legaie were in Mexico winning renown in those battles which helped to establish the security of the United States. As he was the oldest son there was the usual amount of rejoicing over his birth that there is over

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the oldest son and heir in any old family, and he was declared a number of times quite incalculable to be the finest child that ever was seen. He grew up to be just what most other boys of his station, stature, and blood, living on a plantation under similar conditions would have been. He was a hale, hearty boy, who adored his handsome cousin, Steve Allen, because he was older and stronger than he, and did things that he could not do; despised Blair Cary because she was a girl; disliked Wash Still, the overseer's son, partly because Steve sneered at him, and partly because the negro boys disliked him; and admired every cart-driver and stable-boy on the place.

He used to drive with string "lines" two or four or six of these boon companions in his cart which Uncle Weev'ly made him, giving them the names of his father's horses in the stable; or sometimes even the names of those steeds of which his Aunt Thomasia, a famous *raconteur*, told him in the hour before the candles were lighted. But if he drove the other boys in harness, it was because they let him do it, and not because he was their master.

Once, indeed, his mastership appeared. Wash Still, Hiram's boy, who was about Steve's age, used to bully the smaller boys, and one day when Jacquelin was playing about Weev'ly's shop, Wash, who was waiting for a horse to be shod, twisted the arm of Doan, one of Jacquelin's team, until the boy cried. Jacquelin never knew just how it happened, but a sudden fulness came over him; he seized a hatchet lying by and made an onslaught on Wash, which came near performing on the youngster the same operation that Wash's august namesake performed on the celebrated cherry-tree. Jacquelin received a tremendous whipping from his father for his attack; but it saved his sable companions from any further imposition than his own, and Wash was shortly sent off by his father to school.

As to learning, it was only when Blair Cary came over one winter and went to school to Miss Thomasia, and he was laughed at by everyone, particularly by Steve, because Blair, a girl several years younger than he, could read Latin better that Jacquelin really tried to study.

Steve was his cousin, and had come to Red Rock before Jacquelin could remember, the year after Steve's father had been killed in Mexico, leading his company up the heights of Cerro Gordo, and his mother had died of fever somewhere far down in the South. Mr. Gray had brought the boy home on his mother's death, so Steve was part of Red Rock. Everybody spoiled him, particularly Miss Thomasia, who made him her especial charge, and was notoriously partial, and old Peggy, Steve's mammy, who had come from the far South with him, and was ready to fight the world for him.

He was a tall, brown-haired fellow, as straight as a sapling, and with broad shoulders, gray eyes that could smile or flash, and teeth as white as Doan's. He could turn back somersaults like a circus man, and out-run, out-box, out-ride, and outswim any boy in the county. To show his contempt for the "Indian-Killer," he went alone and spent the night on the bloody rock, and when the other boys crept in a body to see if he were really there, he was found by the little party of scared searchers to be tranquilly asleep on what was believed to be the "Indian-Killer's" grave.

The only persons on the place whom Steve did not get on well with were Hiram Still, the manager, and his son Wash. Between them there was declared enmity, if not open war. Steve treated Hiram with superciliousness, and Wash with open contempt. The old negroes who remembered Captain Allen, Steve's father, and the dislike between him and Hiram, said it was "bred in the bone."

At length Steve went off to school to Dr. Maule, at "The Academy," as it was called (no further designation being needed to distinguish it, as no other academies could for a moment have entered into competition with it). Jacquelin missed him sorely, and tried to imitate him in many things; but he knew it was a poor imitation, for he could not help being often afraid, while Steve did not know what fear was. Jacquelin's knees would shake, and his teeth sometimes chatter, while Steve performed his most dangerous feats with mantling cheeks and dancing eyes. However, the boy kept on, and began to do things simply because he *was* afraid. One day he read how a great general, named

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Marshal Turenne, on being laughed at because his knees were shaking as he mounted his horse to go into battle, replied that if they knew where he was going to take them that day they would shake still more. This incident helped Jacquelin mightily, and he took his knees into many dangerous places. In time this had its effect, and as his knees began to shake less, he began to grow more self-confident and conceited. He began to be very proud of himself, and to take opportunities to show his superiority over others, which developed with some rapidity the character existent somewhere in most persons—the prig.

Blair Cary gave the first shock to this procedure.

She was the daughter of Dr. Cary, Mr. Gray's cousin, who lived a few miles off across the river at "Birdwood," perhaps the next largest plantation and the next most considerable place to Red Rock in that section. She was a slim little girl with a somewhat pale face, large brown eyes, and hair that was always blowing into them. She would have given her eyes, no doubt, to have been accepted as his companion by Jacquelin, who was several years her senior; but as that young man was now aspiring to be comrade to Steve and to Blair's brother Morris, and to other boys, he relegated Blair to the companionship of his small brother, Rupert, who was as much younger than Blair as she was younger than Jacquelin, and treated her himself with sovereign disdain. The first shock he received was when he found how much better Blair could read Latin than he could, and how much Steve thought of her on that account. After that he actually condescended to play with her occasionally, and sometimes even to let her follow him about the plantation, while he tried to revenge himself on her for her superior attainments by showing her how much more a boy could do than a girl. It was in vain; for with this taunt for a spur she would follow him even to the tops of trees or the bottom of ponds. So he determined to show his superiority by one final and supreme act. This was to climb to the top of the "high barn," as it was called, and spring off from the roof into the top of a tree, which spread its green branches far below. He had seen Steve do it, but had never ventured to try it himself. He had often climbed to the roof and had fancied himself performing this feat to escape from pursuing Indians, but had never really contemplated doing it in fact, until Blair's persistent emulation, daunted by nothing that he attempted, spurred him to undertake it. His heart beat so as he gazed down into the green mass below him, and saw the patches of brown earth through the leaves, that he wished he had not been so boastful; but there was Blair behind him, astride of the roof, her eyes fastened on him with a somewhat defiant gaze. He thought of how Steve would jeer if he knew he had turned back. So, with a call of derision to her to see what "a man could do," he set his teeth, shut his eyes, and took the jump, and landed safely below among the boughs, his outstretched arms catching and gathering them in as he sank amidst them, until they stopped his descent, and he found a limb and climbed down, his heart bumping with excitement and pride. For Blair, he felt sure, was at last "stumped." As he sprang to the ground and looked up, he saw a sight which made his heart give a bigger jump than it had ever done in all his life. For there was little Blair on the very edge of the roof, the very point of the gable, evidently ready to follow him. Her face was white, her lips were compressed, and her eyes were opened so wide that he could see them even from where he was. She was poised like a bird ready to fly, and was evidently preparing to jump.

"Blair—Blair," he cried, waving her back, "Don't! Don't!" But Blair took no heed. She only settled herself for a firmer foothold, and the next second, with outstretched arms, sprang into space. Whether it was that his cry distracted her, or whether her hair blew into her eyes, and made her miss her step, or whether she would have misjudged her distance anyhow, instead of reaching the thickly leaved part where Jacquelin landed, she struck where the boughs were much less thick, and came crashing through, down, down from bough to bough, until she landed on the lowest limb, where she stopped for a second, and then rolled over and fell in a limp little bundle on the ground, where she lay quite still. Jacquelin never forgot the feeling he had at that moment. He was

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sure she was dead, and that he was a murderer. In a second he was down on his knees bending over her.

"Blair, Blair," he called. "Dear Blair, are you hurt?" But there was no answer. And he began to whimper in a very unmanly fashion for one who had been so boastful a moment before, and to pray too, which is not so unmanly. But his wits were about him, and it came to him quite clearly that, if she were not dead, the best thing to do was to unfasten her neck-band and then bathe her face. So off to the nearest water he put as hard as his legs could take him and dipped his handkerchief in the horse-trough, and then grabbing up a bucket near by, filled it, and ran back with it. She was still motionless and white, but he wiped her little scratched face and bathed it again and again, and presently, to his inexpressible joy, she sighed and half opened her eyes and sighed again, and then, as he was still asking her how she felt, she said:

"I'm all right. I did it."

In his joy Jacquelin actually kissed her: his first kiss since he was a little boy. It seemed afterward to mark an epoch. The next quarter of an hour was passed in getting Blair's breath back. Fortunately for her, if not for her dress, her clothes had caught here and there as she came crashing through the branches, and though the breath was knocked out of her, and she was shaken and scratched and stunned, no bones were broken, and she was not seriously hurt after all. She proposed that they should say nothing about it to any one; she could get his Mammy to mend her clothes. But this magnanimous offer Jacquelin firmly declined. He was afraid that she might be hurt some way that she did not know, and he declared that he should go straight and tell it at the house.

"But I did it myself," persisted little Blair; "you were not to blame. You called to me not to do it."

"Did you hear me call? Then why did you do it?"

"Because you said I could not."

"But didn't you know you would get hurt?"

"I thought so."

Jacquelin looked at her long and seriously, and that moment a new idea seemed to him to enter his mind; that after all it might be as brave to do a dangerous thing which you were afraid to do, as if you were not at all afraid.

"Blair, you are a brick," he said; "you are braver than any boy I know—as brave as Steve." Which was sweet enough to Blair to make amends for all her bruises and scratches.

From that time Jacquelin made up his mind that he would never try to stump her again, but would guard her. And this sweetened to him the bitterness of having to confess when he got to the house. He did it like a man, going to his father, of whom at heart he was mightily afraid, and telling him the whole story alone without the least reference to Blair's part in it, taking the entire blame on himself; and it was only after he had received the punishment which was deemed due him that Blair's joint responsibility was known from her own lips.

This escapade proved a little too much for the elders, and Jacquelin was sent off to school, to the academy at Brutusville, under the learned Doctor Maule, where, still emulating Steve, he was a leader in much of the mischief that went on at that famous institution of learning, and made more reputation by the way in which he constructed a trap to catch one of the masters, Mr. Eliphalet Bush, than in construing the ancient language, which was that gentleman's particular department.

CHAPTER II

EVERYONE knows what a seething ferment there was for some time before the great explosion in the beginning of the Sixties: that strange decade that changed the civilization of the country. Red Rock, like the rest of the land, was turned from a haunt of peace into a forum. Politics were rampant; every meeting was a lyceum; boys became orators; young girls, partisans, and wore partisan badges; children used party catchwords which they did not understand, except that they represented their side. There existed an irreconcilable difference between the two sections of the country; it could not be crushed; hydra-headed, it appeared after every extirpation.

One side held slavery right under the

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double title of the Bible and of the Constitution; the leader of the other side said that, "if it was not wrong, then nothing was wrong;" but declared that as it was recognized by the Constitution he would not interfere with it.

"Bosh!" said Major Legaie, who was an ardent secessionist. "If he is elected it means the end of slavery." And so said many others. Most of them, rather than yield anything, were for war. It was to them only a pageant, an episode, a threshold to glory. Dr. Cary was opposed to it, he had seen it. He took the stump.

"Do you know what war is?" he said in a speech at the Court-house in reply to a secession-speech by Major Legaie. "War is the most terrible of all disasters, except dishonor. I do not speak of the dangers, for every brave man must face danger as it comes, and should court glory, and death may be glorious. I speak of the change that war inevitably brings. War is the destruction of everything that exists. You may fail or you may win; but what exists passes, and something different takes its place. The ploughshare becomes a spear, and the pruning-hook becomes a sword; the poor may become richer, but the rich must become poorer. You are the wealthiest people in the world to-day—not in mere riches; but in wealth; you may become the poorest. No people who enter a war wealthy and content ever come out of war so. I do not say that this is a reason for not going to war, for war may be right at any cost. But it is not to be entered on unadvisedly or lightly; it should not be undertaken from mere enthusiasm, but deliberately and with a full recognition of its cost and possible consequences."

When he had ended, Mr. Hurlbut Bail, a lawyer from the city, who was a fire-eater, and who had come to the county to stir up the people, said:

"Oh! Dr. Cary is nothing but a Cassandra."

"Did Troy fall or not!" asked Dr. Cary.

This, of course, changed no one. In times of high feeling, debate only fuses opinions into convictions; only fans the flames and makes the fire a conflagration.

When the war came the Doctor flung in his lot with his friends, and his gravity, that had grown on him of late, was lighted up by the old fire; he took his place and performed his part with kindling eyes and an erecter mien. Hurlbut Bail became an editor.

This was later on, however.

The constantly increasing public ferment, and the ever enlarging and deepening cloud did not prevent the ordinary course of life from flowing in its accustomed channels. Men planned and performed, sowed and reaped, bought and sold as in ordinary times. And as in the period before that other flood there was marrying and giving in marriage; so now with the cloud ever mounting up the sky, men loved and married and made their homes as the birds paired and built their nests.

Among those who builded in that period in the Red Rock neighborhood were a young couple, Chestnut Garden and his wife; both of them cousins in some degree of nearly every gentle family in the county, including the Grays and Carys. And after the blessing by old Mr. Langstaff amid the roses and smiles of the whole neighborhood, they spent their honeymoon, as the custom was then, in being entertained from house to house through the neighborhood. In this round of gayety they came in due order to Red Rock, where the entertainment was perhaps to be the biggest of all. The amount of preparation was almost unprecedented, and the gentry of the whole county were invited and expected. As it was a notable occasion and near the holidays, Jacquelin was allowed to come home from Dr. Maule's on the joint application of his mother, his Aunt Thomasia, and Blair Cary; and Blair was allowed to come over with her mother and father and spend the night, and was promised to be allowed to sit up as late as she pleased—a privilege not to be lightly esteemed.

Steve Allen, with a faint mustache in which he appeared much interested, curled above his handsome mouth, was at home from the University, and so were Morris Cary and the other young fellows, and the office in the yard, blue with tobacco-smoke, was as full of young men and pipes and dogs, as the upstairs chambers in the mansion were of young girls and ribbons and muslin.

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What a heaven that outer office was to Jacquelin, and what an angel Steve was to call him "kid" and let him adore him!

Among the company that night there were two guests who "happened in" quite unexpectedly, but who Mr. Gray said, graciously on greeting them, were "all the more welcome on that account." They were two gentlemen from quite another part of the country, or, perhaps those residents there would have said, of the world—as they came from the North. They had come South on business connected with a sort of traditionary claim to mineral lands lying somewhere in the range of mountains which could be seen blue and hazy from the Red Rock plantation. At least, Mr. Welch, the elder of the two, came on that errand. The younger, Mr. Lawrence Middleton, came simply for pleasure, and because Mr. Welch, his cousin, had invited him. He had just spoiled his career at college by engaging with his chum and crony, Aurelius Thurston, in the awful crime of painting the President's gray horse a brilliant red, and being caught at it. He was suspended for this prank, and now was spending his time literally rusticating, seeing a little of the world while he made up his mind whether he should study law and accept his cousin's offer to go into his office, or whether he should go into a manufacturing business which his family owned. His preference was rather for the latter, which was now being managed by a man named Bolter, who had made it very successful; but Reely Thurston intended to be a lawyer and wanted him to go in with him; so he was taking time to consider. This visit South inclined him to the law.

Mr. Welch and Middleton had concluded their business, finding the lands they were seeking to lie partly in the clouds, and partly in the possession of those whom they had always heard spoken of as "squatters," but now found to be a population who had been there since before the revolution, and had built villages and towns. They were now returning home, and were making their way back toward the railroad, a day's journey farther on. They had expected to reach Brutusville, the county-seat, that night; but a rain the day before had washed away the bridges, and compelled them to take a circuitous route by a ford higher up the river. There, not knowing the ford, they had almost been swept away, and would certainly have lost their vehicle but for the timely appearance of a young countryman who happened to come along on his way home from a political meeting somewhere.

Their deliverer, Mr. Andy Stamper, was so small that at a distance he looked like a boy; but on nearer view he might have been anywhere from twenty or twenty-five to thirty, and he proved extraordinarily active and efficient. He swam in and helped Middleton get their buggy out of the river, and then amused Mr. Welch very much, and incensed Middleton by his comments. He had just been to a political meeting at the Court-house, he said, where "he had heard the finest speech that ever was made," from Major Legaie; and he "just wished he could get every Yankee in that river and drown 'em, every doggoned one." This as he was working up to his neck in water.

Mr. Welch could not help laughing at the look on Middleton's ruddy face.

"Now, where'd you find a Yankee'd go in that river like me an' you—or could do it, for that matter?" the little fellow asked of Middleton.

"We are Yankees!" blurted out Middleton, hotly. "And a plenty of them would." His eyes flashed as he turned to his rescuer.

The little countryman's eyes opened wide, and his jaw fell.

"Well, I'm durned!" he said, slowly, staring in open astonishment, and Middleton began to look gratified at the impression he had made.

"You know, you're the first I ever seen as wan't ashamed to own it. Why you looks most like we all."

Middleton flushed; but little Stamper looked so sincerely ingenuous that he suddenly burst out laughing.

After that they became very friendly, and the strangers learned much from Stamper of the glories of the Grays and Carys, and of the charms of Miss Delia Dove, who, he declared, was as pretty as any lady that went to the Brick Church. The young countryman offered to guide them; but as he refused to take any money for what he had done, and as he said he was going to see Miss Delia Dove and could take a nearer cut through the

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woods to his home, Mr. Welch declined to accept his offer, and contented himself with getting him to draw on a pocket handkerchief a map of the roads from that point to the county-seat.

"All you've got to do is to follow that map: keep the main, plain road and you can't get out; but I advise you to turn in at the first plantation you come to. If you go to Red Rock you'll have a good time. They're givin' a party thar to-night. Major Legaie, he left the meetin' to go thar."

He disappeared down a bridle-path through the woods.

Notwithstanding the young countryman's assurances and excellent map, the two strangers had gotten "out." The plantations were large in that section and the roads leading off to them from the highway were in the dark all alike, so that when night fell, the travellers were in a serious dilemma. They at length came to a gate and were just considering turning in at it when a carriage drove up in front of them. A horseman who had been riding behind it, came forward at a trot, calling out that he would open the gate.

"I thought you fellows would have been there hours ago," he said, familiarly, as he passed, evidently mistaking them in the dusk for some of his friends. "A laggard in love is a dastard in war."

The rest was lost in the click of the gate-latch, and his apostrophe to his horse. When he found that Mr. Welch was a stranger, he changed instantly. His tone became graver and more gracious.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I thought from your rig that you were some of those effeminate youngsters who have given up the saddle for that new four-wheeled contrivance, and are ruining both our strains of horses and of men."

Mr. Welch asked if he knew where they could find a night's lodging.

"Why, at every house in the State, sir, I hope," said Dr. Cary; for it was he. "Certainly, at the nearest one. Drive right in. We are going to our cousin's, and they will be delighted to have you. You are just in good time; for there is to be quite a company there to-night." And refusing to listen for a moment to Mr. Welch's suggestion that it might not be convenient to have strangers, he held the gate open for them to pass through.

"Drive in, sir," he said, in a tone of gracious command. "I never heard of its being inconvenient to have a guest." And in they drove.

"A gentleman by his voice," they heard him explaining a little later into the window of the carriage behind them. And then he added, "My only doubt was his vehicle."

After they passed through the woods and entered the open fields, from a hill afar off on top of which shone a house lit till it gleamed like a cluster of brilliants hung in the sky, a chorus of dogs sent them an inquiring greeting. They passed through a wide gate, and ascended through a grove a steep hill, and Middleton's heart sunk at the idea of facing an invited company with a wardrobe that had been under water within the last two hours. Instantly they were in a group of welcomers, gentlemen, servants, and dogs; negro boys running; dogs frisking and yelping and young men laughing about the door of the newly arrived carriage which was full of girls, while through it all sounded the placid voice of Dr. Cary reassuring the visitors and inviting them in. He brought the host to them, a fair, handsome man, and presented them:

"My friends, Mr. Welch and young Mr. Middleton—my friend, Mr. Gray."

It was his customary formula in introducing. All men were his friends. And Mr. Welch shortly observed how his manner changed whenever he addressed a lady or a stranger; to one he was always a courtier, to the other always a host.

As they were ushered into the hall Middleton's blue eyes glistened and opened wide at the scene before him. For he found himself facing several score of people clustered about in one of the handsomest halls he ever saw, some of whom he took in at the first glance to be remarkably pretty girls in white and pink, and all with their eyes bent on the new-comers. If his ruddiness increased tenfold under these glances, it was only what any other young man's would have done under similar circumstances, and it was not until he had been led off under convoy of a tall and very solemn old servant in a blue coat with brass buttons, and was shown into a large room with mahogany furniture and a bed so high that it had a set of steps beside it,

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that he was able to collect his ideas, and recall some of those to whom he had been introduced. What a terrible fix it was for a fellow to be in! He turned to his cousin in despair.

"Isn't this a mess!"

"What?"

"This! I can never go out there. All those girls! Just look at these clothes! Everything dripping!—some of them awfully pretty, too. That one with the dark eyes! Now look at that!" He was down on his knees raking in his portmanteau, and dragging the soaking garments out one by one.

"You need not go out. I'll make your excuses."

"What! Of course I'm go——"

Just then there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," Middleton finished his sentence.

The door opened slowly and the old servant entered, bearing, with a solemnity that amounted almost to reverence, a waiter with decanters and an array of glasses and bowls. He was followed by the boy who had been introduced as their host's son.

"My father understood that you had a little accident at the river, and he wishes to know if he cannot lend you something," said Jacquelin.

Mr. Welch spoke first, his eyes twinkling as he glanced at his cousin, who stood a picture of indecision and bewilderment.

"Why, yes, my cousin Mr. Middleton here, would be greatly obliged, I think. He is a little particular about first impressions, and the presence of so many charming——"

Middleton protested.

"Why, certainly, sir," the boy began, then turned to Middleton. "Steve's would fit you. Steve 's my cousin—he's at the University—He's just six feet. Wait, sir——" And before they could stop him he was gone, and a few minutes later tapped on the door with his arms full of clothes.

"Uncle Daniel's as slow as a steer, so I fetched 'em myself, he panted with boyish impatience as he dropped the clothes partly on a sofa and partly on the floor. "Aunt Thomasia was afraid you'd catch cold, so she made me bring these flannels. She always is afraid you'll catch cold. Steve told her if you'd take a good swig out of a bottle, 'twould be worth all the flannel in the State; Steve's always teasing her." He had established himself now, with a boy's friendliness, as the visitors' ally.

"I'm glad you came to-night. We're going to have lots of fun. Were you at the speaking to-day? They say the Major made the finest speech ever was heard. Some say he's better than Calhoun ever was; just gave the Yankees the mischief! I wish they'd come down here and try us once, don't you?"

Mr. Welch glanced amusedly at Middleton, whose face changed; but fortunately the boy was too much interested in the suit Middletown had just put on to notice the effect.

"I thought Steve's would fit you," he said, with that proud satisfaction in his judgment being verified which characterizes the age of thirteen and some other ages as well.

"Steve's nineteen, and he's six feet!—You are six feet too? I thought you were about that. I hope I'll be six feet. I like that height, don't you? Steve's at the University, but he don't study much, I reckon. Are you at College? Where? Oh! I know. I had a cousin who went there. He and two or three other Southern fellows laid outside of the hall for one of those abolition chaps who was making a speech, to cut his ears off when he came out, and they'd done it if he had come out that way. I reckon it's a good college; but I'm going to the University when I'm sixteen. I'm thirteen now. You thought I was older? I wanted to go to West Point, but my father won't let me. Maybe Rupert will go there. I go to school at the Academy—Dr. Maule—everybody knows about him. I tell you he knows a lot. You have left college? Was it too hot for you? Were you after somebody's ears too? What? Painted the President's horse red! Oh! Wasn't that a good one! I wish I'd been there. I'll tell Steve and Blair about that. Steve put a cow up in the Rotunda once. The worst thing I ever did was making Blair jump off the high barn. I don't count flinging old Eliphalet Bush in the creek, because I believe his teeth were false anyhow! But I'll remember painting that horse. I reckon he was an abolitionist too?

"What State are you from? Maybe we

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are cousins?" he said presently, giving the best evidence of his friendliness.

"What! Mass—a—!" His fresh face suddenly flamed. "I beg your pardon."

He looked so confused that both Mr. Welch and Middleton took some pains to soothe him.

"Yes, of course I was not talking about you; but I wouldn't have said anything about Massachusetts if I had known you came from there. I wouldn't like anybody to say anything about my State. You won't mind what I said, will you? I think Massachusetts the best of the Northern States—anyhow——" And he left them, his cheeks still glowing from embarrassment.

This apology, sincerely given with a certain stress on the word Northern, amused Mr. Welch, and even Middleton, to whom, however, it presented an entirely new view.

"Aren't they funny!" asked Middleton of his cousin after their young host had left them. "You know I believe they really think it."

"Larry, you have understated it. They think they know it."

"I can't take it in."

"No more can they you."

"What is it?"

"Slavery."

Jacquelin employed the few moments in which he had preceded the visitors to the hall in telling all he had learned; and when Mr. Welch and Middleton appeared they found themselves in the position of the most distinguished guests. The fact that they came from the North, and Jacquelin's account of his mistake, had increased the desire to show them honor. "The hospitality of the South knows no latitude," said Dr. Cary in concluding a gracious half apology to Mr. Welch for Jacquelin's error; and he proceeded deftly to name over a list of great men from the visitor's State, and to link their names with those of the men of the South whom she most delighted to honor. Nothing could have been more gracious or more delicately done; and when supper was announced Mr. Welch was taken to the table by the hostess herself, and his health was drunk before the groom's. Middleton meanwhile found himself no less honored. The artistic feat performed on the President's horse had made him a noted personage, and in consequence of this and of the free-masonry which exists among all young college men, he was soon surrounded by all the younger portion of the company, and was exchanging views with Steve Allen and the other young fellows, with that exaggerated man-of-the-world air which characterizes the age and occupation of collegians.

"Where is Blair?" he asked Jacquelin, who was standing by Steve, open-eyed and drinking in their wisdom as only a boy of thirteen can the sapience of men of nineteen or twenty.

"Over there." He nodded toward another part of the hall. Middleton looked. But all he saw was a little girl sitting behind a big chair, evidently trying to conceal herself and shaking her head violently at Jacquelin, who was beckoning to her. Jacquelin ran over to her at the moment and caught her by the hand, whereupon there was a little scuffle between them behind the chair, and as Middleton watched it he caught the little girl's eye. The next second she rose, smoothed her little white frock with quite an air, and came straight across with Jacquelin to where they stood.

"This is Blair, Mr. Middleton," the boy said to the astonished guest. And Miss Blair held out her hand to him with an odd mixture of the child and the lady.

"How do you do, sir?" She evidently considered him one of the ancients.

"She jump off a high barn!" Middleton's eyes opened wide.

"Blair is the champion jumper of the family," said Steve, tall and condescending, catching hold of her half teasingly and drawing her up close to him.

"And she is a brick!" added Master Jacquelin, with mingled condescension and admiration, which brought the blushes back to the little girl's cheeks and made her look very charming. The next moment she was talking to Middleton about the episode of the painted horse, and exchanging adventures with him, and asking him questions about his chum Reely Thurston and his cousin Ruth Welch, whom he had mentioned as a tree-climber herself, as if she had known him always.

It was a night that Middleton never forgot. So completely was he adopted by these strangers that he could scarcely believe that he had not been one of them all

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his life. Jacquelin and Blair constituted themselves his especial hosts, and he made an engagement, conditional on his cousin's agreeing to accept the invitation to spend several days there, to visit with them all the points which they wished to show him. In the midst of their talk an old mammy in a white apron with a tall bandanna turban around her head suddenly appeared in a doorway, and dropping a courtesy, made her way over to Blair like a ship bearing down under full sail. There was a colloquy between them, inaudible, but none the less animated and interesting. Then Blair went across and appealed to her mother, who, after a little demurring, came over and spoke to the mammy; and thereon began further argument. She was evidently taking Blair's side, but she was not commanding; she was rather pleading; Middleton, new to the customs, was equally surprised and amused to hear the tones of the old colored woman's voice:

"Well, just a little while." Then, as she turned on her way out, she said, half audibly:

"You all gwine ruin my chile' looks, meckin' her set up so late. How she gwine have any complexion, settin' up all times o' night!" As she passed out, however, many of the ladies spoke to her, and they must have said pleasant things, for before she reached the door she was smiling and courtsying right and left, and carried her head as high as a princess. As for Blair, her eyes were dancing with joy at her victory, and when the plump figure of the mammy disappeared she gave a little frisk of delight.

There were no more speeches that could wound the susceptibilities of the guests, but there was plenty of discussion. All the young men were ardent politicians, and Middleton, who was nothing himself, was partly amused and partly horrified at the violence of some of their sentiments. Personally, he agreed with them in the main about slavery, or, at least, about abolitionism. He thought slavery rather a fine thing, and recalled that his grandfather, or his great-grandfather, he couldn't be certain which, had owned a number of slaves. He was conscious of some pride in this, especially now, though his cousin, Patience Welch, who was an extreme abolitionist, was always bemoaning the fact. But he was thunderstruck to hear a young orator of sixteen or seventeen declaim about breaking up the Union under certain circumstances as if it were a worthless old hulk stuck in the mud.

The entertainment consisted of dancing: quadrilles and "the Lancers," and, after awhile, the old Virginia reel; in the former of which all the young people joined, and in the last some of the old ones as well. Middleton heard Steve urging Miss Gray, "Cousin Thomasia" as he called her, to come and dance with him, and when she smilingly refused, teasing her about Major Legaie. She gave him a little tap with her fan, and sent him off with smiling eyes, which, after following the handsome boy across the hall, saddened, a second later, as she lifted the fan to arrange the feathers. Steve whisked Blair off from under Jacquelin's nose, and took her to the end of the long line of laughing girls ranged across the hall, responding to Jacquelin's earnest protest, that he was going to dance with her himself, with a push, that unanswerable logic of a bigger boy.

"But you did not ask me," said Miss Blair to Jacquelin, readily taking the stronger side against her sworn friend.

"Never mind, I'm not going to dance with you any more," pouted Jacquelin, as he turned off, his head higher than usual.

"I don't care if you don't," replied Miss Blair. And she held her head higher than his, dancing through her reel with apparently double enjoyment because of his discomfiture. Then when the reel had been danced again and again, with double couples and fours, to ever-quickening music and ever-increasing mirth until it was a maze of muslin and radiance and laughter, there was a pause for rest. And someone near the piano struck up a song, and this drew the crowd. Many of the girls, and some of the young men, had pleasant voices, which made up by their naturalness and simplicity for want of training, and the choruses drew all the young people, except a very few who seemed to find it necessary to seek something — fans or glasses of water — in the most secluded and unlikely corners, and always in couples.

There was one song, a new one, which had just been picked up somewhere by

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someone and brought there, and they were all trying to recall it, about Dixie-land. It seemed that Blair sang it, and there was a universal request for her to sing it ; but the little girl was shy and wanted to run away. Finally, however, she was brought back and, under coaxing by Steve and Jacquelin, was persuaded, and she stood up by the piano, and with her cheeks glowing and her child voice quavering at first at the prominence given her, sang it through. Middleton had heard the song once at a minstrel show not long before, and had thought it rather a catchy thing ; but now, when the child sang it, he found its melody. But when the chorus came he was astonished at the feeling it evoked. It was a burst of genuine feeling, universal, enthusiastic, that made the old walls resound. Even the young couples came from their secluded coverts to join in. It was so tremendous that Dr. Cary, who was standing near Mr. Welch, said, gravely :

" A gleam of the current that is dammed up."

" If the bank ever breaks what will happen? " asked Mr. Welch.

" A flood."

" Then the right will survive."

" The strongest," said Dr. Cary.

The guest saw that there was deep feeling whenever any political subject was touched on, and he turned to a less dangerous theme. The walls of the hall and drawing-room were covered with pictures ; scenes from mythology, battle-pieces, old portraits, all hung together in a sort of friendly confusion. The portraits were nearly all in rich colored dresses, men in velvets or uniforms, ladies in satins and crinolines. But one, the most striking figure of them all, stood alone in a space just over the great fireplace He was a man, still young, clad in a hunter's garb. A dark rock loomed behind him. His rifle lay at his feet, apparently broken, and his face wore an expression of such determination that one knew at once that whatever he had been he had been a master. The other paintings were portraits, this was the man. To add to its distinction, while the other pictures were in frames, richly gilded and carved, this was in straight black boards, apparently built into the wall, as if it had been meant to stand him there and cut him off from all the rest of the world. Wherever one turned in the hall those piercing eyes followed him. Mr. Welch had been for some time observing the painting.

" An extraordinary picture ! It has a singular fascination for me," he said, as his host turned to him. " One might almost fancy it allegorical, and yet it is intensely human. An indubitable portrait. I never saw a stronger face."

His host smiled.

" Yes. It has a somewhat curious history, though whether it is exactly a portrait or not, we do not know. It is, or is supposed to be, the portrait of an ancestor of mine, the first of my name who came to this country. He had been unfortunate on the other side—so the story goes —was a scholar, and had been a soldier under Cromwell, and lost all his property. He fell in love with a young lady whose father was on the King's side, and married her against her parents' wishes and came over here. He built a house on this very spot when it was the frontier, and his wife was afterward murdered by the Indians, leaving him one child. It is said that he killed the Indian with his naked hands just beside a great rock that stands in the graveyard beyond the garden, a short distance from the house. He afterward had that picture painted and placed there, we do not know just by whom, though it is reputed to be a Vandyke. It has always been recognized as a fine picture, and in all the successive changes it has been left there. This present house was built around the fireplace of the old one. In this way a story has grown up about the picture that it is connected with the fortunes of the house. You know how superstitious the negroes are? "

" I am not surprised," said Mr. Welch, examining the picture more closely. " I never saw a lonelier man. That black frame shutting it in seems to have something to do with the effect."

" The tradition has possibly had a good effect," proceeded his host. " There used to be a recess behind it that was used as a cupboard, perhaps a secret cabinet, because of this very superstition. The picture fell down once a few years ago, and I found a number of old papers in there, and put some more in myself. Here, you can see the paint on the frame where it fell.

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It was in the early summer, and one of the servants was just painting the hearth red, and a sudden gust of wind slammed a door and jarred the picture down, and it fell, getting that paint on it. You never saw anyone so frightened as that boy was. And I think my overseer was, also," he laughed. "He happened to be present settling up some matters with which I had intrusted him in the South, and although he is a remarkably sensible man—so sensible that I had given him my bonds for a very considerable amount, one for a very large amount, indeed, in case he should need them in the matter I refer to, and he had managed the affair with the greatest shrewdness, bringing my bond back—he was as much frightened, almost, as the boy. You'd have thought that the fall of the picture portended my immediate death. I took advantage of the circumstance to put the papers in the cupboard, and to ease his mind made Still nail the picture up so that it will never come down again —at least in my lifetime."

"Very singular," said Mr. Welch. "I had no idea the whites were so superstitious."

"Well, I do not suppose he really believed it. But do you know after that they began to say that stain on it was blood. And here again."

He pointed to where three or four little foot-tracks, as of a child's bare foot, were plainly seen on the hard white floor near the hearth. "My little boy Rupert was playing in the hall at the time I mention, dabbling his feet in the paint, and the same wind that blew down the picture scattered my papers, and he ran across the floor and finally stepped on one. There, you can see just where he caught it: the little heel is there, and the print of the toes is on the bond behind the picture. His mother would never allow the prints to be scoured out, and I suppose the same sentiment had something to do with my preserving the paper, and so they have remained. And now I understand they say the tracks are blood."

"On such slim evidence, perhaps, other and weightier superstitions have been built," said Mr. Welch, smiling.

The next morning, as Mr. Welch wished to see a Southern plantation, he deferred his departure until the afternoon, and rode over the place with Mr. Gray. Middleton was taken by his young hosts to see all the things of interest about the plantation—the high barn from which Blair had jumped into the tree, the bloody rock beside which the "Indian-Killer" had been buried, and the very spot where Steve had slept that night, the blacksmith shop where "Uncle Weev'ly" let Jacquelin show his skill in nailing a shoe on a mule, together with many other points; while Mr. Welch was taken to see the servants' quarters, the hands working and singing in the fields, and such things as interested him. During this walk Mr. Langstaff, the rector, made to Mr. Welch an observation that he thought there were evidences that the Garden of Eden was situated not far from that spot, and certainly within the limits of the State. Mr. Welch smiled at the old clergyman's ingenuousness, but was graver when, as they strolled through the negro quarters, he began to speak of the blessings of slavery. He pointed out the clean cabins, each surrounded by its little yard and with its garden, the laughing children, and smiling mothers courtesying from their doors. The guest remained silent, and the old gentleman took it for assent.

"Why, sir, I have just prepared a paper, which my friends think establishes incontrovertibly that slavery is based on the Scriptures and is as it were a divine institution."

Mr. Welch looked up to see how the other gentlemen took this. They were all grave, except Dr. Cary, usually the gravest, around whose mouth a slight smile flickered, and in whose eyes, as they met Mr. Welch's, there was a little gleam of amusement.

"It is written a servant of servants shall he be. You will not deny that?" asked the old preacher, a little of the smouldering fire of the controversialist sparkling for a moment in his face.

"Well, no, I don't think I will."

"Then that settles it."

"Well, perhaps not altogether," said Mr. Welch. "There may be an economical sin. But I do not wish to engage in a polemical controversy. I will only say that you do not seem to me, down here, to appreciate fully how strong the feeling of the world at present is against slavery. It

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seems to me that slavery is doomed, as much as the stage-coach and the sailing vessel."

"My dear sir," declared Mr. Gray, "I cannot agree with you. We interfere with nobody, all we demand is that they shall not interfere with us."

"It is precisely that that you cannot enforce," said Mr. Welch. "I do not wish to engage in a discussion in which neither of us could convince the other; but I think I have not defined my position intelligibly. You interfere with everyone—with every nation—and you are only tenants at will of your system—only tenants by sufferance of the world."

"Oh! my dear sir!" exclaimed his host, his face slightly flushed; and then the subject was politely changed, and Mr. Welch was conscious that it was not to be opened again.

Before the young people had seen half the places of which Jacquelin had told Middleton, they were recalled to the house. Jacquelin's face fell.

"School!" he said in disgust.

As they returned by a road leading up to a farm-house on a hill, they passed a somewhat rickety buggy containing a plain-looking young girl a little older than Blair, driven by a thin-shouldered youngster of eighteen or nineteen, who returned Jacquelin's and Blair's greeting with a surly air. Middleton thought he checked the girl for her pleasant bow. At any rate he heard his voice, in a cross tone, scolding her after they had passed.

"That's Washy Still and Virgy, the overseer's children," explained someone.

"And he's just as mean to her as he can be. She's afraid of him. I'll be bound, I wouldn't be afraid of him," broke out Blair, her eyes growing suddenly sparkling at the idea of wrong to one of her sex. Middleton looked down at her glowing face and thought it unlikely.

On arrival at the house it proved that Jacquelin's fears were well-founded. It had been decided that he must go back to school. Jacquelin appealed to his Aunt Thomasia, to intercede for him, and she did so, as she always interceded for everyone. But it was vain. It was an age of law, and the law had to be obeyed.

When he rode away with Doan beside him, his last call back was to Middleton to be sure and remember his promise to come back again, and to bring Reely Thurston with him.

CHAPTER III

Both Larry Middleton and Mr. Welch were to visit Red Rock again, but under circumstances little anticipated at the time the invitation to come back was given.

When Middleton came of age he turned over the manufacturing business he had inherited to the family's agent, Mr. Bolter, and on leaving college accepted his cousin, Mr. Welch's, invitation to go into his law-office. He made only one condition: that the same invitation should be extended to his college chum, Reely Thurston, whom Middleton described to Mr. Welch as "at once the roundest and squarest fellow" in his class. This was enough for Mr. Welch, and within a few months the two young men were at adjoining desks, professing to practise law, and really practising whatever other young gentlemen of their age and kind are given to doing: a combination of loafing, working, and airing themselves for the benefit of the rest of mankind, particularly of that portion that wears bonnets and petticoats.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Welch were glad to have Middleton with them, for Mrs. Welch was fond of him as a near relation, one who in personal appearance and address was a worthy representative of the old stock from which they both had come. And she had this further reason for wishing to have Middleton near her that she had long observed his tendency to be "affected unduly," as she termed it, by his surroundings, and she meant to counteract this defect of character by her personal influence. "If I can get hold of him," said she, "I can build up a strong character."

It was enough for Mrs. Welch to see a defect of any kind to wish to correct it, and her wish was usually but a step in advance of her action. She was at heart a missionary: one of those intrepid and unbending spirits who have carried their faith through the world by the sheer energy of their convictions. She would no more have bowed in the house of Rimmon than she would have committed theft. If she

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had lived in Rome she would have died before taking a pinch of incense for Diana, unless she had been on the other side, when she would have fed the lions with fervor; if she had been in Spain on Torquemada's side she could have sung Te Deums at an *auto-da-fé*. As some one said of her: "she would have burned like a candle." The only difficulty was that she wanted others to burn too, which they were not always so ready to do.

She had great hopes of Lawrence Middleton, and deplored the influence on him of the young man whom he had chosen at college as his especial friend; and she grieved over the effect that his visit South, already described, had had on him. But she did not despair. Mrs. Welch never despaired. It implied weakness, and so sin.

She was urgent to have Larry Middleton accept her husband's proposal to take a place in his office, and though she would have preferred to separate him from Mr. Thurston, yet when Middleton made this condition she yielded, for it brought him where she could influence him, and had this advantage: that it gave her two persons to work on instead of one.

When her daughter Ruth came home from school in her vacations, it was natural that she should be thrown a great deal with her cousin, and the only singular thing was that Mrs. Welch appeared inclined to minimize the importance of the relationship. This, however, made little difference to the gay, fun-loving girl, who, enjoying her emancipation from school, tyrannized over the two young lawyers to her heart's content. She soon reduced Thurston to a position of abject slavery which might well have called forth the intervention of so ardent an emancipator as her mother and did, indeed, excite some anxiety in her breast. Mrs. Welch was beginning to be very solicitous about him, when events suddenly crowding on each other gave her something widely different to think about, and unexpectedly relieved her from this anxiety to give her others far weightier.

The cloud which had been so long gathering above the country suddenly burst.

Middleton and Thurston were sitting in their office one afternoon when there was a scamper outside, the door was flung open, and a paper was thrown in: an extra still wet from the press. Thurston seized it, his seat being nearest the door, and gave a long whistle as his eye fell on the black headlines:

THE FLAG FIRED ON:

OPEN REBELLION.

THE PRESIDENT'S CALL FOR TROOPS, TO SAVE THE UNION, Etc., Etc.

He sank into his seat and read rapidly, while Middleton listened with a set face. When he was through, Thurston flung the paper down and sat back in his chair. The next moment he struck his fist on his desk and sprang to his feet, his face white with resolve.

"By God! I'll go."

With a single look at Middleton he turned to the door and walked out. A moment later Middleton followed him. The street below was already filling with people, and the buzz of voices was growing louder.

Within a few hours the two young men were both enrolled in a company of volunteers, Middleton in right of his stature and family connection as a sergeant and little Thurston as a corporal, and were at work getting others enrolled. As they were so engaged, Thurston was struck by a man in the crowd who was especially violent in his denunciations, and who was urging everybody to enlist. His voice had a peculiar penetrating whine. As Thurston could not remember him among those who had signed, he asked him his name. "Leech, Jonadab Leech," he said.

When Thurston looked at the roll it was not on it, and the next time Leech came up in the crowd, the little corporal caught him.

"Here, you have forgotten to put your name down."

To his surprise Leech drew back and actually turned pale.

"What's the matter?" asked the corporal.

"I have a wife."

The little volunteer gave a sniff.

"All right, send her in your place. I guess she'd do as well."

"If he has, he's trying to get rid of her,"

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said someone standing by, in an undertone.

"Why—ah—we—My eyes are bad, I'm too near-sighted."

"Your eyes be hanged! You can see well enough to read this paper."

"Who is he?" asked Thurston, as Leech disappeared.

"He is a clerk in old Bolter's commissary."

The crowd was patriotic.

The next time Thurston saw Leech he had on blue spectacles.

There was great excitement in the town all night; bells rang, crowds marched up and down the streets singing; stopping at the houses of those who had been opposed to ultra measures and calling on them to put up flags to show their loyalty. The name of Jonadab Leech appeared in the papers next morning as one of the street orators who made the most bloodthirsty speech.

Next day was Sunday. Sober thought had succeeded the excitement of the previous day, the faces of the people showed it. The churches were overflowing. The preachers all alluded to the crisis that had come, and the tears of the congregations testified how deeply they were moved. After church, by a common impulse, everyone went to the public square to learn the news. The square was packed. Suddenly, on the pole that stood above the old court-house, someone ran up the flag. At the instant that it broke forth the wind caught it and it fluttered out full and straight, pointing to the southward. The effect was electric. A great cheer burst from the crowd below. As it died down a young man's clear voice in the crowd struck up, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and the next moment the whole concourse was singing and weeping.

That flag and that song made more soldiers from the old town than all the newspapers and all the speeches; and Larry Middleton for having struck it up found himself suddenly of more note in his own home than he could have been later if he had stormed a battery. Loudest among the shouters was the street-orator of the evening before: Jonadab Leech, the clerk in Bolter's commissary. Within a week the two young men were on their way South.

A little later Mr. Welch, who before studying law had been educated as an engineer, having taken time to settle up his affairs, went off to join the first corps of engineers from his State, with abundance of tears from Ruth, and a blessing from his wife, whose mouth was never firmer, or her eye clearer than when she kissed him, and bade him God-speed.

She replied to the astonished query of Mrs. Bolter: "You did not cry?" with another question:

"Why should I cry when I knew it was his duty? If I had wept it would have been because I could not go myself to strike a blow for the freedom of the poor African."

"You are an unusually strong woman," said Mrs. Bolter, and indeed Mrs. Welch looked it, for though Bolter as well as Mr. Welch had gone to Washington, he had not gone to the war, but to see about contracts.

The same day that the two young men from Mr. Welch's office were in the street of their town enrolling their names as soldiers to fight for the flag of the Union, the young men, and the elders as well, whom Middleton had met at Red Rock, a thousand miles to the South, were engaged in similar work—enlisting to fight against invasion, to fight for their State.

There had been much discussion—much dissension in the old county and all others like it, during the interim that had elapsed since the night when Middleton and Mr. Welch had appeared unexpectedly at Red Rock among the wedding guests. Some were for radical measures: for secession—for war; others were conservative. Matters more than once had reached a white heat, and it had looked for a long time as though an explosion must come immediately. Yet the cooler heads had controlled, and when the final elections came on, the most conservative men in the country had been selected. Dr. Cary and Mr. Bagby, both strong Union men, had been chosen over Major Legaie and Mr. Gray, both ardent Democrats, and one, the former, a hot Secessionist.

When they arrived at the capital they found, perhaps, the most distinguished body that had sat in the State in fifty years. Both sides had put forward their best men, and the wildest, in face of the nearing peril,

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grew conservative. The body declared for peace. Affairs moved rapidly, however; excitement grew; feeling changed.

One morning Dr. Cary, who was recognized as one of the leaders of the Conservatives, received a report of a great public meeting, held at the county-seat, instructing him to vote for secession. Many of his old supporters had signed it. He presented it at the desk, and stated its purport, fully and strongly, amid cheers from the other side.

"Now you will vote with us," said one of the leaders on that side.

"Not if every man in my county instructed me."

"Then you must resign!"

"Not if every man in my county demanded it."

"Are you the only wise man in your county?"

The voice trembled. Feeling was rising.

"If they signed such a paper, I should think so." And there were cheers from his side, and the vote was stayed for that day at least.

Then the spark fell and the explosion came.

A week after this the call for troops by the President, that Middleton and Thurston read in the evening extra, appeared in an extra in the city where the convention sat.

Invasion!

The whole people rose. From the time of Varus down they had done so. The State went out with a rush. The population poured into the streets and public squares in a great demonstration. It was tremendous—a maelstrom—a tornado—a conflagration. Men were caught up and tossed on platforms, that appeared as if by magic from nowhere, to make speeches; bonfires were lighted and bells were rung; but the crowd shouted louder than the ringing of the bells, for it meant War. None could now withstand it. Suddenly, from some public place, a gun which had been found and run out, boomed through the dusk, and the crowd roared louder than before, and made a rush in that direction, cheering as if for a great victory.

Dr. Cary, stalking through the crowd, silent and white, was recognized and lifted unresisting to a platform. After a great roar, the tumult hushed down for a moment; for he was waiting with close shut mouth and blazing eye, and he had the reputation of being, when he chose to exert himself, an orator. Besides, it was not yet known to them what he would do, and he was a power in his section.

He broke the silence with a calm voice that went everywhere. Without appearing to be strong, his voice was one of those strange instruments that filled every building with its finest tone, and reached over every crowd to its farthest limit. With a gesture that, as men said afterward, seemed to sweep the horizon, he began:

"The time has passed for talking. Go home and prepare for war. For it is on us."

"Oh! there is not going to be any war," cried someone, and a part of the crowd cheered. Dr. Cary turned on them.

"No war! We are at war now—with the greatest power on the earth: the power of universal progress. It is not the North that we shall have to fight, but the world. If we have talked like fools, at least we shall fight like men."

That night Dr. Cary walked into his lodgings alone and seated himself in the dusk. His old body-servant, Tarquin, silent and dark, brought a light and set it conveniently for him. He did not speak a word; but his ministrations were unusually attentive, and every movement expressed adherence and sympathy. Suddenly his master broke the silence:

"Tarquin, do you desire to be free?"

"Lawd Gawd!" exclaimed Tarquin, stopping quite still and gazing at him in amazement, "Me! Free?"

"Because if you do I will set you free, and give you money enough to live in Philadelphia."

"No sir, marster, you know I don't wan' be free," said Tarquin.

"Pack my trunk. I am going home."

"When, sir?"

"I do not know exactly; but shortly."

Within a week Dr. Cary was back, at home, at work, making preparation for equipping the companies that the neighborhood was going to send to the war along with Major Legaie and the other Secessionists.

What a revolution that week had made in the old county! In the face of the

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menace of invasion, after but ten days, one would scarcely have known it. All division was ended, all parties were one. It was as if the county had declared war by itself and felt the whole burden of the struggle on its shoulders. It became suddenly a training-ground and a camp. The haze of dust from men galloping by hung over the highways all day long, and the cross-roads and the county-seat where the musters used to meet quarterly and the fourth of July celebrations were held, became scenes of almost metropolitan activity.

Men appeared to spring from the ground as in the days of Cadmus, ready for war. Red Rock and Birdwood became recruiting-stations and depots of supply. From the big estates they came, from the small homesteads amid their orchards, and from the cabins back among the pines; all eager for war and with a new light in their eyes. Everyone was in the movement. Major Legaie was a colonel, and Mr. Gray was a captain; Dr. Cary was surgeon, and even old Mr. Langstaff, under that fire of enthusiasm, had merged his ecclesiastical title of rector into the military one of chaplain.

Miss Thomasia, who was always trying to meet some wants which only the sensitiveness of her own spirit apprehended, enlarged her little academy in the office at Red Rock so as to take in all the children of the men around who had enlisted; made them pick lint between their lessons, and opened her exercises daily with the most martial hymns she could find in the prayer-book, feeling in her simple heart that she could do God no better service than to inculcate an undying patriotism along with undying piety. As for Blair, she had long deserted the anti-war side, horse, foot, and dragoons, and sewed on uniforms and picked lint, wore badges of palmetto, and single-stars on little blue flags sewed somewhat crookedly in the breasts of her frocks, and sang "Dixie," "Maryland," and "The Bonny Blue Flag" all the time.

Steve Allen and Morris Cary left the University on an hour's notice, and with pistols and sabres strapped about their slender waists galloped up to the county-seat together one afternoon in a cloud of dust, having outsped their telegrams, and amid huzzahs and the waving of handkerchiefs from the carriages lining the roadside, spurred their sweating horses straight to the end of the line that was drilling under Colonel Legaie in the field beside the court-house, and so with radiant faces were enlisted for war. Little Andy Stamper was already there in line at the far end on one of his father's two farm-horses, and Jacquelin on a blooded colt was trying to keep as near in line with him as his excited four-year-old would permit. Even the servants, for whom some on the other side were pledging their blood, were warmly interested, and were acting more like clansmen than slaves.

Hiram Still, Mr. Gray's manager, had had a sudden return of his old enemy, rheumatism, and was so drawn up that he had to go on crutches, but was as enthusiastic as anyone and lent money to help equip the companies—not to the county, it is true, but to Mr. Gray and Dr. Cary on their joint security. He and Andy Stamper were not on good terms, yet he even offered, if the security could be arranged, to lend some to Andy Stamper to buy a horse with; Jacquelin, however, spared Andy this necessity.

The boy, emancipated from school partly because his father was going off so shortly to the war, and partly because Dr. Maule himself had enlisted, and Mr. Eliphalet Bush, his successor, was not considered altogether sound politically, spent his time breaking his colt to stand the excitement of cavalry drill. Hearing that Andy had applied to Hiram Still to borrow money to buy a horse with, Jacquelin asked his father's consent to give him his colt, and was rewarded by the pick of the horses on the place for him — after the carriage horses, his father's own riding-horse and Steve's. It was a proud moment for the boy when he rode the high-mettled bay he had chosen over to the old Stamper-place.

Andy, in a new gray jacket, was sitting on the front steps polishing his scabbard and accoutrements, old Mrs. Stamper was in her low split-bottomed chair behind him, knitting a yarn sock, and Delia Dove, with her plump cheeks glowing under her calico sun-bonnet which she had pushed back from her round face, was seated on the bench in the little porch, toying with the

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wisteria vine above her, and looking down on Andy with her black eyes softer than usual.

Andy rose to greet Jacquelin as the boy galloped up to the gate.

"Come in, Jack. What's up? That's the way to set him. Look out or he'll git you off him. Ah!" as Jacquelin swung himself down. The two were great friends.

"Here's a present for you," panted the boy.

"What?"

"This horse."

"What!"

"Yes, he's mine; papa gave him to me this morning and said I might give him to you. I took the pick——"

"Well, by——" Andy was too much dazed to swear. "Jack——? This also ended. "Now let that Hiram Still ast for s'curity. Delia, I'll lick a regiment." He faced his sweetheart, who suddenly turned and caught Jacquelin and kissed him violently, bringing the red blood to the boy's cheeks.

Andy squared himself before the girl.

"If you'll do that to me, I'll give him to you right now. Durned 'f I don't!" And the little recruit looked her in the eyes and gave a shake of his head for emphasis. The girl looked for one moment as if she were going to do it. Then, as Andy opened his arms, she considered, and with a toss of her head turned away.

That moment the latch clicked and Hiram Still's daughter, Virgy, stood beside them, shy and silent, veiled within her sun-bonnet.

"Mr. Stamper, pappy says if you'll come over to see him about that business o'yourn maybe he ken make out to help you out."

She delivered the message automatically, and with a shy glance at Jacquelin and another one somewhat different at Delia Dove, retired once more within the deep recesses of her sun-bonnet.

"Well, you tell your pappy that I say I'm much obliged to him; but I ain't got any business with him that I knows on; 't somebody else's done helped me out." The voice was kind, though the words were sarcastic.

"Yes, sir, good even—" and with another shy glance and nod to each one in turn, the girl went off as noiselessly as a hare.

"That girl always gives me the creeps," said Delia, when Virgy had reached a safe distance.

"How about Washy? Or is it the old man?" asked Andy, at which Delia only sniffed.

Nor was Jacquelin Gray the only one of the youngsters whose fervor was rewarded. The ladies of the neighborhood made a banner for each of the companies that went forth, and Blair Cary was selected to present the banner to the Red Rock Company, which she did from the court-house balcony, with her laughing eyes sobered by excitement, her glowing face growing white and pink by turns, and her little tremulous speech, written by her father and carefully conned by heart for days, much swallowed and almost inaudible in the face of the large crowd assembled filling all the space around, and of the brave company drawn up in the road below her. But she got through it—that part about "emulating the Spartan youth who came back with his shield or on it," and all; and at the close she carried them all away by a natural clasp of her little brown hands over her heart, as she said, "And don't let them take it away from you not ever," outstretching her arms to her father, who sat with moist eyes at one end of the line a little below her, with Jacquelin close beside him, his eyes like saucers for interest in Blair.

"Blair, that's the best speech that ever was made," said the boy, enthusiastically, when he saw her. "And Steve says so too."

The little girl's cheeks glowed with pleasure.

The evening before Jacquelin's father went off, he called Jacquelin into his office and rising shut the door himself. They were alone, and Jacquelin was mystified. He had never been called in before for an interview with his father, unless it were for a lecture, or worse. He hastily ran over his recent acts; but could recall nothing that merited even censure, and curiosity took the place of wonderment. Wonder came back, however, when his father, motioning him to a seat, stood before him and began to address him in an entirely new and unknown tone. He talked to him as if he were a man. Jacquelin suddenly felt all his old timidity of his father vanish, and a new spirit, as it were, rise up in his heart. His father told him that now he was going

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away to the war, he might never come back; but he left, he said, with the assurance that he would be worthily succeeded, and he said that he was proud of him and had the fullest confidence in him. He had never said anything like this to Jacquelin before, in all his life, and the boy felt a new sensation. It was like opening the skies and giving him a glimpse beyond them into a new heaven. The boy suddenly rose and flung his arms around his father's neck, and clung there pouring out his heart to him. Then he sat down again, feeling like a shriven soul, and the father and son understood each other like two school-fellows.

Mr. Gray told him of his will. He had left his mother everything; but it would be the same thing as if he had left it to him and Rupert. He was to have Red Rock, and Rupert the estate in the South. Jacquelin listened, his mind suddenly sobered and expanded to a man's measure.

"And, Jacquelin," he said, "keep the old place. Make any sacrifice to do that. Landholding is one of the safeguards of a gentry. Our people for six generations have never sold an acre, and I never knew a man who sold land that throve."

"I will keep it, father," said the boy, earnestly.

There were some debts, Mr. Gray said, but not enough to amount to anything; the principal one was to Hiram Still. Still wanted him to keep his money and he had done so. It could be paid any time if necessary. Still was a better man than he was given credit for. A bad manner made those who did not know him well suspicious of him. But he was the best business man he had ever known, and he believed devoted to his interest. His father, old Mr. Still, had been overseer for Jacquelin's grandfather when he, Mr. Gray, was a boy, and he could not forget him, and though Still was at present in poor health, he had contracted the disease in their service while at the South, and he would be glad to have him kept in his position as long as he treated the negroes well and cared to remain. "And Jacquelin, one other thing: be a father to Rupert. See that he gets an education. It is the one patrimony that no accident — not even war—can take away."

Jacquelin promised his father that he would remember his injunctions and try faithfully to keep them every one. And when the two walked out it was arm in arm like two brothers, and the old servants looking at them nodded their heads and talked with pride of Jacquelin's growing resemblance to his grandfather.

Next day the companies raised in the county all started for the war, taking almost every man of serviceable age and strength, and many who were neither.

When they marched away it was like a triumphal procession. The blue haze of spring lay over the woods, softening the landscape, and filling it with peace. Tears were on some cheeks, no doubt, and many eyes were dimmed; but kerchiefs and scarfs were waved by many who could not see, and fervent prayers went up from many hearts when the lips were too tremulous to speak.

(To be continued.)

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IN THE CHESTNUT GROVES OF NORTHERN ITALY.

BY SUSAN NICHOLS CARTER.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CORWIN-KNAPP-LINSON.

I

AMONG the ravines, lakes, and mountains of Lombardy, on the river Sesia, flowing through the valley of the same name, lies the small Italian town of Varallo-Sesia.

This region of the Lake of Orta, the gorge of the Pellino, the wooded Col di Colma, whence the snow-covered pink summits of the Monte Rosa range appear, is somewhat remote from the ordinary line of travel, or at least American travel.

Through cornfields and across vineyards, and over occasional mountain torrents, where all the while the sunlight streamed down the chestnut-covered mountain-sides, the railway train struggled up the valley of the Sesia with my friends and myself, who were journeying to Varallo-Sesia.

After we alighted at the station, with the tranquillity so usual in these Italian towns, we sat under a broad arbor formed by a matted covering of green boughs, so impenetrable that not a ray of sunlight could struggle through its cool mass.

We were told that no carriage-road, but only a foot-path, led up the mountain-side to Monte Sacro, above the town, which was our destination; for we heard that beasts of burden were not allowed in its sacred precincts. Meanwhile a crowd of thin and wiry Italians disputed with us and each other how some dozen small handbags and trunks, as well as ourselves, could be conveyed up the height.

To one of the party, accustomed to being borne on the shoulders of Moors in Tangier, the feat seemed by no means diffi-

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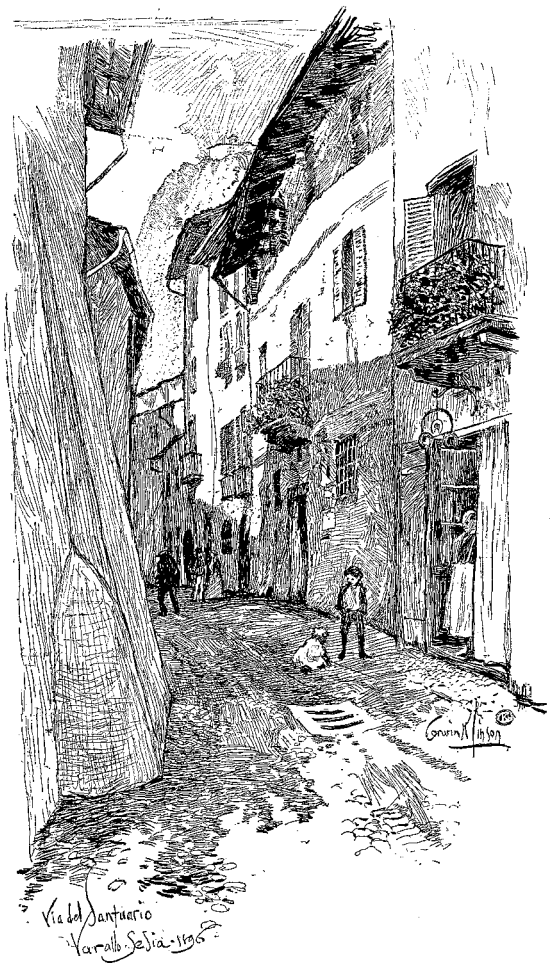
cult. An Irish lady, whose vigorous frame often refreshed itself by a ten-mile walk across a mountain-pass, found the prospect of this trip a mere bagatelle. I was the sole member of the party used only to the rough, dangerous roads on our mountains in America. To me, therefore, this untrodden way was full of unpleasant surmise.

At length, after much consultation, two heavy chairs, with long horizontal bars, were finally brought, and I was seated in one of these. Two bearers, whose springing veins and muscles marked them as accustomed to such toil, with a strong band across their shoulders and its ends over the bars of the chair, trudged off with me at a swinging pace. For a moment I was alarmed by their unsteady motion, suggesting, as I thought, that some foot or hand might slip and I come down on my head or a leg, but as the two bearers fell into step my apprehensions were dissipated, and by the time we had threaded the narrow streets of the town and had begun the gentle ascent of a winding path, so regular in its rise, so perfectly paved with the little cobble-stones, which were probably laid here hundreds of years ago, the whole affair seemed like a pleasure-trip.

A wide stone wall on one side flanked the path to the slopes below, on which groves of chestnuts, walnuts, and pines, with their mossy trunks, were growing, and admitted rays of sunlight which flickered our path.

The black heads of my bearers formed the accents of dark amid this greenery. They occasionally rested, and their shining eyes turned merrily as if to make sport of their toil.

Now some little shrine was passed, and now the full-throbbed note of a bird fell on the ear. An idyllic summer afternoon! And the shadows of the high mountains were gradually creeping into the valley.



Street in Varallo-Sesia.

One cannot be long in these sylvan regions of Italy without feeling the half-faunlike character of a people as simple and semi-classic as Hawthorne delineates Donatello in his "Transformation." To this class of beings my bearers might readily belong; and later I saw many creatures who seemed half-brothers to men and half to a gentle and merry mythic creation. A young Italian was sitting by me one day on a stone bench, such as are scattered so freely in these woods. His small, light eyes were set wide apart, turning up at the corners; his heavy, projecting nostrils and prominent mouth, and withal his innocent, calf-like expression, made me fancy that if the sandals were removed from his twisting feet the dancing hoofs of some mythological being would appear in this true denizen of the woods. But I did not de-

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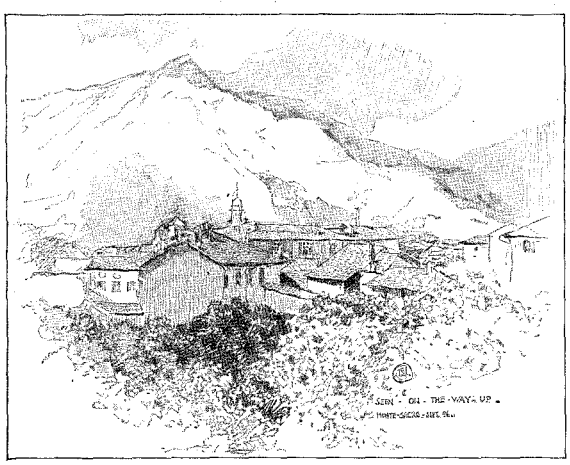
The Chestnut-covered Mountain-sides.

scribe how I was finally brought to Monte Sacro.

My bearers, whose wooden sandals clicked on the stone pavement like castanets, with close, short steps, pulled vigorously along. A large, old, stuccoed house finally came into view, and its long loggia on one side, with open arches filled with red and pink flowers in big pots, formed an *al fresco* dining-room, where various people were eating at small tables.



Seen on the Way Up.

I supposed that I should get down from my perch when I reached the entrance to the loggia; but far from it—my bearers now broke into a sort of canter, and it was not until they had traversed the entire length of the loggia, shaking their dark faces gayly toward the guests, that they finally deposited me at the farther end of the apartment.

How refreshing, how delightfully cool, was the air in this place, elevated two thousand feet above the sea, and high over the sultry shores of Lake Maggiore, where the steamy air flickered over the red and buff villas on its shores; for the railroad, as I said, had followed up stream the rushing wild mountain torrent of the Sesia for miles.

To people whose taste is uncontaminated, there is often something specially sym-

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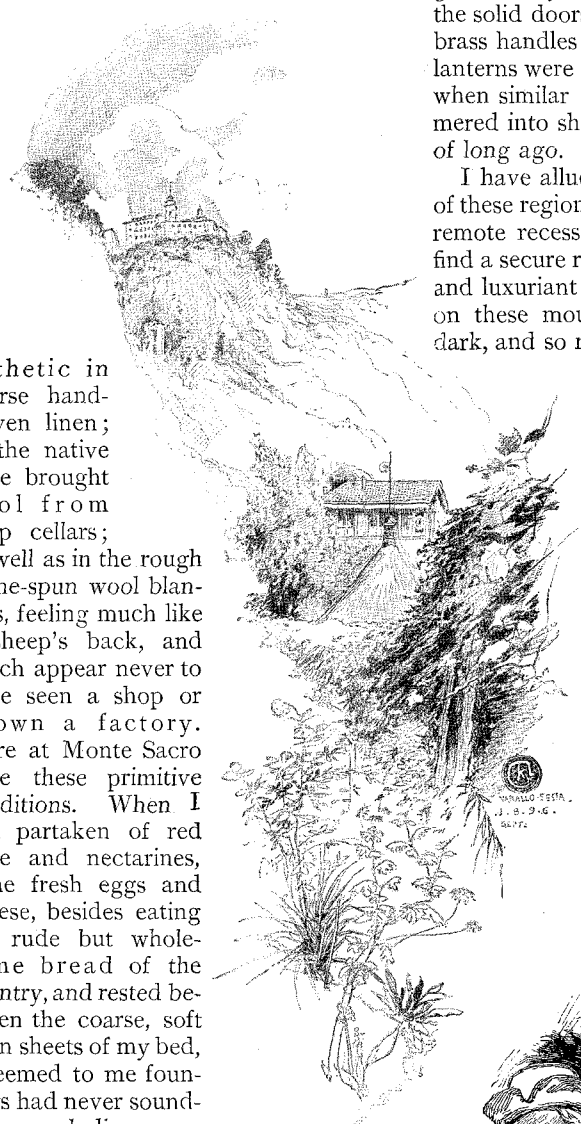

The Sacro Monte from the Garden of the Albergo Parigi.

pathetic in coarse hand-woven linen; in the native wine brought cool from deep cellars; as well as in the rough home-spun wool blankets, feeling much like a sheep's back, and which appear never to have seen a shop or known a factory. Here at Monte Sacro were these primitive conditions. When I had partaken of red wine and nectarines, some fresh eggs and cheese, besides eating the rude but wholesome bread of the country, and rested between the coarse, soft linen sheets of my bed, it seemed to me fountains had never sounded so melodious, nor fragrance of new-mown hay and white annunciation lilies, mixed with the peculiar scent from the high box hedges near the house, so subtle and full of suggestive memories, as when the night breeze brought these odors into my bedroom.

Everything here, too, bespoke the life and habits of the people, and showed how little modern innovations had touched them. The wood of the chestnut-trees, in great slabs, with the veining and gnarled growth only roughly planed down, formed the solid doors of our pension, while queer brass handles and wrought-iron locks and lanterns were a reminder of a remote time when similar handwork was slowly hammered into shape by the rude forefathers of long ago.

I have alluded to the classic suggestion of these regions of northern Italy, in whose remote recesses gods or demigods might find a secure retreat. Here, amid the vast and luxuriant chestnut groves which hang on these mountain-sides, so gnarled, so dark, and so rich, one fancied at a turn in their ghostly glades some nymph or dryad might be met, disporting with the faunlike denizens of their mountain abodes.

What men or gods are these?
What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels?
What wild ecstasy?

But at least one felt the natural presence here of cool and moss-covered statues; and that a stone fountain, overgrown with ivy, should receive and conduct the flashing streams that murmured in every direction. It was not, however, a garlanded faun nor a leaf-fringed urn which now embodied the genius of these regions; for it is in such spots as this one that the gentle old life of classic times merges into the tender traditions of the Roman Catholic Church, and the faunlike and the saintly mingle.

In watching great congregations of swallows, thought easily goes back to the generations of birds whose descendants still people and renew the old

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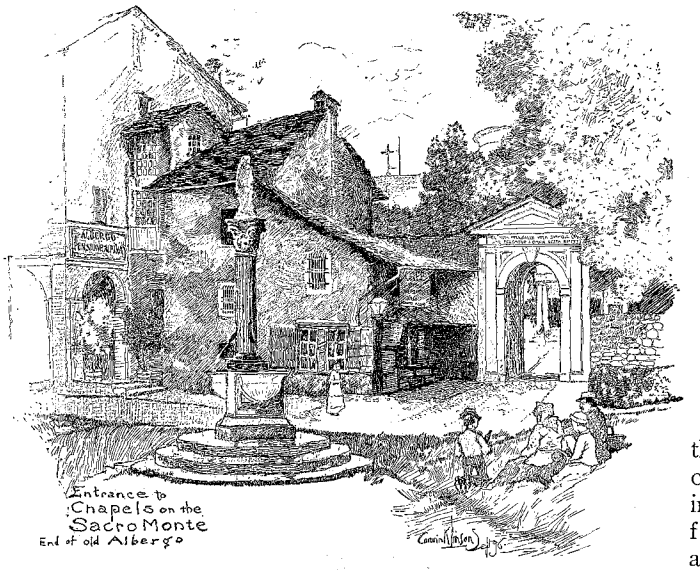
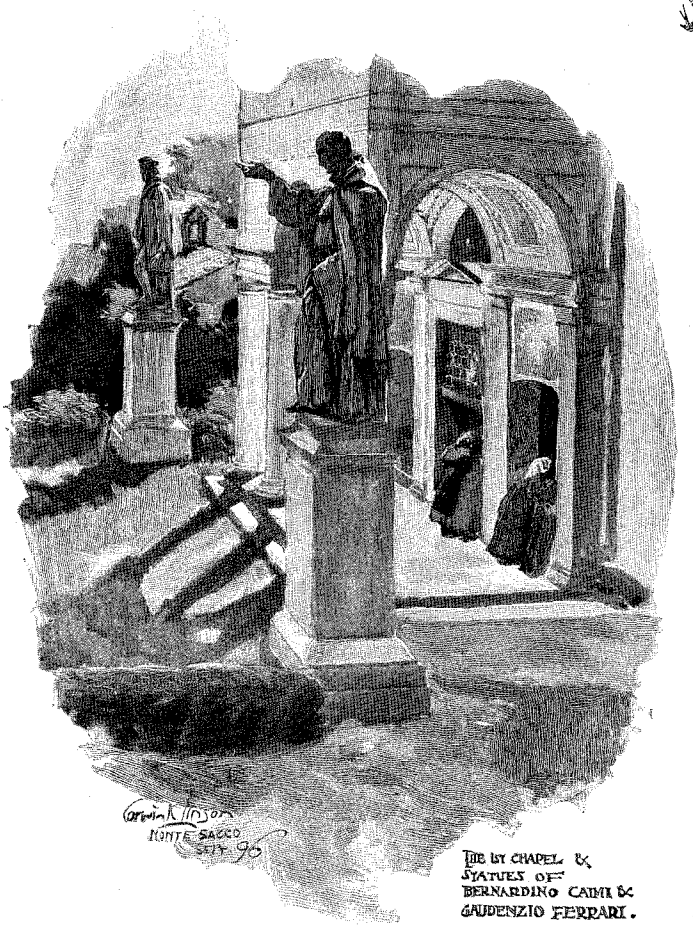


Entrance to Chapels on the Sacro Monte
End of old Albergo

nests. So here, too, among the human offspring of former days, who have the same traditions and bear a similar life to their ancestors, observing these children of toil, I imagined their unbroken chain of work, and thought of habits as continuous as those of the swallows, whose calls and flight hovered about the convent walls of the Monastery of Monte Sacro.

This monastery, with its church and surrounding buildings, stood near our pension, and enclosed a court on the summit of a precipitous spur of one of the high mountains which surround Varallo-Sesia. Old and dilapidated, the monastery is now the home of but few monks. The church, however, with its lovely alabaster and porphyry altars, is now having the adornment of a new white marble façade, constructed in the most florid style of modern Italian Romanesque. Here, in the court of the monastery, I often watched the workmen putting the marble blocks into their places, and felt the suggestive contrast these men presented, with their wiry forms and cramped bodies, clad in dress as gray and faded as the dust about them, to the pomp of a church,



THE 1ST CHAPEL & STATUES OF BERNARDINO CAIMI & GAUDENZIO FERRARI.

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which even here, on this inaccessible height, still preserved its power. The same kind of marble which had been brought here on men's shoulders, when the monastery was first constructed, four hundred years ago, now lay scattered about. Probably it had been carved in some neighboring quarry, and transported here to-day by the same method as formerly served to bring it to this summit.

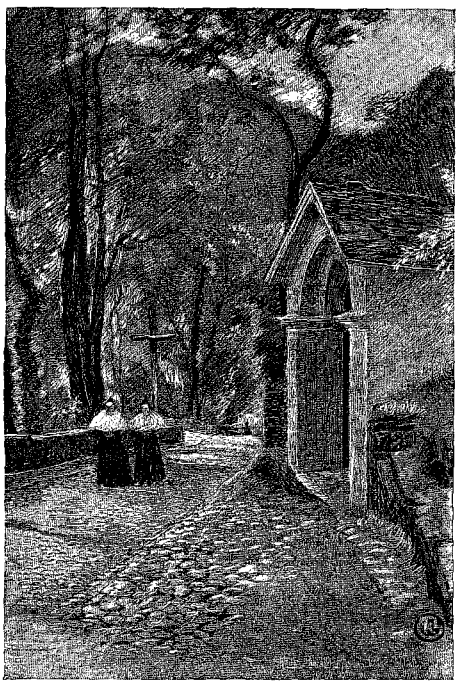
Once, in Perugia, I saw men hammering brass and copper pots into classic forms such as one sees in antique frescos. Tripods and lamps were wrought in like fashion as on Greek urns, or those found in catacombs or Etruscan tombs. I meditated meanwhile in what way the thoughts and feelings of those who fashioned them differed from those of their ancestors; for the Past and Present appeared identical — a Picturesque Past joining a Picturesque Present!

Here, about the cloisters of the monastery at Monte Sacro, poor Italians were employed in unearthing small paving-stones which lined the paths about the monastery. They were filling in the irregular surface of the gravel, using rude implements, trowels and picks, similar in shape to such as had served in the early days of the monastery —a continuous sequence of demands and willing service reaching down these centuries!

But it was not the monastery chiefly which formed the religious element of this secluded spot. About the year 1500 a pious nobleman from Milan, Bernardino Caimo by name, inspired by a visit to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, conceived the idea of constructing a series of chapels or shrines, which should embody the History of the Creation and the Life and Passion of Jesus Christ.

Similar shrines were erected in the vicinity of Varallo about this period; those at Orta, with its sixteen chapels, depicting various episodes in the history of St. Francis d'Assisi. But those at Monte Sacro were most important of any.

Forty-six small chapels were built in stone, and of every conceivable form. Some were conical, with peaked roofs; others showed little, pillared façades; while yet others were formed in deep-niched embrasures in the face of the rock.



Monte Sacro—The Cappella del Riposo (On the way up).

Those who have been so fortunate as to see the tender manner in which the peasant population of Oberammergau have depicted the life of Christ may form a conception of the depth and sweetness disclosed in the long series of figures of the Saviour and His disciples in the forty-six shrines on Monte Sacro. Pilate, Caiaphas, and the woman of Samaria, besides the Roman centurions and other personages of the New Testament, appear in these tableaux, life size and of life-like color, made of terra-cotta or wood, with landscape and figure backgrounds painted in fresco. These come down to us from the sixteenth century, and are as fresh as if done recently. While they are primitive in composition and arrangement, the scenes, as one surveys them through the grated windows of the unique chapels, are full of interest. The Christ is

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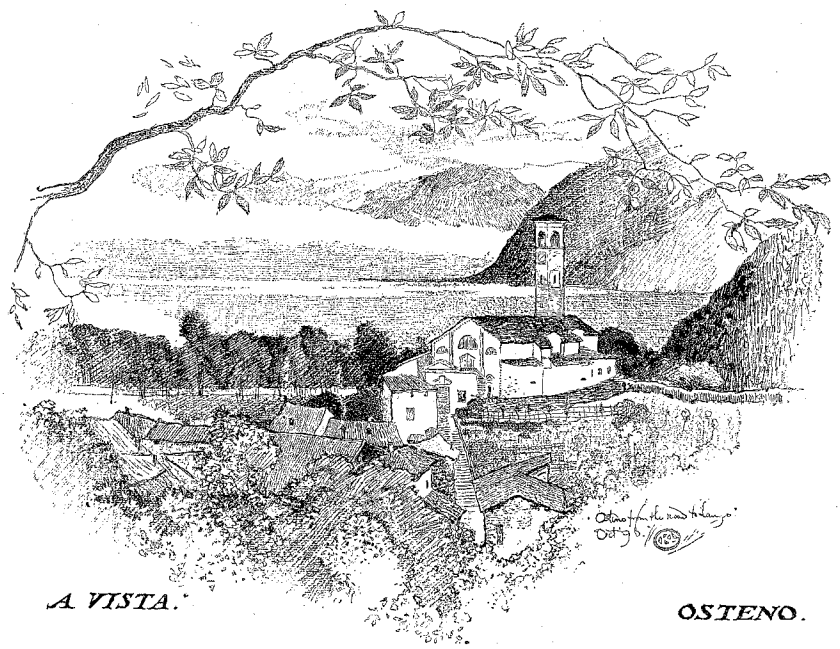

everywhere carefully modelled and of artistic feeling; while his meek, drooping form, when he stands before Pilate, has the spiritual sweetness that the peasant conception of him at Oberammergau made so elevating in contrast to the haughty bearing of the Pharisees and chief priests.

The Temptation in the Wilderness is curiously quaint. Beasts of every kind appear. Mother bears grit their teeth, while the little cubs tumble over each other; snakes hiss and lions roar. The story of the Creation and Fall are full of expression.

But the scenes with the Serpent, the Expulsion from Eden, and others, of archaic conception, recall Albert Dürer, or the plates of some very old story-book.

A Type.

Stone steps to these shrines are well worn and polished by the knees of the pilgrims who for ages have sought comfort and knowledge from this realized Bible story.

Little glades among the chestnut-trees conduct, by stoned paths, to the shrines. Here, from early morning till the dusk has rendered their forms nearly invisible, come people from the regions all about.

As I sat in the summer afternoon on a stone bench by our pension, my eye was attracted by a couple of peas-

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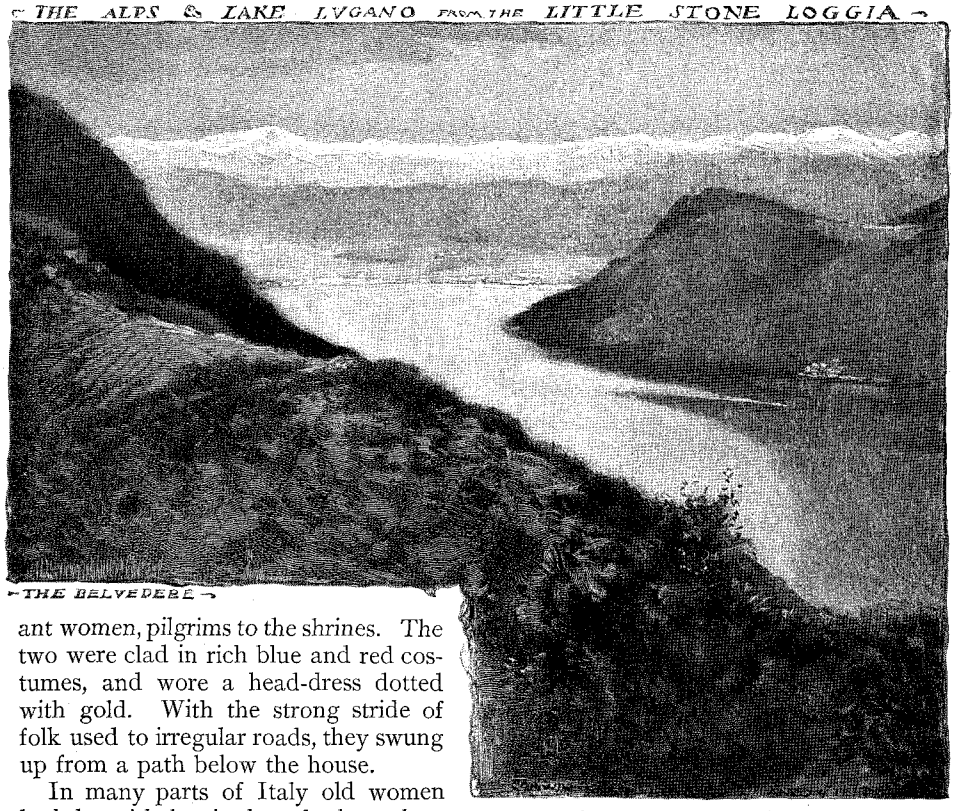

ant women, pilgrims to the shrines. The two were clad in rich blue and red costumes, and wore a head-dress dotted with gold. With the strong stride of folk used to irregular roads, they swung up from a path below the house.

In many parts of Italy old women look haggish, but in these fresh, cool regions at the north, the matrons retain much of the bloom of youth. So these two, who might be mother and daughter, advanced with equal elasticity and nearly the same beauty of skin and feature. As I examined their dress and bearing, the pair strode up into the loggia dining-room, and calling for bread and red wine, partook of them freely. I in the meantime had quitted my seat a moment, and when I returned the pair had departed.

Wandering up a curved path from down below, four priests, or brothers, now came in sight, wearing long black cassocks and mitred hats. One was old and white-haired, and another scarcely more than a lad. They strolled along slowly, gesticulating as they advanced. They, too, entered the loggia, and, till late in the evening, their dark forms made a Rembrandt-like effect beneath the solitary lamp suspended over their heads. They spent the night at the hostelry, and in the first dawn I heard a porter knocking at their doors, and soon they stole away in the early light.

I had often wondered, before visiting Switzerland, where our scene-painters at the theatre got their *motif*. Now, amid these glens and groves of upper Italy, with sunlight piercing into a moss-grown ravine, or shadow bringing out into relief the yellow blossoms and green branches of the chestnut-trees which overarched the huge rocks bounding a torrent, I could fancy William Tell, with bow on shoulder, or James Fitz-James, in plumed hat, issuing from these glens, and easily saw the scenes of "Trovatore" or "Lohengrin."

A great deal has been said and felt about the women of the lower classes working in the fields, and of the hard manual labor they are called to perform. In the light of the ideas that women should be delicate and refined physically, doubtless the broad backs, hard muscles, and heavy, knotted frames of peasants we see appear discordant and unseemly. Fisherwomen at Dieppe or Whitby, we know, and along-shore everywhere, hold their own against town councils when they dictate the policy of town governments. In moments of dan-

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ger, when the signal-gun summons the populace to scenes of danger, then these women, the wives and mothers of the fishermen, man the lifeboats and breast the waves, going to the rescue of their relatives in distress. Yet these fierce, strong women scarcely fill the modern idea of what womanhood should be.

Now, however, very recently, when it is the fad that women should be athletic, broad-shouldered, and deep-lunged, to say nothing of the wider education of our high-bred and healthy modern girls, the question arises among the observant, *why* working in fields or carrying burdens is, after all, such a hardship and degradation to the peasant woman more than to the peasant man. Too much labor and great toil doubtless break down and age both sexes.

But Disraeli spoke of women as of the gentler, if not the weaker, sex ; and when, in Monte Sacro, I saw women swinging the scythe with broad swathes, or cutting the sweet hay on the mountain-sides with their sickles, and then filling up tall, pannier-like straw baskets, which they bore away on their shoulders filled with fragrant grass for the cattle, I asked myself if, after all, in their present civilization, these women of Varallo-Sesia, at least, could be better or more healthily employed. They sang as they worked, and bright and bronzed cheeks spoke of healthy toil.

Numerous children, too, were witnesses of their parents' vitality. In our own pension the padrone, a woman of forty, incessantly at work, told me of her family of eight living little ones, whose father and three *bambini* were dead.

There was a cool, dim room opening off from our loggia dining-room, with a door at the other side through which green gardens appeared. A big fire-place in this apartment was recessed off by a high screen, and showed dark wood settles and large brass pots, lighted by blazing fagots, where the kettle was boiling. Along one side of the room a table was set out with eight plates and eight cups to feed the little children of the padrone—the *Ottos*, as I called them. Gray-eyed, black-eyed, and of all small sizes, their heads profiled like Gerald Dow's against the green light from the open door behind them, as they sat at meals, while the padrone filled up their dishes with well-cooked yellow polenta, or she ladled out wholesome macaroni soup to feed her healthy, contented brood. We had our dinner in the loggia, with stuffed vegetables and sardines, besides sweets of various sorts ; but I often begged for a dish of the food from the *Ottos's* table as more wholesome and relishing than our own.

Though the forty-six chapels formed the most important feature of the edifices of Monte Sacro, yet another set of buildings, I must confess, were for me a familiar and attractive contrast to these pious shrines. Opposite my window, among the chestnuts, arose one of the flat, red-tiled roofs, which are seen so constantly in Italy. On top was a queer chimney, looking like a bird-house, with its small openings and tiny roof. A narrow path led from our pension to this building, covered with stucco ; heavy-barred openings were in the basement, an iron balcony around the tall windows of the second floor, and the top story was lighted by open arches, where grain or hay or dried vegetables are often kept. Never till now, however, had I chanced to look within any of these buildings. Examining the interior through the bars of the basement, sights met my eyes which would have done justice to Teniers. Numerous blackened fireplaces, overhung by wide, projecting hooks, were occupied by large copper pots, in which food, perhaps for the cattle as well as men, was prepared. On a wide table stood coarse red and yellow earthen dishes and platters, while on the floor the light caught the green of lettuce-leaves or other vegetables scattered about. Split boughs of trees and knots for fire-wood lay in dim recesses of these chambers, while ochre colors and brown sienna tints, together with deep umbers and the pale greens and yellows of the vegetables, would be the delight and excitement of the genre painter.

Wandering past this rude edifice, zigzag paths ascended some hundred feet through the looped vines suspended from mulberry-trees ; and with my opera-glass I saw the upland meadows, where dwelt the keepers of vineyards in small stone houses, whose stairways, on the outside of these buildings, led to balconies above, in which hung garlics and other dry food, and where the inmates lay about, resting from the noonday heat. Tier above tier amid the green grass of the mountain meadows, till they grew

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small in the distance, other houses and barns with their thatched roofs contrasted in the fancy such a bucolic life as this with the bustle and rush of our own mechanical and scientific existence.

I have not attempted to describe in detail the terra-cotta images which compose the tableaux in the shrines at Monte Sacro; but one artist, who painted many of the frescos which compose the background of these scenes, Gaudentio Ferrari, deserves a place among the best and most imaginative of the Italian painters. Nowhere is his work more interesting than at Varallo, both in the church and in these sanctuaries at Monte Sacro.

In visiting Europe for the first time the art student is often impressed with the power of painters whose names before he had hardly heard. Of these, Ferrari is a forcible example. Born in Valduggia, in 1484, near Varallo, he was a disciple of Leonardo and Raphael, and resembled these painters in the brilliant composition of simple figures, shown in their foreshortening in difficult poses, as well as in the elegant grace of their outlines.

In the church at Varallo-Sesia is an immense screen, representing the Crucifixion and various other scenes in the life of Christ, done on separate panels by Ferrari. This is, perhaps, the most famous of any of his pictures, where the powerful expression of the figure dominates an artistic technique most masterly. Each panel is divided from the others; yet so excellent is the decorative effect of color that dark shades of green or brown or purple, which are still very clear and pure after so long an interval since they were painted, make as fascinating a relief to pale forms and garbs in the various panels as a Botticelli. It would seem that the same hand might have wrought this painting as delineated Botticelli's "Madonna in the Garden," with the little St. John, and holding the infant Saviour against the dark background of roses and rose-trees, in his picture in the Louvre.

The decorative sense now attributed so largely and almost exclusively to Japanese art had its full expression, also, among such early painters as Cimabue, Carpaccio, or Cima. Raphael and Titian appear to have felt this quality less than the older men, but the imagination of Ferrari was impressed by it, and the screen in the Varallo church, in its massed colors and flat tints, might easily belong to a stained glass window or the illuminated page of a missal. Single figures here, too, with bent forms and limbs in wonderful foreshortening, relieved one against the other, are as forcibly depicted as the figures in the foreground of Raphael's "Transfiguration" or Leonardo's "Last Supper."

The visitor to the cathedral at Como has still another experience of the splendor of coloring of Ferrari, where the fresh tints of stately women, with flowing yellow hair and green and crimson draperies, untouched by time, afford delightful memories of this artist of many-sided excellence.

II

THE three lakes — of Como, Lugano, and Maggiore — which form such an important feature of the physical geography of northern Italy, leave, perhaps, the most vivid impression on the minds of travellers of any spots in that romantic region.

Sailing over these lovely lakes, and looking on the villas and gardens which line them, one observes the streams coursing down from the summits above, and the imagination often dwells on those remote heights, where only some chance bell-tower appears; it may be with a lonely hamlet skirted near it; or that a little cottage of a cowherd gleams far up on a mountain meadow, and suggests the strange or beautiful or simple life such regions may conceal.

Between Lake Lugano and Lake Como a precipitous ridge forms the spine of a mountain range, which, whether it be a part of the Apennines or of the Alps it seems difficult to determine. At any rate it constitutes a portion of the border-line between the two. Here is Monte Generoso, the tallest summit; and, looking northward, steep cliffs are divided by abrupt ravines.

It was a warm, quiet evening when I arrived at the town of Lugano, and the afterglow from the sunset flickered the still waters of the lake, whose turquoise tints were broken by light ripples. Small boats, with their round-ribbed framework for awnings by day, lay moored near the shores.

Not a sound broke the quiet, except where the silver-toned bell of a church was

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heard from some distant spot. A deep purple shadow had settled on the hills opposite the town, and here and there some peak yet caught the fading daylight.

In one shadow, even more dense than the others, far up and entirely solitary, a faint light now appeared. It was as small as a star, and seemed nearly as remote. My companion, a native of Lugano, pointed out the light to me, saying: "That is Lanzo d' Intelvi, where you are going, and where you will find your friends."

I had been alone and among strangers, and now the thought of the warm hearts and the warm life up there amid the dark shadows of the mountains brought a moisture to my eyes. "How far that little candle throws its beams," I repeated to myself.

The next morning, seated in the small steamer which was to convey me a few miles up the lake to Osteno, the village whence I was to take a carriage to Lanzo, my eyes sought the spot where I had observed the light the evening before. There, to be sure, out full in view, but looking very tiny from its great distance, stood the house my friends occupied, with not an object to obscure it.

Turning round some low headlands and going to and fro across the now narrowing lake, to drop a passenger at one of the villages or to pick up freight for a more distant town, we slowly neared Osteno.

Here Italy and Switzerland nearly touch, and a cannon-ball might easily be fired across the lake. The custom of smuggling here is so difficult of repression that flash-lights are thrown from one country to the defiles along the shore of the other. Many a night their penetrating rays slipped along the hillsides to descry a covert boat or some gang of smugglers creeping up the defiles with their booty. These flash-lights render illicit trade a difficult one, and serve the cause of good order by dispersing wild bands of men, who otherwise would render this region insecure.

As we all know, Italians have a peculiar faculty for making a noise under excitement. When I arrived at the little village of Osteno, with its old stucco houses, its faded signs and frescos on the houses, no carriage was there to meet me, as I had expected. One man seized my trunk, another my valise, and another conducted me to the office of the *douane* near by, where a stout and good-natured Italian showed no alacrity to examine my luggage, but a general kindly interest to make me easy in my mind. His office was surrounded by a crowd of Italians, old and young, who all assured me that no *vetture* had been sent from Lanzo, offering at the same time to take the long road to get one for me.

At a small beer-garden close by I sought some refreshment while considering my position and what I had best decide on. When the woman who kept this simple restaurant brought me out a little bottle of *Asti* and some bread, she contrived, in broken French and Italian, to assure me "*de rester tranquille*." Boys were now running hither and thither, the officer from the *douane* was talking to me, and finally I despatched a lad up the mountain-road to see if my *vetture* was anywhere in sight.

It was Sunday morning, and it seemed as if all the men and boys of the place were idle. In times of difficulty, fortunately for myself, I generally feel composed in my mind. So now, as I surveyed what seemed like kindly people, I looked at the rude restaurant-hotel and determined that if I should be obliged to remain here for awhile, I could bear the delay with equanimity. Time went along, and I, as well as my companions, had my ears open for any sound which might betoken the approach of a carriage or horses. At the end of an hour, exclamations and little shouts mingled with decidedly the rumble of wagon wheels. The young courier I had sent to investigate came running toward me to say that the *vetture* was come, and that he had met it two miles up the glen. To put the luggage on the back of the vehicle, to tie it there with a rope, to pay my messenger a couple of francs amid the vociferations of his companions, and to find myself in a low, heavy, four-seated carriage behind a couple of steady horses and their driver, was the event of the next few moments. Bidding good-by to the woman who had persuaded me *de rester tranquille*, I began the ascent of the mountain and to thread the narrow way which led to Lanzo.

Important pieces of engineering in Italy are the wonder and admiration of thoughtful travellers. Among the most interesting of these is the railroad which leads through the St. Gothard Pass, from Milan to Lucerne, evincing the skill both of the Swiss

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and Italians. Even after the traveller has been over this road more than once, when again he sees the various levels at which the train enters and emerges from the interior of the mountain he is filled with astonishment.

It will be recalled how in one place the engineering has been so closely defined that a cork-screw tunnel, carried in and out of the mountain four times, finds the traveller just below a little church with its white spire before he first enters the tunnel; then the train emerges on a level with this church. Again the railroad plunges into the black mouth of the earth, to come out again above the top of the church-spire, till at length it finally arrives on the heights above, where, far down in the ravine among the trees and torrents, he again beholds this little church. At the same time he can view the various lines of the railroad, where they appear hundreds of feet below each other.

From the time of the Romans the Italians, we know, have had a genius for road-making and engineering. Though they have been poor, with their handwork in cutting and matching stone, they have built a system of walls and tunnels and firm pavement, which we in America, with all our machinery and appliances, may well imitate.

Though the great highways of Italy are so well reputed, it might be imagined that when we traversed such a lonely and unfrequented region as that which led up the height from a little village like Osteno among the farms and forests above it, the smooth roadway, with its fine escalade or substantial bridges, might give place to a rocky and broken path. I spoke before of the pavement up the mountain-spur from Varallo-Sesia to Monte Sacro. Now, when my *vetture* at Osteno turned in amid gardens of myrtles and pears, cherries and peaches, enclosed by stone walls, the smooth white ribbon of the road was as firm and even as the streets of Florence or the *stradas* of Rome. It was a narrow valley, which led between the mountain ridges from the level of Lake Lugano to Lanzo d' Intelvi, and zigzag lines and turns brought the traveller first to one class of scenery, then to another. From gardens filled with fruit-trees and flowers, beside villas and across mountain-streams, one came to a group of farm-houses, with open-arched barns and high-piled hay. Then at a loop in the road it entered a grove of mulberries, cut and trimmed and budded to look like skeleton trees just sprouting at the tips of the branches. An arched bridge was spanned across a water-fall, where a mill-wheel, sometimes old and broken, and at others grinding corn or cutting timber into boards, was seen. Then the *vetture* plunged into a magnificent chestnut and walnut grove, now in full blossom, its trees covered with yellow stars, through whose gnarled branches the sunlight flickered the roadway.

Up, up! now across the ravine to the other side! and then back again, till broad upland meadows were gained.

On one height was seen a crenellated castle; at another point some ruined tower appeared; and in the distance sunshine and shadow chased each other over lowering hills or flitted over a small group of the houses of some village.

The most beautiful thing of all this drive was when it passed across the many wide, smiling fields which lined the path. Here were flowers so varied and so lovely as to be the joy and the despair of the traveller. As the horses jogged slowly along in some places, one might try to count the varieties of pink and crimson and yellow lupine flowers, or the many-hued cyclamen, or the deep blue and light blue harebells and forget-me-nots, and yellow asters and buttercups, not to speak of tufted and plume-like grass of every delicate tint. As fast as thought could travel or the eye could discriminate, thirty, forty, fifty kinds of flowers were counted in this bed of variegated vegetation. Then the mind grew weary, and the flowery mass blurred and mingled in a brilliant maze. There seemed no spot where there was not a flower growing and dancing in the bright sunshine. This garden-land of northern Italy! But how few people know these lovely regions, and the flowers come and go unseen!

After about ten miles of such variety an old stucco arch was entered, and then signs and arrows pointed the avenue to the house I had seen from Lugano, and in five minutes more its light façade appeared.

A pleasant surprise all about Europe is to come on such civilized places as this one, after climbing mountain-passes or scaling dreary heights by torrent or by glacier.

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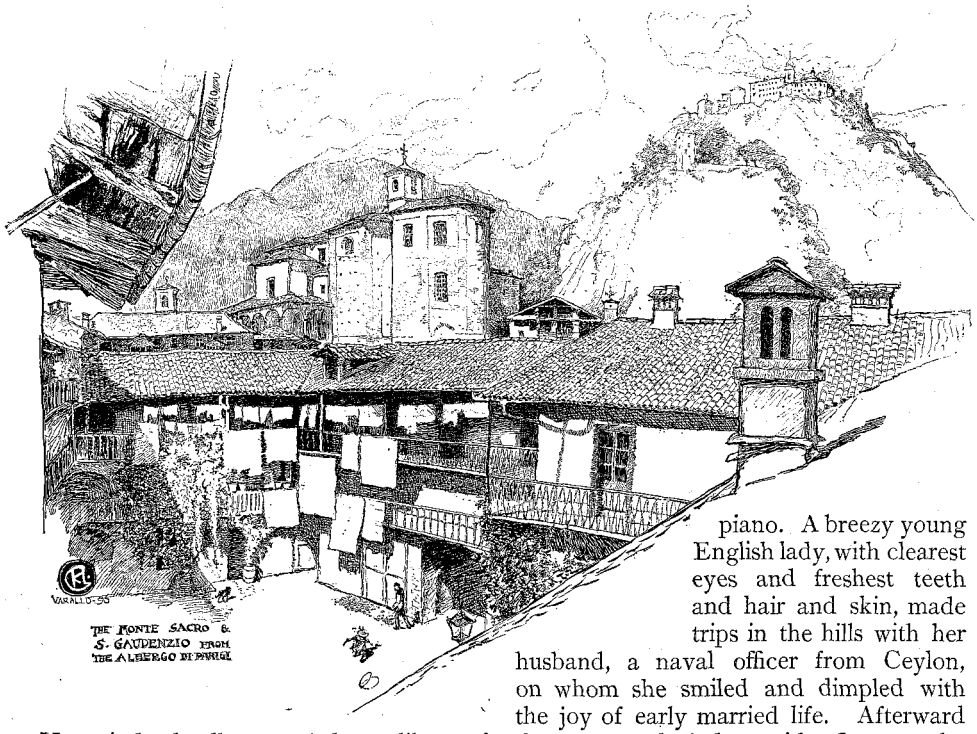
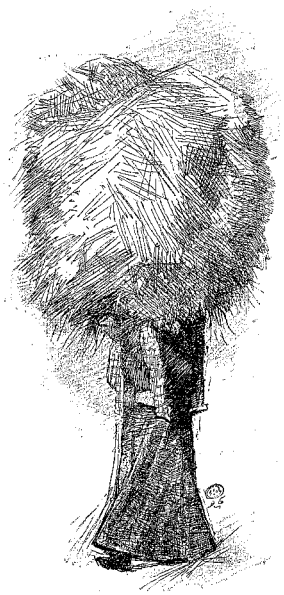


THE MONTE SACRO & S. GAUDENZIO FROM THE ALBERGO DI PARIGI

Here, indeed, all seemed home-like and elegant. Verandas led to the open doors and French windows of the hotel; while a *plazza* in front was dotted with flowering oleanders, and short, thick trees formed shade to many benches beneath them. Before the house was spread out the wide panorama of Swiss mountains, and the Monte Rosa range, with its pink snow-covered summits, lay along the horizon, while the town of Lugano, whence I had first seen this spot the night before, lay at our feet, with its blue lake winding in and out between the buttresses of the near mountain spurs.

A gay though a small circle of people represented many nationalities at this pension, brought hither by its seclusion and its fresh country life. Here were Italians with gray eyes and *bizarre* dress, who played and sang to the violin or piano. A breezy young English lady, with clearest eyes and freshest teeth and hair and skin, made trips in the hills with her husband, a naval officer from Ceylon, on whom she smiled and dimpled with the joy of early married life. Afterward she appeared laden with flowers she had gathered either for their colors or beauty. Now she told the botanical name of some specimen, which she diligently compared with her text-book; then it was various small pinks or flowering grass she arranged in bell-shaped glasses the length of the dinner-table; again, in thin black gauze, her own garments were ornamented by yellow and brown and terra-cotta-hued blossoms.



Grass for the Cattle.

These cultivated English seem to have a peculiar genius to systematize, to adorn, and to bring into intelligent completeness their conditions, wherever they may be. With tin box to collect their botany, straps on legs, and knickerbockers, with the neat sailor hat, one meets them everywhere, strong, cheerful, and occupied to get what they can from their environment.

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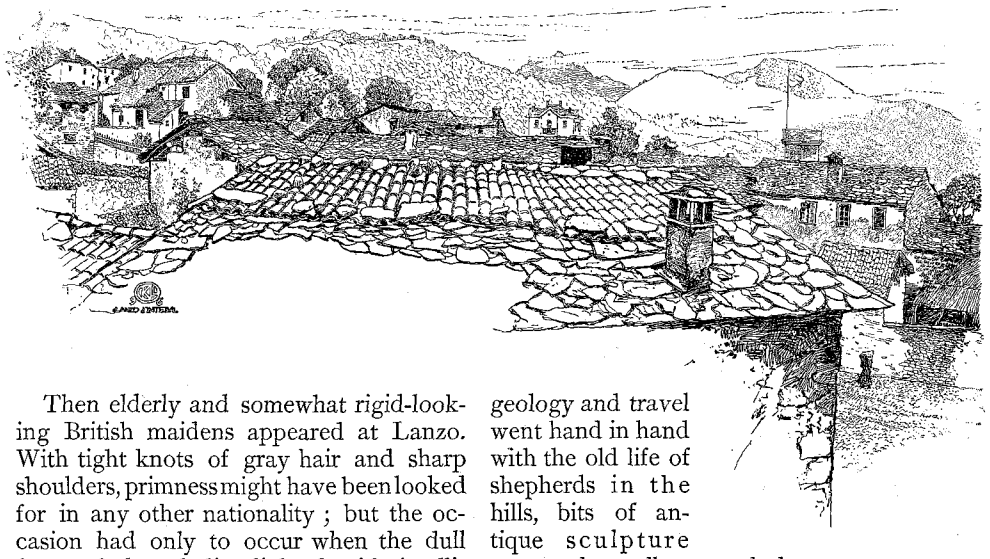
SKY-LINE - AND - ROOFS-



Then elderly and somewhat rigid-looking British maidens appeared at Lanzo. With tight knots of gray hair and sharp shoulders, primness might have been looked for in any other nationality; but the occasion had only to occur when the dull faces of these ladies lighted with intelligence, and they narrated where they had met some special posy, and told how they had painted pictures of all the vegetation they had found from Algiers to Norway, reminding one of Miss North with her wonderful pictures at Kew — the flowers of the whole world; or Miss Bird, in her adventures from Japan to the Rocky Mountains. Perhaps, from the necessity of their conditions in being so often without men as husbands or companions, nowhere does the unmarried woman seem so pleasantly intelligent or full of agreeable life as these natives of Great Britain. Reading, travelling, and occupied in deeds of goodness and charity, one almost envies the contented life these women of moderate condition lead, with some sister or niece as their companion.

While at Monte Sacro the classical spirit of Italy blended so gently with the devotional, so here it again recurred, to mingle with the modern life of England or America; and botany and geology and travel went hand in hand with the old life of shepherds in the hills, bits of antique sculpture among the mulberry and chestnut groves, or it appeared in the habitations of the peasants, of the same sylvan description as are painted on their frescos or carved on an urn or a façade.

Very near to our dwelling, on a slope among the hills, stood a little group of stucco buildings, which composed a *Laiteria*. Here lived a large family of Italians — men, women, and children — and here, of a summer afternoon, visitors at Lanzo d' Intelvi liked to stray, to sit in the cool shadows of the arbors, and watch the brown-faced men working among their vines or vegetables, and tending their mild-eyed, dove-colored cattle. They clattered about in wooden sandals, and when a little, gray-eyed maiden came shyly in answer to a summons, she asked if "fresh milk," "cold milk," or "cream" was what she was desired to bring the guest. Soon a glass was produced, in which foamed warm milk just from the cow, or a glass or half-glass of yellow cream was given to the tired or heated visitor.

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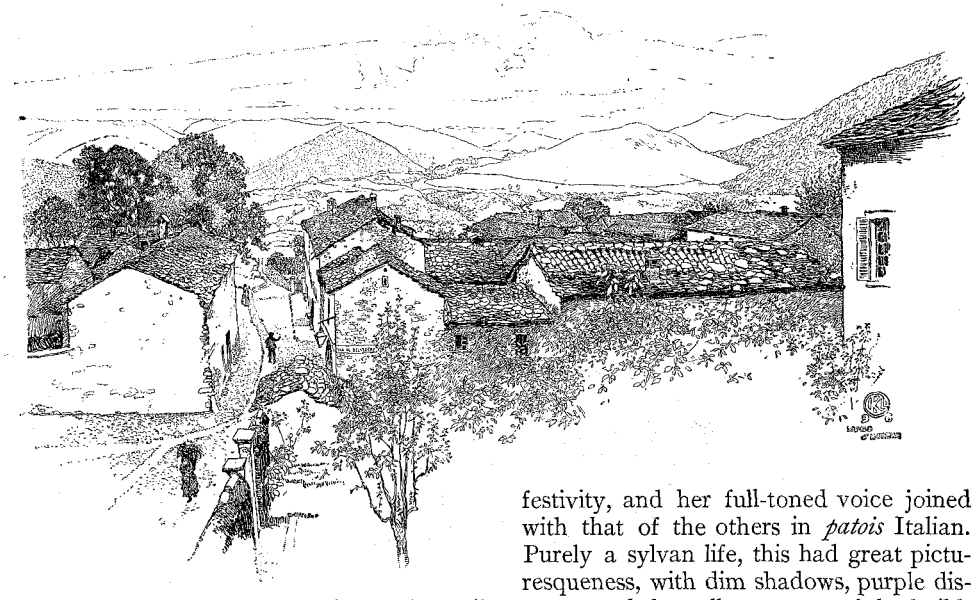
AT LANZO - INTELVI



On a Sunday afternoon the whole family were resting at the *Laiteria*. Old men and lads were stretched out, lying on rude benches and tables beneath the flat green roof of heavy leaves, under which appeared supports for the arbor made of tall poles, whose bark still shone dark and knotted. One old man, as dun as a shepherd by Titian, with gray hair and beard clustered about his bare neck and forehead, was taking his sleep, lying on his face, prone on a broad table of the *Laiteria*. Not a muscle moved as he reposed in the cool shadow, while his deep breathing raised his back and shoulders. He looked very aged, and I thought of him as feeble. But presently he awoke with a shiver, and, stretching out legs and arms and shaking himself, he got up as strong and full of vigor as a Hercules, or one of his sons or grandsons. The cows were heard lowing in the pastures, and the hens and chickens which fluttered about came to gather up crumbs or to jump up and down on benches or tables.

One of the women, with her fine black hair, shading blue in the sunshine, and braids close to the back of her head, was attending more or less to this family. She gathered up a child, called to a boy lower down in the meadow, gave out milk or cream as it was ordered, and then she, too, entered into the general rest and Sunday festivity, and her full-toned voice joined with that of the others in *patois* Italian. Purely a sylvan life, this had great picturesqueness, with dim shadows, purple distance, and the yellow stucco of the buildings. Then, too, the rustic bowers, with the black accents of hair and deep-red cheeks of women and boys, besides brown pots and pails, formed pictures of many descriptions. Such groups brought into fine contrast genre scenes of interiors which could be seen in kitchens of the villages one visited on these hillsides. Always dusky, with some ray of pale gray light penetrating brown walls and resting on rude settles or chimneys; here a baby, a goat, or dog, or more often a gray-haired old man or woman, made a subject for an Israels or Neuhaus, except that the virility which in Italy still clings to age gives a major note in place of a minor note, such as one observes in the hard, cramped climate of the North. The necks of these Italians continue hard and firm and knotted, while the full-veined temples form a significant contrast to the hollow and shrunken foreheads, such as Israels depicts.

These remote regions, as I said before, are the common meeting-place for people from many lands. Wandering about the narrow paths which lie at a short distance from the hotel at Lanzo, an old Welshman of more than ninety years might often be seen, in a long black robe and close-fitting alpaca cap, leaning on the arm of his Russian nurse. Under the shade the two often stopped for loud reading, and the London

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Times, or some German book of philosophy, fixed the attention of this old man, who even in his advanced life talked well and with effect on British policy or American affairs.

There was a little stone-arched loggia on the hill slope, through whose openings the best views in this neighborhood appeared. The opaline colors of the neighboring Alps, with Lake Lugano nestled at their feet, in all blues and purples and rosy tints, lay against each other with cloud effects passing over them; or clouds and peaks mixed in an indistinguishable maze. A dozen white villages at every height, from where the bell-towers of Lugano cut the mountain-side or reflected in the lake to tiny hamlets half hid on the heights, appeared from this little loggia. Here of a morning some straggling artist might be seen, with oil or water colors, making a souvenir of surroundings, which, though it might be a faint impression here on the spot, in remote countries or different and rougher scenes would make the memory blossom as the rose with the lovely vistas of Lanzo d' Intelvi.

A Head-dress.

For these pictures in northern Italy come back before the mind's eye continually: a monk so serious, a costumed peasant bright as the figures in Botticelli's "Spring" and as fantastic, faunlike Italian boys skipping about in the sunshine, beside grave visitors from distant lands —all mix and mingle beneath the chestnut-trees which lend both light and shadow to these sylvan groves.

PHAEDRA

By Edith Wharton

Not that on me the Cyprian fury fell,
  Last martyr of my love-ensanguined race;
  Not that my children drop the averted face
When my name shames the silence; not that hell
Holds me where nevermore his glance shall dwell
  Nightlong between my lids, my pulses race
  Through flying pines the tempest of the chase,
Nor my heart rest with him beside the well.

Not that he hates me; not, O baffled gods—
  Not that I slew him!—yet, because your goal
Is always reached, nor your rejoicing rods
Fell ever yet upon insensate clods,
  Know, the one pang that makes your triumph whole
  Is, that he knows the baseness of my soul.

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THE QUEEN VERSUS BILLY

By Lloyd Osbourne

IT was the Sandfly, Captain Toombs, that brought the news to Sydney and intercepted Her Majesty's third-class cruiser Stingaree, as she lay in Man-of-War Cove, with her boats hoisted in and a deck-load of coal as high as her bulwarks, on the eve of a long trip into the western Pacific. It was the same old story; another white man sent to his last account in the inhospitable Solomons, where if the climate does not kill you the black man soon will: "Thomas Hysslop Biggar, commonly known as 'Captain Tom;' aged forty-six; British subject; occupation, trader in coprah; place of residence, Sunflower Bay, Island of Guadalcanaar; murdered by the natives in September, 1888, between the 7th and the 24th, and his station looted and burned." There was trouble in store for Sunflower Bay; they had killed Collins in 1884, and Casseroles the Frenchman in 1887, and had drawn upon themselves an ominous attention by firing into the Meg Merrilies in the course of the same year. Murder was becoming too frequent in Sunflower Bay, and Captain Casement, while policing those sweltering seas, was asked to "conduct an inquiry into the alleged murder of T. H. Biggar, and take what punitive measures he judged to be necessary."

It was not everybody who would have liked such a job; in dealing with savages the innocent are too often lumped with the guilty; and while you are scattering death and canister among the evil-doers, you are often mangling their wives and children in a way horrible to think of. Captain Casement had seen such things in the course of his eventful service, and though no stickler where his duty was concerned, he was neither a brute nor a coward. He was a simple gentleman of character, parts, and conscience; with refined tastes, and a horror of shedding innocent blood. Under his command were five officers: Facey, acting first-lieutenant; Burder, acting second; Assistant Paymaster Pickthorn, Engineer Sennett, Dr. Roche, and a crew of eighty-eight men.

After a roundabout cruise through the pleasant groups of Fiji, Tongataboo, and Samoa, with little to occupy him save official dinners, tennis-parties and an occasional dance ashore, Captain Casement headed his ship for the wild western islands and pricked out a course for Sunflower Bay. One hot morning, when the damp, moist air made everything sticky to the touch and the whole ship sweated like a palm-house from stem to stern, and everybody went about his duty limp and tired in that atmosphere of shaving-water, the Stingaree ran past the towering cliffs and roaring breakers of Guadalcanaar, and let go her anchor off the blow-hole in Sunflower Bay. It was a most melancholy spot to look at, though beautiful in a gloomy and savage fashion, and the only sign of man's occupancy was the blackened ruin of the trader's house, a small mountain of coal half covered with creepers, and a flag-staff surmounted by a human skull. There was no visible beach, for the mangroves ran to the water's edge, save where it had been partially cleared away by the man whose murder they had come to avenge; nor did the closest scrutiny with the glass betray any tell-tale smoke or the least sign of habitation. The interminable forest, stretching from the mangroves to the mist-swept mountains, sheltered safe within its dim recesses the squalid, pot-bellied savages who had roused the anger of the British Queen. Captain Casement surveyed the place with his keen, practiced eyes, and the longer he looked the less he liked it. The desolation jarred upon his nerves, and his heart fell a little as the blow-hole burst hoarsely under the ship's quarter, and the everlasting breakers on the outer reef droned their note of menace and alarm.

"Goodness gracious," he said, in his abrupt, impatient fashion, as he stood beside Facey on the bridge and superintended the laying of the kedge. "I don't half like the look of it, Facey; it's a

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damned nasty looking place. They could pot a whole boat's crew and we'd be none the wiser."

The first lieutenant nodded. He was a burly, inarticulate man, to whom speech was always a very serious matter.

"And see here, Facey," went on the Captain, "guns don't matter much; none of the devils shoot fit to speak of; but their poisoned arrows are the very dickens —you know that was the way Goodenough was killed. You'd better wear a couple of undershirts and drawers and a pair of gloves."

"Won't the gloves look bad before the men, sir," said Facey.

"Oh, you'll find wool mitts for them in the package Charles has," went on Casement. "I made it up in Sydney before starting; jewsharps, strike-lights, negro-head and some tinselly things to strike the nigger fancy. If you go about it in the right way a few presents of this sort often save a fight and help to put things on a friendly footing."

"Am I to go, sir?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Yes," said Casement. "You must take Pickthorn and twenty-five men in the first cutter. Send Burder in the second with twenty more to cover your landing. And for God's sake, Facey, keep cool, and neither get flustered nor over-friendly! Don't shoot unless you have to. These are the most treacherous savages in all the world, though they are just sophisticated enough to fear a navy uniform. Be gentle and firm, and do everything with as little fuss and as great a show of confidence as you can."

"All right, sir," said Facey.

Half an hour later, Facey, with twenty-five well-armed men, had vanished into the mangroves, while Burder and his crew lay forty yards off the shore in the second cutter, the officer devouring "Under Two Flags," and the men smoking and yarning in the bottom of the boat. On the Stingaree two light guns were cast loose and made ready to open fire at a moment's notice, and a look-out man was stationed in the main-top. The doctor busied himself in dismal preparation, and the Captain paced the bridge with quick and anxious steps, fretting for the safety of his party ashore.

Hour after hour passed and brought never a token from the melancholy woods. The fierce sun mounted to the zenith and sank again into the western sky. Casement was beside himself with suspense; a cup of tea served him for lunch, and he smoked one cigar after another. A deep foreboding brooded over the ship; the men sat or walked uneasily about the waist; the main-top was clustered with anxious blue-jackets; and old Quinn, the gunner, a half-crazy zealot whose religious convictions were of the extremest order, pattered off prayers beside the shotted guns. Toward five o'clock, when things were looking desperate and all began to fear the very worst, a sudden shout roused the ship, and the shore party, noisy and triumphant, were seen streaming down to the beach. A few moments later the two boats pulled slowly off to the ship, Facey's company the richer by a black man, whose costume consisted of little more than the ropes with which he was bound. A thundering cheer hailed them as they swept under the stern and drew up at the starboard gangway, and Facey was soon wringing his captain's hand.

"My goodness, Facey," he said, "I wouldn't pass another such day for a thousand pounds! I know you're dead beat, old man, but I'm on fire to hear your news."

Facey was dog-tired, and his tattered clothes and scratched face gave evidence of a toilsome march. But he was in a boisterous good-humor; he had acquitted himself with marked success; and was thankful to have brought back his party and himself safe and sound, every man of them.

The Captain drew him eagerly into his cabin and dosed the young hero with a tall whiskey-and-soda.

"Now spit it out," he said.

"We landed at the trader's house," began Facey, "followed a path that led inland, and reached some kanaka huts. Not a soul in 'em; clean gone every man-jack. Followed along a well-beaten path which led us into the next bay, bearing north-north-east half-east, keeping the liveliest look-out all the time. Three miles along we ran into another village, chock-a-block with niggers. It looked a nasty go; lots of guns and spears lying handy, and the folks pretty skittish, kind of they would

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and they wouldn't ! I recollected all you'd said and went slow ; you know what I mean ; worked off the presents and smoked my pipe leisurely like a man with a dock-yard berth. By and by they came round, tricky as Sydney bookies, on to make friends or to eat us alive, whichever seemed the more promising. I let out what I wanted, and bit by bit found out that all the Sunflower Bay crowd were there, even to old Jibberik, the chief—him Toombs said was the biggest scoundrel of the lot. He looked pretty sick and knew mighty well what we were after. I talked broad-sides to that old man, and put it to him that he had better give up the chaps who had killed the trader than waltz back to the ship and be shot instanter himself. For somebody had to go, I said ; and just as soon as I got the old codger alongside of me I gave him to understand that he was my bird, and kept my cocked pistol pointed at his belly. After no end of a fuss and lots of frothing and loud talking, with things looking precious ugly for yours truly now and again, we ended by coming out on top. Then they yanked along a young nigger named Billy, a returned labor-boy from the Queensland plantations, they said, and handed him over to me as the mur-derer. I thought it was more than likely they'd give us some cheap nigger they had no use for, or some worn-out old customer, same as they did in Pentecost to Dewar of the Royalist ; but I think this Billy was all right. A lot of niggers—Billy's own push, I suppose—looked as black as fits and wouldn't come round for a long time. Then I lashed the prisoner's hands and tied him to one of our men, and talked to Jib like a brother. I made him promise he'd bring his people back at once and be down on the beach, himself and two others, to-morrow morning, to give evidence against Billy. I wanted the people back so we could shoot the nigger before them all and bury him on the place where the trader's house used to stand."

"You've done well, Facey," said Case-ment, as his lieutenant drew to a close, "and I tell you the story sha'n't lose when I report it to the Admiral. You've done credit to the ship, and have every right to feel jolly well satisfied with your-self. You can run along now and get your clothes off," he added.

Facey jumped to his feet. "I am sure I am awfully obliged to you, sir," he said.

"Ugh, that's all right," said Casement, in his testy way. "What have you done with the prisoner ?"

"Turned him over to the sergeant for safe-keeping, sir," returned the officer.

"Leg-irons ?" asked Casement.

"Leg-irons, handcuffs, and a dog-chain," returned Facey, with a grin. "He's cost too much to take any chances of his getting off."

"Right you are," said the Captain, and bowed out his subordinate.

The first thing next morning old Jib-berick was brought aboard with his two companions. He was a disgusting old go-rilla of a man, with a hairy chest and a cold, leering eye ; a vicious-looking scarecrow of humanity, of a type incredibly cruel and debased. He had worked up enough courage over night to beg for everything within sight, and he fingered the clothes and accoutrements of the seamen like a greedy child. His two friends were not a whit behind him, either in manners or ap-pearance. They clicked and chattered like monkeys, and showed extraordinary fear-lessness in that armed ship amid the swarm-ing whites ; the only man they seemed to dread was old Jib himself ; and they wilt-ed under his piercing glance, like flowers in the sun, whenever his baleful attention fell their way.

Four bells was the time set for the court-martial ; and at nine o'clock Case-ment sent for Facey and told him he must prepare to defend the prisoner.

"Burder will prosecute for the Queen," he said. "Pickthorn will act as clerk. Sennett, Roche, and I will compose the court."

The first lieutenant was overcome. "I don't think I can, sir," he said, feebly. "I never did such a thing in my life before ; I wouldn't know where to begin or to leave off for that matter."

"You can leave off when we hang your prisoner," Casement returned, with his bull-doggish air. "Of course, it's all a damned farce," he went on. "Somebody's got to act for the nigger ; it's printed that way in the book."

"I'll move for an adjournment," said Facey.

"I'll be hanged if you will," said the

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Captain. "It's a beastly business and we must put it through in short order."

"I'd rather fight Bob Fitzsimmons," groaned Facey.

"You can do that later," said Casement, with a grin.

The Lieutenant saluted and walked away to find his prisoner.

Billy was clanking his chains in a canvas hutch alongside the sick-bay, where a man lay dying. He looked up as Facey approached, and his face brightened as he recognized his captor. He was a good-looking young negro, and the symmetry of his limbs, and his air of intelligence and capacity, stood out in pleasant contrast with the rest of his comrades in Sunflower Bay.

"Billy," said Facey, "they are going to make judge and jury for you by and by; and I am to talky-talky for you."

"All same Queensland," returned Billy. "May the Lord have mercy on your sinful soul!"

Facey was stupefied. "Where in thunder did you learn that?" he demanded.

"Oh, me savvy too much," said Billy.

"Now, see here," said the Lieutenant. "You didn't kill that trader?"

"Yes, I kill him," said Billy, cheerfully.

"You did?" cried the other.

"White fellow no good; I kill him," said the prisoner, bluntly.

"If you tell that to the Captain he'll shoot you for sure," said Facey. If the prisoner was to be defended he was going to give him all the help he could.

The black boy looked distressed and nodded a forlorn assent.

"You'll be a big fool to say that," said Facey.

"White fellow no good; I kill him," repeated Billy, with sullen defiance.

"You unmitigated idiot, you'll do for yourself," cried the Lieutenant, angrily. "What's the good of my talking for you if you can't stand up for yourself."

Billy began to whimper; the other's loud voice and threatening demeanor seemed to overwhelm him. Facey was struck with contrition.

"Now shut up that snivelling," he said, more kindly. "Tell me true, Bill. Isn't this some humbuggery of old Jib's—a regular plant—to shield somebody else at the cost of your hide?"

Billy rolled his eyes, and wiped away the tears with a grimy paw.

"White fellow no good. I kill——"

"You be damned!" cried his legal adviser.

At ten o'clock the court-martial was assembled on the quarter-deck. The Captain, with his brawny shoulders thrown forward, and his hands deep in his trouser pockets, had all the air of a man in the throes of indigestion. On either side of him were Sennett and Roche, neither particularly at their ease; and in front, beside a table covered with a flag, was Pickthorn, with a clerkly outfit and a Bible. Billy stood in chains beside a couple of marines, looking very sad and done-for. The old gorillas, with their filthy kilts bulging with what they had begged or pilfered, were in charge of the sergeant, who had all he could do to prevent them spitting on the deck.

Facey was the first one sworn. He deposed as to the capture and identity of the prisoner. Then Billy was led up to the table and told to plead.

"Kiss the book and say whether you murdered the trader or not," said the Captain.

"White fellow no good; I kill him," quavered the prisoner.

"Pleads guilty," said Casement to the clerk.

"What did you do it for?" demanded the court.

Billy reiterated his stock phrase.

"Take him away," said the Captain.

Jibberik was the next witness. He kissed the book as though it were his long-lost brother, and looked almost unabashed enough to beg it of Pickthorn. I shall not weary the reader with his labored English, that lingua Franca of the Isles, which in the westward is known as Beach da Mar. He told a pretty plain story: Billy and the trader had always been on bad terms. One night, crazy with palm-toddy, Billy had sneaked down to Captain Tom's house and shot him through the body as he was reading a book at supper. As to the subsequent burning and looting of the station the old savage was none so clear, and sheltered himself in the unintelligibility of which he was a master. His two companions followed suit, and drew the noose a little tighter around Billy's throat.

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Then rose Burder for the Queen. He was a cheeky youngster, with pink cheeks, a glib tongue, and no end of assurance.

"I don't propose to waste the time of the honorable court," he began; "but if ever there was a flat-footed, self-confessed murderer it is the dusky gentleman in the dock. The blood of Biggar cries aloud for vengeance," he said. "He would point to that dreary ruin of which the defunct had been the manly ornament, radiating civilization around him like a candle in the dark, and then to that black monster, who had felled him down with one cruel swoop. This kind of thing had got to stop in the Solomon Islands; the natives were losing all respect for whites, and he put it to the court whether they would not jeopardize the life of the new trader if they acquitted the murderer of the old. Now that they had got their hand in, he would go even farther and hang up with Billy the three witnesses for the prosecution, old Jib and the other brace of jossers, who had villain and cut-throat stamped——"

"Stick to the prisoner," cried the court.

"I bow to correction," went on Burder; "anyway, I'm about through. I say again, this is no time for half-measures; and I say that Sunflower Bay will be a better place to live in without Mr. Billy. I leave it to the honorable court, with every confidence, to vindicate justice in these beastly islands by slinging up the prisoner without further loss of time. The case for the Queen is closed, gentlemen."

"I believe you appear for the defence, Mr. Facey?" said Casement, as the Queen's prosecutor took his seat.

"I do, sir," returned the first lieutenant, nervously.

"I should like to say, first of all," he began, "that I will not cross-examine these dirty old savages who have given evidence against my client. I quite agree with everything my honorable friend has said regarding them, and I should be ashamed to shoot a yellow dog on the word of such cut-throats. We've been told that the Kanakas are losing all respect for whites, and that if we don't take some extreme measures there will be the deuce to pay in these islands. Perhaps there will be; but is that the British justice we're so proud of, or is it fair-play, gentlemen, to the unfortunate wretch who is trembling before you! From what I've seen of the whites in this group, I'm in a line with the Kanakas. Now, as to this Billy: What on earth is there against him but his own confession? and that, I beg leave to point out to the honorable court, may be all fudge. As like as not he is the scapegoat for the whole bay, and has been coached up to tell this story under the screw. Just look one moment at old Jib there, and see how his pals wither when his eyes fall their way. For all we know to the contrary his gibberish and click-click may be to the tune of 'Billy, you son of a gun, I'll cut you into forty pieces or flay you alive if you don't stick to what I've told you.' After all, what have we learned of Billy? Nothing more than this: 'White fellow no good; I kill him.' Is that what anybody would call a full confession? Does it give any clew or details as to the motive or the carrying out of this murder? I tell you, gentlemen, it was the whole blooming bay that killed Biggar, and that Billy was just as guilty or just as innocent as the rest. And there is one thing I feel mortal sure about: that if we took the prisoner outside the heads we will soon get the gag off his mouth, and learn a good deal more about this ugly business. Under old Jib's searchlight he's got to keep a close lip on him; but take him out to sea and I answer for it he won't be so reticent. In conclusion, gentlemen, I say again that the evidence in this case is inconclusive; that the honorable gentleman who has appeared for the Queen appealed to the passions and prejudices of the court rather than to their consciences and sense of fair-play; that Billy's confession is perfect rot; and that we should be slinging up an innocent man if we hang the prisoner at the bar."

A dead silence fell upon the court when Facey drew his case to a close and resumed his seat. Nothing could be heard but the scratching of Pickthorn's pen and the reverberating growl of the blow-hole as it fretted and fumed within for the screaming blast which was soon to follow. Casement rammed his hands deeper into his pockets, gnawed his tawny mustache, and protruded his chin in the bulldoggish

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way characteristic of the man. At last, with a start, he awoke from his reverie, and barked out :

" Mr. Sennett, as the youngest member, it is for you to speak first."

" I think he's guilty, sir," said Sennett.

Casement turned his quick glance on Roche.

" Same here," said the doctor.

"The finding of the court," said the Captain, " is that the prisoner Billy is guilty of the murder of T. H. what's his name—Biggar—at Sunflower Bay, on the blank day of September, 1888, and is to be shot as an example to the island. Sentence to be deferred until I get the ship back from New Ireland, where I've to look into that Carbutt business and the outrage at MacCarthy's Inlet, on the chance of the prisoner making a further confession and implicating others in his crime. The court is dismissed."

" Beg pardon, sir," said Pickthorn, looking up from his writing as the others rose to their feet. " What am I to call the case : the Queen versus Billy what?"

" Billy nothing, you idiot," said the Captain. " Call him William Pickthorn if you think it sounds better."

The verdict of the court was explained to Jibberik, and the old rogue and his brace of friends were landed in the cove, the boat returning to find the ship with anchor weighed and the loosened sails flapping on the yards. She was out of the bay in no time, and everyone grew confident that Billy's tongue would soon wag as he saw Sunflower Bay dwindle behind him. But the dogged savage stuck to his tale ; he had but one reply to all inquiries, to all probing and pumping for further particulars of the murder. On his side the conversation began and ended with : " White fellow no good ; I kill him." On other topics he could be drawn out at will, and proved himself a most tractable, sweet-tempered, and far from unintelligent fellow. The men got to like him immensely, keeping him in perpetual cigars and providing him with more grog than was quite good for Billy. In the fo'castle it was rank heresy to call him a murderer or to express any doubts regarding his innocence. He became at once the pet and the mystery of the ship, and his canvas cell the rallying-point for all the little gayeties on board. He played cards well ; was an apt pupil on the accordion, and at checkers he could beat the world. Nobody ever played checkers as well as Billy—at least, such was the universal opinion of the Stingarees, who had played in every corner of the globe—for perhaps no one before had ever spent so much of his life at the game. And he not only beat you, but he beat you handsomely, shaking hands before and after the event, like a prize-fighter in the ring.

Casement felt very uneasy about the boy ; he grew more and more uncomfortable at heart, and it was the talk of the ship that the problem of Billy was weighing on the " old man " like a hundredweight of bricks. The whole business preyed upon him horribly, and he dreaded each passing day that brought the execution ever nearer. Billy kept him sleepless in the steaming nights ; Billy faced him like a spectre at his solitary board ; Billy's face blurred the pages of the books and magazines he had laid up for these weariful days in the Solomons. Casement visited his Frankenstein twice a day, against the better judgment that bade him keep away and try to forget him. He never said much after his first two ineffectual attempts to wrestle with Billy's stereotyped phrase and to extort further information. But with his hands in his pockets, and chewing a cigar, he would stare the black creature out of countenance for ten minutes at a time, with a look of the strongest annoyance and disfavor, as though his patience could not much longer withstand the strain.

The officers were not a whit behind their captain. Billy's artless ways and boundless good-humor had won the whole mess to his side ; and his grim determination to die, at once bewildered and exasperated every soul in the ward-room. The strange spectacle offered of a hundred men at work to persuade their prisoner to recall his damning confession, and on pins and needles to save him from a fate he himself seemed not to fear. The Captain as good as told Facey that if the boy would stoutly assert his innocence he would scarcely venture to shoot him, and this intelligence Facey handed on to his client, and, incidentally, to the whole ship's company. Never was a criminal so beset. Every man

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on board tried in his turn to shake Billy's obstinacy, and to paint, in no uncertain colors, the dreadful fate the future held in store for him. One and all they retired discomfited; some with curses, others on the verge of tears. They swore at him for a fool; they cajoled him as they would a child; they acted out his last end with all fidelity to detail, even to a firing-platoon saying "Bang, bang," in dreadful unison, while a couple of seamen made Billy roll the deck in agony. The black-boy would shudder and wipe his frightened eyes. But his fortitude was unshaken:

"White fellow no good; I kill him."

Then old Quinn got after him; wild-eyed, tangle-haired old Quinn the gunner, who was half-cracked on religion, and whose convictions were none of the pale-hued kind in general vogue. He prayed and blubbered beside the wretched boy, and overwhelmed him with his red-hot appeals and perfervid oratory. Billy became an instant convert and got to love old Quinn as a dog his master. There was no more card-playing in Billy's cell; no more rum or tobacco; even checkers fell under the iron ban of old Quinn, to whom every enjoyment was hateful and smacking of the devil. Billy learned hymns instead, and would beguile the weary sentry on the watch with his sweet rendering of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," or "Go Bury Thy Sorrow." He was possessed, too, of a Bible that Quinn gave him, which was incalculably dear to him, and from which the old gunner would read, in his strident, overbearing voice, the sweet gospel of charity and good-will. But if old Quinn accomplished much, he ran, as they all ran at last, into that stone-wall of words which Billy raised against the world. Contrition for the murder which had doomed him to die, was what Billy would not show, or profess in any way to feel. Rant though old Quinn might, and beseech on bended knees, with his eyes burning and his great frame shaking with agitation, he could extort from his convert no other answer than the one which all knew so well. Billy's eyes would snap and his mouth harden.

"White fellow no good; I kill him," he would say.

As the days passed and the ship made her way from bay to bay, from island to island, in the course of her policing cruise amongst those lawless whites and more than savage blacks, the Captain grew desperate with the problem of Billy. They all said that Casement looked ten years older, and that something would soon happen to the "old man" if Billy did not soon skip out; and the "old man" showed all the desire in the world to bring about so desirable a consummation. Billy was accorded every liberty; his chains had long been things of the past, and no sentinel now guarded him in his cell or watched him periodically in his sleep. Billy was free to go where he would; and it was the fervent hope of all that he would lose no time in making his way ashore. But though Casement stopped at half a hundred villages and laid the ship as close ashore as he dared to risk her, still, for the life of him, Billy would not budge. Then they thought him afraid of sharks, which are plentiful in those seas, and kept the dingy at the gangway in defiance of every regulation, in the hope that the prisoner would deign to use it. But Billy showed no more desire to quit the ship than Casement himself, or old Quinn. He did the honors of the man-of-war to visiting chiefs, and took no end of pride in his assured position on board. Go ashore? Escape? Not for worlds. Wasn't he a "Stingaree," the pet of the ship, and a "good, good Christian boy, sir?" Billy showed plainly that he had no such intention, whatever there might be in store for him when they returned to Sunflower Bay. The Captain determined upon new measures. He passed a hint to Facey, and Facey passed it to the mess, and the mess to the blue-jackets, that they were a-making things too comfortable for their Frankenstein. For awhile Billy's easy life came to an abrupt conclusion. His best friends began to kick and cuff him without mercy. He was rope's-ended by the bo'sun's mate, and the cook threw boiling water over his naked hide. The boy's heart almost broke at this, and he went about dejected and unhappy for the first time since he had come aboard. But no harsh usage, no foul words could drive him to desert the ship. He stuck to it like a barnacle for all the Captain spun out the cruise to an unconscionable length and stopped at all sorts of places that offered a favorable landing for the prisoner. But if Billy

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grew sad and moody under the stress of whippings and bad words, it was as nothing to the change in Casement himself, who turned daily grayer and more haggard as he pricked a course back to Sunflower Bay. Of course, he maintained a decent reserve right along, and betrayed, in words at least, not a sign of his consuming anxiety to rid himself of Billy. But at last even his iron front broke down. It was on the bridge to Facey, when the ship had just dropped anchor in Port McGuire on the homeward stretch to Sunflower Bay not forty miles beyond.

"Facey," he said, "send Burder ashore with an armed party; tell him just to show himself a bit and come off again."

"Yes, sir," said Facey.

"I am thinking they might take Billy to translate for them," he went on, shamefacedly.

The first lieutenant turned to go.

"Hold on, old man," said the Captain, suddenly lowering his voice and drawing his subordinate close to him. "Just you pass it on to Burder that I wouldn't skin him alive—you know what I mean—if—well, suppose that black fellow cut his lucky altogether——"

Facey smiled.

"Of course," rasped out the Captain, "I can't tolerate any dereliction of duty. But if the young devil made a break for it——"

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the first lieutenant, and darted down the brass steps three at a time. He called aside Burder and gave his instructions to that discreet youngster, who was sharp to see the point without the need for awkward explanations, and more than eager to carry out the job. A broad grin ran round the boat when Billy was made to descend and take his place beside Burder in the stern; and so palpable and open was the whole business that some aboard even shook the negro by the hand and bade him god speed.

A couple of hours later Burder embarked again and headed for the ship in a tearing hurry. A chuckle ran along the decks as not a sign of Billy could be made out, and the nearing boat soon put the last doubter at rest. There was no black-boy amongst the blue-jackets.

Burder skipped up the steps and saluted the Captain on the bridge.

"I have to report the escape of Billy, sir," he said, with inimitable gravity and assurance. "I scarcely know how it came to happen, sir, but he managed to bolt as he was walking between Miller and Cracroft."

"This is a very serious matter," said the Captain, with ill-concealed cheerfulness. "I don't know but what it is my duty to reprimand you very severely for this matter. However, if he's gone he's gone, I suppose. I hope you took measures to recapture him?"

"Yes, sir," returned Burder. "Looked for him high and low, sir."

"Poor Billy," said the Captain, with a smile that spoke volumes. "We'll say no more about it, Burder; it may be all for the best; but remember, sir, it mustn't happen again."

"No, sir," said Burder.

"How did you manage it, old man?" was the eager question that met the youngster as he took shelter in the ward-room and ordered "a beer." All his mess-mates were around him, save Facey, who was officer of the deck and couldn't do more than hang in the doorway.

"I tell you it wasn't easy," said the boy. "We promenaded all round the place and I tried like fun to shake him off. I sent him errands and hid behind trees and talked how we were going to shoot him to-morrow—but it was all no blooming good! I was at my wit's end at last and had almost made up my mind to tie him to a tree and run for it, when I got a bright idea. I pretended I had dropped my canteen under a banyan a mile behind the town, a kind of cemetery banyan, full of dead mens' bones—a rummy place, I can tell you. Wish Doc had been there with his snapograph—and when we got down near the boat I took the nigger on one side and bade him go and fetch it. 'And don't you come back without it, Billy,' said I. 'I'll be dismissed the service if I can't account for that canteen!' Then he asked how long I was going to stay, and I said a week; and Billy went off like a lamb while we squared away for the ship. Didn't you see the jossers pull?"

It had been the merest pretence that had taken the war-ship into Port McGuire, and now that her merciful errand had been so successfully accomplished, and Billy re-

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luctantly torn at last from those who had to kill him, Captain Casement lost no time in ordering the ship to sea. But as the winch tugged and toiled and panted at the ten-ton anchor, and the great hull crept up inch by inch to the tautened chain, adrip with slime and mud, a sudden yell roused the Captain on the bridge and struck him as cruelly as one of those poisoned arrows he feared so much.

"Billy, on the starboard bow!"

Sure enough, a black poll protruded above the rippling bosom of the bay, and two glistening arms were seen driving a familiar dark countenance on a frantic course toward the vessel. It was Billy indeed, with his honest face marked with anguish and despair as he fought his way to regain his prison.

Casement groaned. And for this he had been holding Her Majesty's ship two long weeks in those God-forsaken islands and had invented one excuse upon another to delay his return to Sunflower Bay! Billy had been given a hundred chances to escape, and now, like a bad penny, here he was again, ready to precipitate the catastrophe which could no longer be postponed.

"Burder," barked the Captain over the monkey-rail, "there's your prisoner; you'd better yank him in."

A great laugh went up when Billy presented himself on deck, exhausted, dripping like a spaniel dog, and sorely hurt in spirit. He began at once to blurt out the story of the canteen and made a bee-line for Burder; but that intrepid youngster could afford to listen to no explanations, and in self-defence had to order Billy into the hands of the marines, who led him away protesting.

Casement's patience was now quite at an end. He headed the ship for Sunflower Bay and spared no coal to bring her there in short order. Three hours after they had passed out of the heads of Port McGuire the Stingaree was at anchor off the blow-hole in Sunflower Bay.

Facey was drinking a whiskey-and-soda, and preparing himself, as best he could, for the ordeal he knew to be before him, when the Captain's servant entered the ward-room and requested his presence in the cabin.

"Facey," said the Captain, without asking him to sit down, "take the Doctor and the Pay and forty men well-armed from the ship, and when you've assembled the village take that Billy and shoot him."

"It's like killing a pet dog!" groaned the Lieutenant.

"Worse," rasped Casement, with a writhen smile. "It's like making away with a poor relation; scragging your deceased wife's sister's only son! Faugh, it makes me sick. Damn the boy, why couldn't he cut! Well, be off with you, old man, and be quick about it. Kill him as decently as you know how."

Billy did not at first realize how seriously he was involved in the plans of the shore party that was making ready. He dropped into one of the boats light-heartedly enough and took his place cheerfully between two marines with loaded rifles. But the mournful hush of all about him; the eyes that turned and would not meet his own; the tenderness and sorrow which was expressed in every movement, in every furtive look of his whilom comrades, all stirred and shook him with consternation. No one laughed at his little antics; he tickled the man next him, and nudged him, his friend Tommy, who could whistle like a blackbird and do amazing tricks with cards; but instead of an answering grin or a covert pinch, Tommy's eyes filled with tears and he stared straight in front of him. Billy was whimpering before they were half ashore, and some understanding of the fate in store for him began to struggle through his thick head.

There was no need to assemble the village. It was there to meet them, old Jib and all, silent, funereal, and expectant. The men were marched up to the charred remains of the trader's house and formed up on three sides of a square, leaving the fourth open to the sea. To this space Billy was led by Facey and old Quinn, the gunner. The negro looked about him like a frightened child and clung to the old man.

"Will you give the prisoner a minute to make his peace with God?" asked old Quinn.

Facey nodded.

Quinn plunged down on his knees, Billy beside him. For a brief space the gunner pattered prayers, thick and fast, like a man with no time to lose.

"Billy," he said at last, "as you stand

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on the brink of that river we all must cross; as the few seconds run out that you have still to live and breathe and make your final and everlasting peace with the God you have so grievously offended, let me implore you to show some sorrow, some contrition for the awful act that has brought you to this! Billy, tell God you are sorry that you killed Biggar."

For a moment Billy made no answer. At last, in a husky voice, he said:

"You mean Cappen Tom, who live here before?"

"Him you hurled into eternity with all his sins smoking on him. Yes, Captain Tom, the trader."

"No!" cried Billy, with a strangled cry. "Me no sorry. White fellow no good; I kill him."

"Quinn," cried Facey, "your time's up." The first lieutenant's face was livid, and his hands trembled as he bound Billy's eyes with a silk handkerchief.

"Stand right there, Billy," said the officer, turning the prisoner round to face the firing party that was already drawn up.

"Good-by, Missy Facey and gennelmen all," whimpered the boy.

"Good-by, Billy," returned the other. "Now, men," he added, as he ran his eye along the faltering faces, "no damned squeamishness; if you want to help the nigger, you'll shoot straight. For God's sake don't mangle him. Fire!"

SOME TENDENCIES OF MODERN OPERA

By Reginald de Koven

IT is difficult to predicate of the unknown, or to draw a conclusion which shall be unassailable from premises however correct, when one is ignorant of the future conditions which may affect the trend and scope of such premises; but the condition of opera at the present time is so peculiar, and the attitude of the public toward it so curious, that, in spite of the vastness and complexity of the subject, one is tempted to forecast a little what its possible future may be, or at least to indicate some existing tendencies which may materially affect its future development.

It is a canon of art, a truth so fundamental as to be axiomatic, that in Art there is no standing still; that Art to remain vital must be progressive; but it should not be forgotten in this connection that there may be progress backward as well as forward. Before attempting to discuss what the future or possible tendencies of any given subject may be, it is certainly necessary to differentiate clearly, or at least come to a definite understanding in regard to the meaning of the term employed to describe the subject under discussion.

What, then, is meant to-day by the term "Opera?" what in the minds of the present generation is its meaning, purpose, and scope?

According to the technical definition, an opera is "a drama either tragic or comic, sung throughout, with appropriate scenery and acting, to the accompaniment of a full orchestra." This definition is certainly broad and elastic enough to include everything from "Tristan" to "The Barber of Seville," so that we should, if possible, attempt a more precise and specific definition of a term which might to-day be variously understood when measured by different standards and from divergent points of view.

In a century which has witnessed greater and more radical changes in human thought than any previous period in the world's history, no branch of art has undergone a greater change than that which we to day speak of as "Opera." The very form and essence of what our forefathers were accustomed to look upon as Opera is to-day totally altered. Once the exclusive field of the musician, who, recognizing the limitations of his art as he understood them, aimed to make of Opera an exhibition of the capabilities of purely

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vocal art in its highest expression, Opera, to-day, has become the domain of the poet. Not of the mere rhymester, but of the poet in the broadest sense; the maker, the creator, who, realizing the broad modern interpretation of Art, must draw for the expression of his ideas not merely on words alone, but on words, music, and the plastic arts to make of Opera a vehicle for the highest possibilities of emotional expression and dramatic truth.

What, indeed, do we understand nowadays by the term "Opera?" Had the question been asked a dozen years ago—in this country, at any rate—the answer would have been much more simple, for then it could have been said that Wagner alone had written Opera, and that the works written by other composers and designated by the same name were not Opera at all. But during the last few years, and especially since the Metropolitan Opera House was reopened by Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, with the splendid ensemble of artists which carried Opera at that institution to a point of artistic and financial success never previously known in operatic annals, there has been a change. The public, while still accepting Wagner, seem to be unwilling to ignore the operatic works of other composers as being, as the ultra-Wagnerian disciples would have us believe, inartistic, unmodern, and out of date. Although it has been said, and said with emphasis, that the operas which might be included under the generic term "Italian Opera" were, to all intents and purposes, and so far as any influence they might have on the future of operatic art, dead and buried, the course of events at the Metropolitan during late years has shown that they were not even moribund, and that they were able to attract and retain a very large, if not the largest share, of popular interest, appreciation, and support.

The condition of musical art at the present time has been reached by progressive stages of logical and continuous development; but the progression has not been continuously upward. Like the tides of the ocean, the march of progress in art, as in other matters, has its ebb and flow. Each step onward and upward is generally followed by a reaction; and this has been notably true of the onward march of operatic art since the time when, a little less than three centuries ago, the bases of modern opera were practically established by Jacopo Peri and the Bardi coterie, who formulated their theories and principles after the models of early Greek tragedy as the highest available authority on the subject. Small wonder that, when the possibilities of orchestral coloring were so limited, and the dry style of recitative then adopted as being dramatically truthful and significant was found capable of so little variety and contrast, composers subsequent to Peri weakened the true power of the drama by the introduction of measured melody and formally constructed movements. Then came Gluck, the Wagner of his time, and brought back, if only for the time being, to the music-drama the undying principles of dramatic truth and sincerity in musical expression.

Again there was a step backward, and in the palmy days of Bellini, Rossini, and Donizetti melody reigned supreme, and dramatic truth for the moment was to a great extent lost sight of; as melody was considered with regard to the possibility it afforded the singer of showing off his vocal powers and his control over them, rather than because of its appropriateness to the dramatic situation, or its capacity for reproducing the emotional mood, or the dramatic significance of the various characters. Rossini, in "William Tell," and Von Weber, in "Der Freischütz," made the next step upward and onward in the direction of dramatic truth, and then came Wagner, who called our attention not—as his ardent votaries contend—to a new creation and a new art form, but to a necessary reform. And yet a reformation which, so far as Recitative, Declamation, and Melody were concerned, was nothing more than a return to the first principles of true dramatic art, as applied to Opera, laid down at the reunions of the Bardi coterie. It must not be thought, however, that, while Bellini, Rossini, Donizetti—and Verdi in his first manner—declined to illustrate dramatic action in music beyond the limitations prescribed by a strict attention to the capacity of the human voice and the art of singing, they disregarded entirely dramatic truth and sincerity. There are passages in "Favorita," "Norma," and notably in "Lucia,"

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which are evidently artistically true and sincere, even if the expression of this artistic truth is not carried beyond the limits of operatic Art as they were then recognized.

This fact would tend to show that the way to Wagner was opened slowly and by degrees. Beginning with Donizetti, a marked tendency is shown toward that individualism which is the dominant characteristic of the present age, and which by degrees broke the power of the Schools, and rendered Wagner an artistic possibility. Beethoven's "Fidelio" and Weber's "Der Freischütz," in particular, show that intellectual independence of thought which led directly to the successful promulgation of the Wagnerian ideas and theories. In "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," Wagner wrote what were perhaps the first examples of operas written on the lines on which apparently the present generation seems to be more or less agreed that operas should be written.

But almost as great a distance of musical development separates "Lohengrin" and the dramas of the "Niebelungen Ring" as divides, let us say, "Norma" and "Lohengrin." Had "Lohengrin" marked the supreme expression of Wagner's theories the future of Opera would have been much less difficult to forecast than it now is. But the logical development of his theories for the regeneration of Opera, which involved changes far more significant than the mere adoption of a new style of writing, changes which could only be met and justified by the creation of an ideal so entirely new and strange that all past experience and theory were valueless, led Wagner, in after years, to almost deny "Lohengrin" as an exemplification of his theories at all. There can be no question that the dominating influence in music to-day is that exercised by the Wagnerian works and theories, and it is, therefore, only fair to suppose that this influence, more than any other, will affect the future of Opera as we now understand it. But if this is to be so, what will be the result?

The value of a work of art depends on the amount of natural truth it embodies; its longevity may be pretty accurately measured by the nobility of its conception, and that work in which the greatest effect is produced by the least expenditure of means will generally prove the noblest. Bearing these principles in mind, what is the reasonable hope that a work like the "Niebelungen Ring," which represents the supreme expression of the Wagnerian method and theory, to fitly represent which it was necessary to build a new theatre, construct an orchestra on new and untried principles, fill it with a matchless and unrivalled body of instrumentalists collected from all over Europe, and order a stage production on a scale of magnificent realism almost unattainable except under special conditions, will live and endure, and form a basis and starting-point for future operatic construction? Has not the experience taught us by the work of operatic composers since Wagner shown that the "Niebelungen Ring," while a magnificent expression of intellectual genius, is an impossible and impracticable working basis of operatic construction?

More than a dozen years ago an eminent English critic, commenting on the signs of that imitation, that plagiarism of the Wagner manner already then evident among composers, pointed out the danger that would exist if Wagner's most enthusiastic supporters should attempt—as they certainly have done—to carry his views and theories even farther than he carried them himself. He says: "This warns us of serious danger, danger that the free course of Art may be paralyzed by a soulless mannerism worthy only of the meanest copyist; danger, on the other hand, of a reaction which will be all the more violent and unreasoning in proportion to the amount of provocation needed to excite it." He remarks further, and with truth: "It would take us a long day to tire of Wagner, but we cannot take him at second hand. 'Wagnerism,' nor gods nor men can tolerate."

Does not this warning seem almost prophetic? Are not the operatic composers of the day imitators almost to the extent of plagiarism? Are we not, indeed, getting "Wagnerism" Wagner at second hand *usque ad nauseam?* Are there not two perils, stagnation and reaction, which lie in wait for us? and does it not appear more than probable that between the two Opera is likely to come to a considerable amount of grief? There is certainly stag-

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nation in opera at the present day. Operatic managers all over the world are looking for operatic novelties and find none. Within the last decade the operas written which have any artistic significance, or even the slightest element of enduring merit and lasting popularity, might be counted on the fingers of one hand, and as a result of this undoubted stagnation are we not more than likely to get a reaction which may well be in the direction of simpler forms, and a more euphonious, less pedantic and involved expression of musical thought? As the future that lies before us, whatever it may be, must be prepared by a careful and unremitting study of the past, so the leader of the new period of operatic writing, who is certainly yet to appear, must look to the past for the model and the basis of his future work, just as Wagner looked back to Jacopo Peri. But how far is he to look back? In what mould will his work be cast? After what model shall he build? On the lines of the dramas of the "Niebelungen Ring" or of an earlier work?

The world's history and development has been always carried along by great men, but it is quite possible, and history has shown, that sometimes the greatness of a man may be so intense, so overpowering, as to impede and even arrest the development which he himself inaugurated. It may seem both heretical and paradoxical to say so, but, while exalting Opera as an art-form to a position that it had never held before, Wagner, for the time being at least, practically killed Opera as a form of Art.

With all his genius, with all his overwhelming individuality and influence, Wagner did not succeed in founding a school. He left followers and imitators, but no successor; and this fact, more than any other, points and emphasizes the extraordinary tendency to individualism in modern art. A successor to Wagner, who would follow strictly along the lines he laid down, is improbable, if not impossible, because composers are not often equally great as poets and musicians, and it was the intensely close co-relation between text and music which was the great feature, the great novelty, the great power and strength of Wagner's work. If we admit this fact, if we allow that a Wagner, like a Napoleon, occurs once within a cycle of centuries, and also admit—as obviously we must—that the composers of the present day are hopelessly, almost servilely, under his influence (another Wagner is hardly immediately possible), are we not forced to the conclusion that this influence of an overwhelming personality is responsible for the present undoubted stagnation in operatic production, and has, therefore, been subversive and hurtful both to Opera in particular and to the best interests of musical art in general?

Can we indeed say that we are richer in genius and promise in Opera since Wagner destroyed our operatic theories and, in pushing his own theories to an extreme of development, set up an impossible and impracticable standard of operatic construction? It is not at all inconceivable that had Wagner lived he himself would have recognized that he had indeed pushed his theories to an impracticable extreme, and evidences are not wanting in "Parsifal" that he had arrived at this conclusion.

No one can deny that Wagner was right in his view of the necessity of a logical reform in existing operatic methods as he found them. A restoration of dramatic truth and sincerity to musical art was an obvious and imperative necessity; and in that modern composers have learned—as they certainly have from him—to impart additional interest and charm to dramatic action by the help of music, to no longer make that action subservient to the exigencies of mere musical effect, but to weld poem and music into one indivisible, organic whole, they have learned much and have learned well. Any method, or theory, however admirable in itself, may be ruined and nullified in its effect by exaggeration, and this is what happened to the Wagnerian theories in the dramas of the "Niebelungen Ring." They are great works of art beyond peradventure, but they are not operas; and the experience of the past few years has shown that operas are what the public want. It has been shown also, that this same public are willing to follow Wagner in his reforms and accept them as valuable and necessary so long as they do not change, past recognition, Opera as they have known it, but that they will not permit the Music Drama, however they may admire it as a piece of magnificent

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enthusiasm, as a monumental musical accident, to supersede that variety of musical art which, in one form or another, in more or less complete development, has been the principal delight of the musical world for two centuries and a half.

In other words, while Wagner's theories of the regeneration of Opera have been accepted at their full value, his attempt to found a new art-form in the Music Drama and force the public to accept it in lieu of the previous form has been a failure.

It is not difficult to understand how composers should be so dazzled by the effulgent brilliancy of the light of this new and wonderful musical gospel as to mistake the form for the substance, to miss the inner meaning and application of these great theories, and end by becoming imitators in manner and matter of an overpowering individuality rather than apostles, who, having realized the inner meaning and spirit of this new gospel, should preach it in all its purity and truth. It is impossible to deny that composers of the present day have largely mistaken the message of the master, and have as mere imitators tried to out-Wagner Wagner. One is almost inclined to state positively that there can be no future for Opera until we shall once for all have done with Wagnerism, and relegated the cachophonic monstrosities which now are frequent in the works of composers like Bruneau, Richard Strauss, Humperdinck, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Goldmark, Reyer, and even Massenet, to the limbo of soulless imitators and wilful distorters of musical truth, where they belong.

Although it may be said with justice that there is not at the present time before the public one pre-eminently great composer whose name is in everyone's mouth, yet it can hardly be urged on this account that there is any deficiency of musical talent or genius among the composers of the present generation. The present condition of musical unproductiveness and stagnation in operatic matters is due, one would think, rather to the fact that this talent has been misapplied. Neither must it be lost sight of that it is far more difficult at the present day for any composer to rise pre-eminently above his fellows, because the ideal of perfection to be reached is set so high that those who would realize it must now soar into the empyrean, where fifty years ago a far less lofty flight would have compassed it. If we could eliminate Wagnerism from among the composers we now have, and free their thought from the influence of that mighty master-mind, which has led the whole musical world in bondage to his will, we might then have hopes of a reasonable, rational, and logical development and progress in Opera, as well as in other branches of the art. In a very thoughtful and valuable paper on some tendencies of the operatic stage, read by Mr. Albert Visetti, the principal of the vocal department of the Royal College of Music before the London Musical Association, this pertinent question was asked: "Will the generations of the twentieth century accept the balance of the arts in the musical drama as determined by Wagner? It is very doubtful. Preposterous as it may seem, yet everything points to the possibility that the definite form of expression of a dramatic action which shall answer the feeling of a fresh and unbiased generation will come out from the form of the modern English drama where, however roughly, the words represent the material part and the music the emotional part of the action." Mr. Visetti also says further: "We shall now for the future acknowledge the mind and genius of an operatic composer no longer by the degree of freshness and prettiness of his melodies, no more by the charm of his orchestration, or the cleverness of his counterpoint, but by the degree of truth he can give us, freed from the ties of earth earthy." To this Mr. Visetti might well have added, freed from the trammels of the overwhelming influence of the thought of a single man.

All this is undoubtedly very true, but just as the dramas of Wagner were the logical and systematic development of the ideas enunciated and carried on by Peri, Gluck, Beethoven and Weber, so the opera of the twentieth century will be the logical outcome of the results of the knowledge and experience which we have at present.

But where, again, will be the starting-point? If we allow that the dramas of the "Niebelungen Ring" were magnificent examples of an impossible and impracticable theory, and admit that in them Wagner said the last word possible in a musical form of which he was the originator; if we allow, as I think we must, that both "Tristan and Isolde," and the "Meistersinger,"

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were incidental if great expressions of genius, and therefore useless as a basis, foundation, or starting-point for future operatic construction, it brings us to "Lohengrin," in the opinion of many the greatest operatic work, in the generally accepted sense of the term, written in the last hundred years. Had Wagner gone no farther than "Lohengrin" he would still have accomplished the revolution in operatic art which he intended, and have left a work on which future composers might model to advantage. The criticisms which eminent contemporary critics passed on "Lohengrin" when first produced, which now seem ridiculous enough, are still fresh in the minds of many of the present generation. It has taken nearly half a century for the theories and ideas enunciated by Wagner in this opera to mean to the public what he intended they should mean; but if, after the present stagnation, the reaction which is bound to come is to be more violent and more radical than it would seem likely to be from present indications, may not future composers well turn for inspiration and instruction to those three or four remarkable works written during the period between the time that "Lohengrin" was first produced and the time that the public accepted it as an example of what modern opera might and should be?

Gounod's "Faust," Thomas's "Mignon," Bizet's "Carmen," and Massenet's "Manon," are each and all of them models of their kind in a different way and from a different stand-point. The Wagnerian influence is hardly discernible in any of them, unless it be to a certain extent in "Carmen," and yet all these works have not suffered and do not suffer by comparison with the works of the master at Bayreuth, and are as fresh and acceptable to the public to-day as when they were first written. And this fact is evidence enough that they possess the requisite dramatic sincerity and truth to nature which any work of art must possess to live. Is there anything inimical to the Wagnerian theories of dramatic truth in "Faust?" Can any attempted portrayal of character by means of that snare and stumbling-block of free and untrammelled expression, the *leitmotiv*, exceed the local color and musical characterization which causes the mind to realize the personalities of *Escamillo*, *Michaela*, and *Carmen*, in Bizet's masterpiece? It is Mascagni's success in vividly expressing in music the human passion of Santuzza which has made "Cavalleria" what it is, and must we not regret and bewail the Wagnerism which has given us since from his pen works like "Radcliffe," and "I Rantzau," which certainly belie the brilliant promise of his earlier work?

"Manon" again has succeeded where other works of Massenet have failed, because in "Manon" the composer has given us a musical portrayal of character and caught the very spirit of his light-headed and light-hearted heroine. Must we not here again regret the imitative process which made such a piece of turgid froth as "La Navarraise" a possibility from his pen? The attribute which has characterized all the operatic successes of the last thirty years is a marked personal characterization, and further development in the future will, undoubtedly, be made along these lines.

Individualism is, as has been said above, certainly the prevailing tendency of the age, and, granting this, the success of an opera must depend upon the forcibleness with which the characters are developed. The *leitmotiv* which Wagner invented as a means for the definite expression of a particular emotion or character is, one would think, a stumbling-block rather than an aid to composers in this direction. Granting that a drama of emotion is the fittest subject for operatic treatment in view of modern ideas and theories, one must also allow that the characters and emotions of the drama should progress and develop with the action. But when a character is expressed or delineated by a single *leitmotiv* or unvarying musical symbol, which should constantly recur whenever that character appears or is alluded to, is not the composer bound by a hard, fixed, and unyielding means of expression, hardly pliable enough to admit of continued and progressive development in accord with the movement of the action? The *leitmotiv* has always struck the writer as materially pictorial rather than emotionally suggestive, and it is emotional suggestiveness which is at the base of all modern musical thought.

What can be done in the way of such emotional suggestiveness, of portrayal of

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character in music, of absolutely faithful expression of emotion, incident, and situation without the use of that much overrated invention, the *leitmotiv*, has been conclusively proved by Verdi in his opera, "Falstaff," one of the most significant operatic works which has been written since Wagner, and one which, at the present time, is as little appreciated and understood as regards its possible bearing on future operatic development, by the public of the present day, as "Lohengrin" was when first produced. By discarding the *leitmotiv* entirely Verdi has attained a facility and diversity of musical expression, a power of faithful musical characterization, pictorial effect, and dramatic truth which has not been excelled, if equalled, by Wagner in his most transcendent flights. Here is a work which future operatic composers can study page by page, almost note by note, with advantage, for it contains the germ, at any rate, of a suggestion for a union of text and music quite other than that which Wagner outlined, and none the less admirable, which may well prove a guide and *vade mecum* to the opera-builders of the twentieth century.

The conclusion is, therefore, forced upon one that the great stumbling-block in the way of operatic development at the present time, if not Wagner, is certainly Wagnerism. Future writers of Opera, while not neglecting the orchestral lesson which Wagner taught, will inevitably recur to a saner use of the human voice; for no musical sound that can be produced can vie with it in the intensity of its power over the nervous system or in its possibilities of varied musical expression. We shall also, one would think, in future operas, when we have more thoroughly assimilated the great lessons that Wagner taught, and shaken out the chaff from the grain, come back to a more simple, a more lucid, a less complex and turgid manner of expression. If we allow, and now that classicism is banished from the stage and the power of the Schools broken, we must allow it, that we should no longer be bound by formalism, tradition, or convention, we must admit that everything that sounds well is right, and, *per contra*, everything that does not sound well is wrong; and while the human ear may be trained to accept as agreeable, combinations of sound from which, in its untrained state, it would recoil, there must be surely a limit to the possibilities of such aural development, or we should, in time, recur to savage noise and barbaric discord.

It looks very much as if, at the present time, operatic art were halting between two extremes. Which way will the pendulum swing? But this is not the first crisis by any means through which art has passed, and the history of Opera during the last three centuries has shown that the most dangerous crises have been followed by the most brilliant triumphs. Let us, therefore, not look forward with despondency to the future, which, it must be said, at the present juncture, looks gloomy enough, but await in confidence that new leader who must arise to restore to operatic art the vitality and possibilities of future development which it now seems to have lost, a leader who, having learned the lesson of the past, will be able to point out a road by which Opera may reach a still higher and more extended development and new, and perhaps now undreamed of, triumphs and glories.

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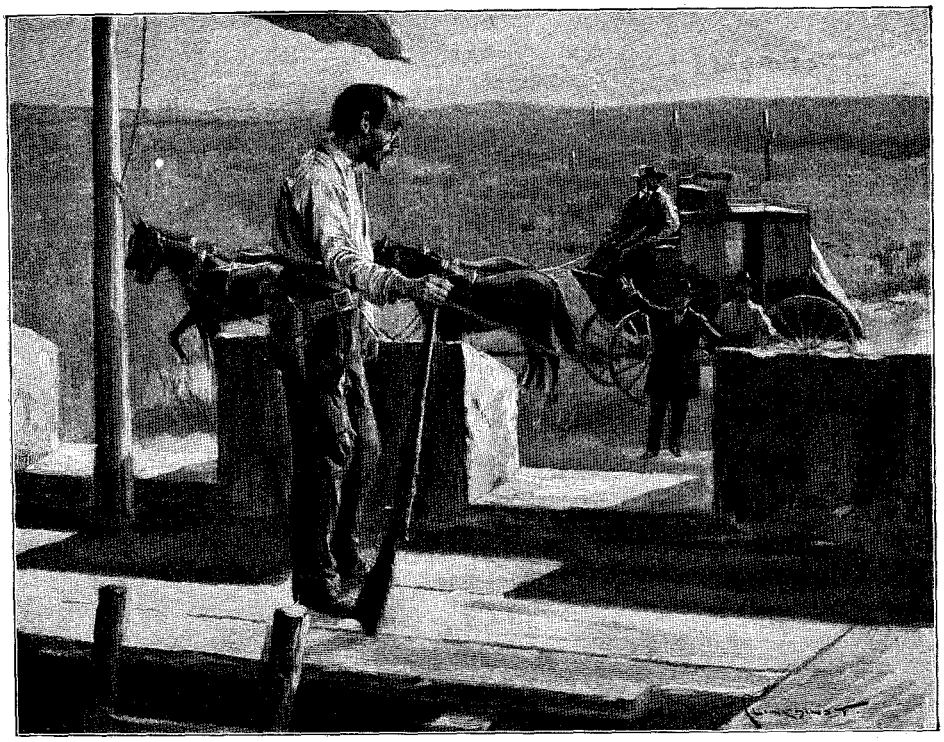
"Are you the warden of this keep?" asked the Gambler.—Page 89.



TIZZARD CASTLE

By Wolcott LeCléar Beard

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

ALONG the Old Government Road the Yuma mail plodded at a shuffling trot. There had been rain the day before; one of those rare showers that once or twice in the course of a year come to moisten the parched surface of the Arizona desert, across which the trail ran like a white ribbon laid over its desolate, brown expanse. Ordinarily, the desert, also, was white, but the rain had darkened it to a coffee color, dotted with disease-like blotches of a still deeper hue where the water lay in shallow depressions of the clay-mixed sand.

The trail had dried quickly; the powdery dust with which it was covered rose in thick clouds from under the hoofs of the horses. It drifted through the windows and settled on the roof of the stage, covering the unhappy passengers with a thick, gritty coating that turned to mud on their faces, moistened by the stifling heat.

Beside the sleepy driver the express-messenger nodded. From time to time he would swear gaspingly, because, as it was yet early morning, the heat would grow worse as the sun rose higher. The Capitalist, who sat behind him, at these times would second him with oaths made in Chicago, while the other passengers, a gambler and two prospectors, would murmur a feeble chorus of profane assent. Conversation languished. When the express messenger had temporarily exhausted his objurgatory powers there would be an interval of silence broken only by the faint, rhythmical creak of the thorough-brace and the low rattle of harness, all keeping time to the muffled pad of the sixteen unshod hoofs.

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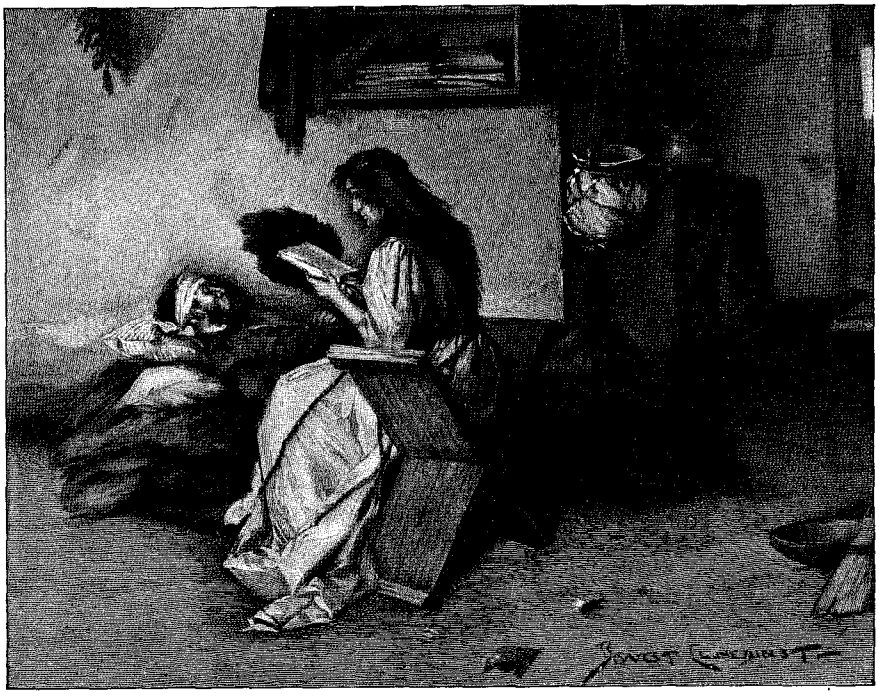
A little farther along a clump of greenish gray mesquit swallowed up the trail, and disgorged it on the farther side. The driver languidly straightened himself in his seat.

"You was talkin' awhile back 'bout that ther hold-up, two year ago," he said to the express messenger. "That's the place where it was—right in the middle er that ther clump er mesquit, yander. 'Twas jus' before I come on this run—Jim Marlin he was a-drivin' that day. Billy Wheeler he was on as messenger; 'twas his firs' trip as messenger, same as this is yourn. They done him. Cold." The driver glanced at his companion to note the effect of his announcement. Both the messenger and the passengers were looking at the clump of gnarled and distorted trees with a species of mild interest, but that was all. The driver was disappointed, and with a grunt he settled into himself, as before.

As they entered the thicket the horses were moved to a trot of a more decided character by the flies, which, disturbed from their rest in the shade, rose in swarms from the surrounding growth. It was not a large thicket. Beyond, in the open, lay the trail stretching away in the glaring sunlight.

Suddenly there was a sound of horses crashing through the undergrowth. One of the stage leaders reared and swung against his mate as a man sprang from the undergrowth and caught at his head. Instinctively the driver raised his great whip and laid its stinging thong over the quarters of the forward span. The messenger, startled into sudden life, caught up the Wells-Fargo that lay at his feet. As the horses sprang forward, the man who had caught at their heads was brushed aside, and staggered to the side of the road. His mask was displaced, and as the stage rolled by, his face was upturned. Into the face the messenger fired one barrel of his Wells-Fargo, and then it was a face no longer. More men appeared. Two of them caught the lead horses and forced them back, nearly on to their haunches. Catching his whip in his left hand, the driver snatched a pistol from under the seat cushion, and fired. There was another roar from the messenger's sawed-off shotgun and the Gambler's derringers barked malignantly. A rattling crash came from the



For the moment the Messenger was lying quiet, either asleep or in a stupor.—Page 92.

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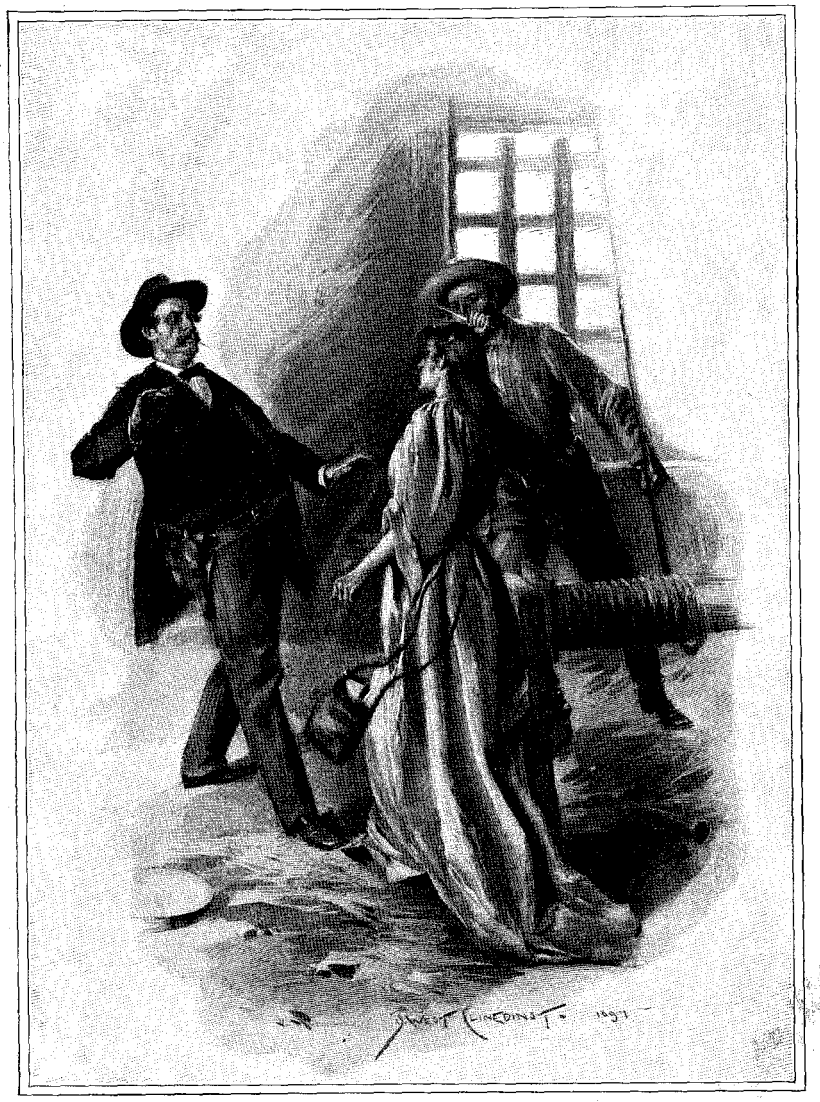

She drew a knife from her bosom.—Page 95.

thicket in answer. The two miners, who had thrown up their hands, lowered them, and when they were raised again they held pistols that flashed at short but regular intervals, without either haste or delay. The driver fired again, and vainly tried to raise his pistol for a third shot; then he swayed in his seat and fell in a huddled heap on the footboard.

Leaning forward, the Capitalist grasped the reins and whip, plying them with a skill that spoke of practice as the frightened horses broke into a run. A few scattering shots followed the flying stage. One of the miners turned in his seat, raised his pistol, and fired. An oath that was two-thirds a scream told of the success of his shot, and with a satisfied smile he recharged the six-shooter and returned it to the holster on his hip.

For a few moments the stage spun on in silence. Looking back, its passengers could see that some of their late assailants had mounted and were urging their horses over the open desert in a course nearly parallel to that taken by the stage. Others

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were gathered in a group, bending over something that lay on the ground; a fact which made the miner's smile grow broader and more satisfied as he gazed.

"Reckon them road agents 'll try 'n cut in on us roun' by that arroyo, three mile farther on," said he at last to the other miner. "I don't reckon we got much use fer another scrap—not jus' now, anyhow. Better pull off'n this yer road an' make fer the river settlements. Some er them won't be none so fur fum this. Don't yer reckon we'd best fall off some, Tuspon?"

"Reykon," replied Tuspon, slowly, after taking some time to consider his reply. "P'raps we'd bettah go to Tizzahd place—Tizzahd's Castle, they calls it—that lies a mile aw two ovah beyon' by the rivah, theah. Then we kin sen' an' scaiah up a gang to roun' up them chromos what done up the drivah." He spoke in the long, soft drawl that the natives of southern Texas acquire from the combined influence of the Mexican and the negro.

"That's what I say. Yer right if yer did take all day t' say it," croaked Macklin. "Pull t' the right off here," he went on, addressing the Capitalist. "There's a trail that way that 'll lead us t' somebody's joint. Pull off, hear?"

Without looking around, the Capitalist swung the horses sharply to the right, and for an instant the stage hung on two wheels as it turned. The Messenger feebly tried to counterbalance the swing. He was about to fall, but the Gambler reached forward and caught him, saying, "You hurt, too? I didn't see that." Tuspon climbed laboriously over the seat, and between them he and the Gambler carefully lowered the messenger until he lay on the footboard beside the driver.

"Look a yeah, Macklin," drawled Tuspon, as he straightened himself from the task. "Reykon that we——"

"Reckon we might as well pull up and kinder take account er stock, like. Yes. Yer right," interrupted his mate. "Why can't yuh talk fast ernough so 's a man 'll have time ter stop an' hear yer? Better pull in them horses."

"Wasn' gon tah say nothin' laike that," observed Tuspon, leisurely. "I was tellin' that Tizzahd's was jus' theah. See, yondah?"

He pointed, as he spoke, to a ridge of

Little by little it moved, until one could see that it was a chest of some kind.—Page 96.

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sand, over which appeared the top of a gray adobe building. It was utterly unlike the ordinary adobe house, even the roof showed that, for it was castellated and at one end it was raised some feet above the rest. At this end a pole was planted, from which floated a flag—a white flag—bearing a strange, half heraldic device, apparently cut from red flannel and sewed on.

Then the stage mounted a rise, and the rest of the house came into view. It was surrounded by a ditch, four or five feet deep, and rather wider than it was deep. Narrow slits took the place of windows in the outer walls, and the one door that pierced them, apparently leading into a patio or inner court, was closed by a heavy sliding gateway, made of rough-hewn timbers. In front of the door three or four planks, spiked together, lay across the ditch. At the end nearest the house these planks were hinged; at the other end ropes were fastened that led through holes in the adobe walls.

"Good Lord, this takes me!" said the Gambler, as he saw these mediæval preparations for defence. "What sort of a place is this, anyhow? There's a portcullis—drawbridge, too."

"Yeahs," said Tuspon, "they draws it up with them theah ropes. Don' savvy no portcullises, 'thout you mean that theah windah-sash gate. That piece ah red shu't on the sheet what hangs on the pole up theah, that means that Frawg Tizzahd he's in the place. When he's away she hauls it down—Lady Tizzahd, she hauls it down. Theah she is, now, stan'in' by the pole on the roof, see?"

"She's gone," said Macklin. "Didn't go ter s'pose she's gonter wait there 'till you got done tellin' it, did yer?" As he spoke the drawbridge slowly ascended and the portcullis slid down. When the stage reached the strange structure it was silent and apparently deserted.

"What's gone wrong with the locos what run this yer joint?" Macklin went on impatiently as they pulled up by the ditch. "Have we got ter break inter the ol' ken?" By way of an answer Tuspon pointed to a tin horn that hung, tied to a post, near the drawbridge.

"What in blazes is that for?" growled the Capitalist, but the Gambler said, "They've got the whole thing up to date, or back to date—that's all. Let me get out, and then just watch me while I blow a blast that will call the seneschal to the outer walls. Lord, what a lot of lunatics we must have run against!" He descended, and going to the post, lifted the horn and blew a loud, discordant blast. Instantly a head appeared over the top of the wall. It was a peculiar head. Its eyes were rather large and stood out from the short face. Chin there was none; the mouth was enormously wide, and was edged with the thinnest of lips—lips that curved downward. Evidently the person to whom the head belonged was climbing a ladder planted against the wall, for the head appeared by degrees, and by degrees the body followed it. It was a round body, but without much corpulence. The arms were short and the legs were long.

"Theah's Frawg Tizzahd—that's him," remarked Tuspon.

"Frog?" said the Gambler. "Looks it, don't he?"

In his appearance the man certainly suggested a frog. Even the Capitalist recognized that, and stopped his swearing long enough to emit a hysterical chuckle. Then he took up his profanity where he had left it off. The queer figure reached the top of the wall and stood gazing at the stage and its passengers with a comprehensive smile.

"Are you the warden of this keep?" asked the Gambler. The man on the wall, if he heard, made no sign of having done so.

"I say, you man on the battlements, are you the chief of this domain?" again queried the Gambler; "because if you are we want to get in."

"Who is it that demands the right of entrance here?" suddenly came, in a feminine voice, shrill but deliberate, from behind the wall.

Macklin and the Capitalist raised their voices in urgent profanity. Each sought to explain the plight in which they found themselves, and each sought to demand admittance. Now and then one would show signs of easing off his flow of words in favor of the other, but as the other would always be moved by a similar impulse at the same moment, they would start together and talk at the same time as before. Finally, vanquished by his more

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voluble companion, Macklin ceased, and the Capitalist talked rapidly on.

"I fail to comprehend," said the voice at length, as the Capitalist paused for an instant. "You are strangers, and of strangers we are wary, for the times are parlous. Also you bear the marks of a fray."

"Fray!" roared Macklin. "Wasn' I jus' tellin' you that we runned agains' a gang er road agents what done up two on us an'——"

"Hold on," interrupted the Gambler, in a low tone. "I'll speak to them. Just wait." He stopped and thought for a moment, smiled and went on; raising his voice and addressing the unseen woman. "Indeed, lady, we demand nothing; only do we crave sanctuary here for a time. We have been sore beset by outlaws who essayed to rob us, and in the *mêlée* that followed two of our comrades were wounded, as you may see. Therefore do we seek an asylum where we can dress their wounds. We cannot go farther as we are, and without succor the men will die, for truly they are in evil case."

"Didn't start out seekin' no asylum, but we found one all right enough," growled Macklin.

There was no reply from inside the wall, but the drawbridge fell with a whistling of running ropes and a final bang on the wooden sill set in the ground to receive it. The horses started at the noise, jolting the two bodies cruelly. Gathering in his team, the Capitalist began to swear, but the Gambler stopped him.

"Shut up. It's a woman, don't you see? Besides, we want to get in." As he spoke he pointed to the portcullis, now fully revealed by the fall of the drawbridge. Behind the heavy grating a woman stood, gazing at the people on the stage outside. The Gambler ran quickly across the drawbridge, lifted his hat and bowed low.

"Fortune has befriended us in finding for us a refuge such as this—and with so fair a châtelaine," he said. "Command, I pray you, that the portcullis be raised and that we be admitted."

"In faith, fair sir, your speech is courteous," replied the woman. "It shall be even as you wish." Immediately there was the click of blocks and the creak of straining tackle. The portcullis lazily rose, showing more fully the form of the woman who stood in the gateway.

"Punkin an' milk, hair an' skim milk, eyes an'—Good Lord! what sort er rig's that she's got on 'er?" ejaculated Macklin, softly.

The costume of the woman was peculiar. Her gown, of some heavily hanging stuff, was made in one piece from head to heels. Around her waist it was girt to her body by a thick cord, which, after taking several turns, fell low, in a loop, through which a fold of the gown was pulled. At the ends of the cord hung a wallet, from which protruded a pamphlet, worn and yellow covered.

"Say, we better not go inter that ther cage," whispered Macklin, hurriedly. "'Nough sight better jolly 'em inter lettin' it down again, an' then we c'n peg it somehow, so's they can't h'ist it no more. They're nothin' on top er this worl' but locos, an' like as not they'll try an' cut our throats at night, or do s'mother thing like that. I don't min' road agents—not in moderation, that is—but I can't go locos, nohow. Hadn't we better skip out an' chance it? Say, whatjer think?"

No one answered him. Tuspon and the Gambler already were lifting the wounded men from the footboard, and seeing that his appeal was ineffectual, Macklin stepped forward to help. From the road and its blinding sunlight they carried first the driver and then the messenger into a broad, shadowy passage, where a cloth-swathed olla hung, dripping ceaselessly on to the floor of hard-trodden clay. A door opened from the passage, leading to an inner room where stood their hostess, motioning for them to enter. They carried the two men inside and laid them on piles of cattle hides, several of which were placed at intervals along the sides of the room.

"I'll see what this man needs, as well as I can," said Macklin to the Gambler. "You do what you can fer t'other." The Gambler already was stooping over the express-messenger's senseless form. Cutting away the clothing that covered the wounds, he probed them skilfully with his white, slender fingers; while close beside him Tuspon waited, anxious to help, and the Capitalist paced restlessly up and down. When at last the Gambler lifted his eyes, he saw that Macklin was standing beside him.

"He's gone—the driver, he's gone," said Macklin, sadly, in reply to the Gam-

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bler's questioning look. "Once through the ongbongpwang he got it, an' once higher up. Either one er them holes would er done the business, all right enough. Hadn't no sense in tryin' ter put up er fight. He wouldn't er tried, I reckon, only fer his savin's that he was a-sendin' to his wife, that was in that ther express safe. He paid fer it kinder high, he did, but he had sand—always had. How's Charley?"

"The messenger? He'll do, I think—hope, anyhow. But he's got it bad. He wants a doctor. You'd better take one of the horses and ride back after one. Bring a sheriff, too, and a posse to round up those road agents if they can. Anyhow, bring the posse. Get the safe off the stage and in here, where we can keep an eye on it; Tuspon and I can attend to it then, as well as to this man, here. You might take that Chicago man with you."

"You're not going to take me with you, I'll tell you those," remarked the Capitalist. "I'm going to stay right here. You'll have to ride bareback, and I'm not going to be split by the ridge-pole of one of those horses. I'll stay here."

Macklin made no protest against the decision of the Capitalist.

"Reckon you'll have ter come, then, Tuspon," said he. "We'll have ter ride bareback, I think myself—don't see no saddles nowhere about. Come out first an' get the safe in here." He turned and went out, followed by Tuspon and the Gambler.

The stage stood where they had left it, and under its box-seat the canvas-covered safe could plainly be seen, with red stains here and there on its white front. Macklin reached for the safe, while Tuspon climbed on the wheel on the opposite side.

"Give 'er a push this way, Tuspon," called Macklin—then to the Gambler, "Stand by to back me up, so's the weight won't throw me." The Gambler moved forward as desired. Macklin, assisted by Tuspon's push, heaved lustily. The chest yielded with an ease that was out of all proportion to the force brought against it. It flew toward Macklin, who, overbalanced by his pull, fell backward before the Gambler could reach him. Macklin reached the ground first; the chest arrived immediately afterward and landed on his body, then rolled on to the sand and lay there, the white canvas gleaming in the sun.

"Where are you hurt—can you stand?" asked the Gambler, as he ran to the prostrate man. Macklin could stand. He ran to the safe and kicked it; it flew from him as a foot-ball might fly. He caught it up in his hands and dashed it on the corner of the drawbridge sill. It bounded off, and then he jumped on it. From beneath the canvas cover there came the sound of splitting wood.

"That's the treasure we was all a-fightin' fer," exclaimed Macklin, as he drew a knife and ripped off the canvas, disclosing a shattered box, made of thin pine boards. "That's a thing fer two sensible men ter get killed about, ain't it? What yer gawpin' at, you fool?" This last was addressed to Tuspon, who had strolled around the stage and stood looking at the sham safe. Tuspon glanced up with a gentle smile.

"Looks kindah like we got sucked in, don't it?" he drawled.

"Sucked in!" roared Macklin. "We ben robbed, you chump! Robbed before that there gang er road agents got ever a chance at us. Get that through yer thick head?"

"How sold them fellahs would a been, if we'd only knowed about it, an' let 'em take the safe," observed Tuspon, still smiling. "An' then it——"

"Say what yer gonter say before termorrer, if yer can," called Macklin, impatiently.

"An' then it ain't no skin off'n you if that theah chest is rawbed, is it?" Tuspon went on, undismayed. "You ain't gawt nahthin' in it."

"Don't make any difference whether he had or not," growled the Capitalist. "We're all in the scrape, just as much as the driver and his mate, and it served them right for being on the old hearse, that's good for nothing but a double-barrelled funeral like this, any way."

"Likely it'll be a three bah'led fune'hl, if you keep awn talkin' like that," observed Tuspon, in his softest voice. "I nevah did have no use foh that man—not the leas' in the worl'," he went on, addressing the Gambler, as though the man of whom he spoke were not present. "Mos' prawb'ly I'll huht him, one ah these times, if he keeps so plentiful."

While Tuspon was speaking, both he

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and Macklin were rapidly unharnessing the lead team of the stage. Having thrown off the gear, for an instant they threw themselves limply over the backbones of their mounts, then each threw a leg across and sat up. Beating the sides of their horses with their unspurred heels, they urged the animals to a gallop and disappeared down the trail.

"Well," said the Gambler, as he turned toward the house, "I suppose we'd better go inside, out of this sun. We can only wait, now."

The Capitalist stood, looking down the trail.

"I don't know," he replied, absently. He stood for a moment longer, then walked quickly toward the stage. "I guess I don't want the job of waiting that you're telling about," he said, as he began to unbuckle the harness of one of the wheel horses. 'Anyhow, there's only one man's work, here." He flung off the harness, and unbuckled the hames. The collar did not come off easily, so he let it remain, and mounting by means of a wheel he started in the direction taken by the others. The Gambler re-entered the house.

The wounded man was tossing from side to side on the pile of skins. Beside him stood the woman. She had a cup in her hand, from which she had been giving him water.

"The fever is on him now," she said, as the Gambler entered. "In a little while it should spend itself. He is young and strong and will live." She bent over the messenger, examining the dressing of his wounds. Then she deftly eased a bandage. "These are over-strait, they give him pain. I know something of leechcraft," she explained.

The Gambler offered to help her, but she waved him aside. "It is meet that I should do this," she said. "The place of the women is here. At present there are none here but myself, and my husband is the only man. He stands guard on the battlements until some of our retainers shall return. No harm will befall those who claim our protection. It is enough that we take toll of the others who pass. That is our right as lords of the soil. All that you can see from the towers is of our domain." As she talked she was attending to the wounded man, moistening his bandages and fanning him, while the Gambler watched her. That she was mildly insane, he had not the least doubt. Still, this talk of taking toll, couched though it was in mediæval terms, fell in too closely with the experience of the morning to be altogether reassuring. It was said in a matter-of-course way that gave it an air of truth which was puzzling, to say the least. Still, she had also said that guests would be respected, and certainly she seemed to mean it as far as the Messenger was concerned.

The Gambler thought it all over carefully, and he felt uneasy. He looked to the cartridges in his two stubby little double-barrelled derringers. They were poor weapons, however, these derringers, for any range but the very shortest. He took up the Messenger's cartridge-belt, which lay on the floor, and buckled it, with the pistol in the holster, around his waist.

The Gambler strolled out into the passage. One end of it was closed by the portcullis, which was lowered, and through its heavy bars he could see that the drawbridge was raised, darkening the passage at that end save for two gleams of light that found their way in at the sides where the drawbridge did not quite cover the opening. The other end of the passage gave on to a species of courtyard, made by the wall on three sides and the house itself on the fourth. The top of the wall was so broad as to make a pathway inside its parapet, and along this pathway Frog Tizzard was slowly pacing. When he reached a corner he would lower his rifle from his shoulder and lean on it while he gazed earnestly over the desert. Then he would pick up his weapon again and pass on to the next corner, and after another pause to the next, and so on for round after round. The Gambler watched until he was tired. There was something so utterly useless in such precautions against surprise in this dismal emptiness of sand that they seemed to place the watcher among those whose senses had gone astray, yet there was no other evidence of such unsoundness unless it lay in the house itself, or the way in which the household was carried on.

Impatient and hot, the Gambler returned to the house. The big, dusky room was deliciously cool after the heat and glare outside. For the moment the Messenger was lying quiet, either asleep or in a stupor.

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The woman was beside him. She was seated in a chair, made with arms but without a back, of heavy planks crossed saltire-wise. Like the other fittings of this strange room it had a mediæval look, as well as a suggestion of great discomfort, but its occupant seemed to find no fault with it. In one hand she held a fan made of feathers; in the other, a limply bound book which she was reading. Evidently she was much interested in the book, for from time to time the fan would stop as it was gently waved to and fro over the face of the unconscious Messenger, and gradually the arm that held it would lower until the fan touched his face; then, with a little start, she would raise the fan and wave it to and fro as before.

The Messenger was breathing lightly, almost imperceptibly, and the Gambler bent over him to listen. As he did so, he caught a glimpse of the pamphlet that the woman was reading. It was a narrative of some kind, and was largely made up of conversation. Exclamation points, like little balloons, were sprinkled plentifully over the page.

There was nothing to be done for the Messenger. The Gambler could only wait for the return of his friends with the help they were to bring. He paced up and down the room like a caged animal. Around the walls there hung the skulls and horns of cattle or deer. The Gambler examined them carefully, one by one. On a shelf, made of a box pegged to the adobe wall, lay piles of printed matter; pamphlets and cheap books; all of them romances of the Middle Ages. The Gambler selected one and tried to read, but the tale could not hold his interest, and he threw the book down.

At noon the woman gave him food—thick slabs of cold beef, ship biscuit, and pulque with which to wash them down.

"The trestles will not be brought forth nor the board laid," she said, apologetically, to the Gambler. "Our household is too small, at present, to enable us to do as we would for our guests."

The Gambler wanted nothing to eat. He watched her as she arranged a portion of food on a wooden trencher, evidently for her husband. As she passed out the door, he followed her, "to see the animals fed" as he told himself, in a despairing effort to be facetious. His hostess disappeared on the roof, and reappeared on the wall. As she came toward him, Tizzard stopped in his walk, looked at her and smiled. He leaned his rifle against the parapet and taking the disengaged hand of his wife, he raised it to his lips. She set down the trencher and gently patted the hand that held hers; then she presented her cheek, he kissed it and she left him, passing out of the Gambler's sight on to the roof. Tizzard stood looking after her as she went, then began eating his food, keeping a look-out over the desert as he did so. This did not seem like the conduct of criminals or malignant lunatics. The Gambler was puzzled as he went into the house, but more suspicious, even, than before.

The long afternoon wore itself slowly away. The Gambler strolled aimlessly from the room where the wounded man lay out into the court-yard and back again. Tizzard was plainly to be seen from the court-yard, his ungainly body standing in sharp relief against the bright sky, as he walked his unending round of the walls and roof.

Toward evening Macklin's voice hailed from the road.

"Hi, thar!" he called. "Anybody left alive in that ther asylum?" The Gambler cast loose the ropes that held the drawbridge, and made the clumsy windlass creak dismally as he raised the portcullis.

"Say, it ain't no fool of a ride, down to that ther camp," said Macklin, as he slid from his horse and crossed the little drawbridge. "I reckon that Chicago man he thinks so, anyhow. He likes ter stan' up, now. He got the poores' horse in the four—the one that had the sharpes' ridgepole, as he calls it. He's comin' back in a buggy, split mos' up ter the collar-bone."

"Where's the rest?" asked the Gambler. "Didn't you bring anyone back with you?"

"Sure. Six men an' a doctor. I pushed on ahead; I didn't wanter leave you alone here any longer'n I had ter. Tuspon, he wanted ter come back, too, but they rounded him up with ther gang what's out after them thieves. The boys up there they lent me this pony an' saddle, an' I pulled my freight fer here without stoppin' none. The doctor an' the other six 'll be along none so long behin'. How's the Messenger?"

As the Gambler answered the question, Macklin began to wink in a significant

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manner and to edge toward the door. Still talking, the Gambler followed him.

"I didn't wanter say nothin', not in there, with that loony woman standin' by," said Macklin, as soon as they reached the courtyard. "But I wanter give yer the straight word. This place here is dead shady. Down ter the camp all the boys says so. The gang er pirates what hangs 'roun' here, makin' out that they're punchers, is as tough an outfit as ther is in the Ter'tory. The boys has suspicioned 'em doin' a lot er things, but they ain't proved nothin', so fur. Likely they'll be back, now, mos' any time. We c'n hol' 'em outer here, all right enough, if so be we shoots Frog Tizzard firs', so's he can't help 'em from th' inside. That's the reason I come back. Say, don't you reckon I'd better do him now, an' make sure? We can't leave here, not with that ther wounded man—no place ter go. Say, shall I do him?" As he spoke he made a movement toward the heavy pistol that hung on his hip. The Gambler caught his hand.

"Hold on, you fool!" he cried. "What are you going to do? Think, if you're able to. You've got nothing to go on but a suspicion—camp talk. All that these people have done to us so far is to give us the best they've got after takin' us in."

"We got taken in all right enough—you did, anyhow," growled Macklin, glancing at Tizzard, who was still pacing the walls. "But I do' wanter shoot no man like that—kinder in the back. Nobody ain't gonter get in what we don't want in. I'll fix that right now." He went into the passage, and began to pull at the lines that raised the drawbridge. He had not fully hoisted it when there was the muffled sound of horses' hoofs on the soft sand of the trail, and the creaking of saddles and the click of spur-chains. Then someone called.

"Here they come, now," shouted Macklin, with a relieved laugh, as he let the bridge fall once more.

The doctor was the first to climb stiffly from his horse. He detached an instrument-case from his saddle, and, without speaking, entered the door of the room pointed out to him by Macklin, where lay the wounded man.

The sun was going down. The shadows of the men, as they unsaddled and cared for their horses, stretched farther and farther across the plain, until they came to the wall of the castle and commenced to creep up its face. Before the men had finished, the shadows had vanished—merged into the blue darkness. By the edge of the ditch, outside the walls, supper was cooked and eaten, while the firelight showed the seated forms of the men as crisp silhouettes, and then passed on to redden the gray adobe walls.

The men who sat around the fire were thoroughly contented with themselves. They were chasing a gang of outlaws, and at the end of the chase there would probably be a fight; therefore, the occasion was a joyous one. They had fallen into that state of genial silence which accompanies well-fed contentment. The conversation was confined chiefly to monosyllabic grunts, with long intervals between them.

"What's wrong with the people of this place?" asked the Gambler of the deputy sheriff, who headed the men from the camp. "Macklin told me that you were suspicious of them. Is it because they're—well—queer, you know?"

"No, I reckon not," replied the person addressed, removing his pipe from the thick beard that concealed his mouth. "She's sure locoed an' he's more'r less of er fool, but that don't interfere nohow with him keepin' an awful bad lot er men hangin' 'roun' the joint. Ther's ben hold-ups—little ones, mos'ly, that didn't make much talk—that comes back pretty close to them men, an' ther ain't much doubt but what Tizzard stan's in with the thieves, if he ain't the boss er the gang. They're sure the men what held you fellers up to-day."

As the officer was speaking there was a soft movement in the entrance to the castle. Then the windlass screamed as it unwound and let the portcullis fall. The ropes of the drawbridge strained and tightened, but before it could rise the Gambler jumped on it. Macklin and the deputy sheriff followed, and then the rest of the men.

"Lift this here gate!" roared the deputy. As many men as could stand on the sill caught hold of the lower bar. "Heave!" Every man put forth all the strength that lay in the muscles of his back. Through the grating the Gambler caught sight of Lady Tizzard. She was

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reaching high above her head in an effort to thrust home a pin that fastened down the sliding gate. The men tugged with all their might, but it was back-breaking work. The portcullis grated in its grooves, then slowly raised in little jerks. The Gambler and Macklin threw themselves flat on their faces, and wriggled under. Then the overstrained backs could stand the effort no longer and the portcullis fell.

The Gambler ran to the windlass, but the woman was there before him. She drew a knife from her bosom and, as he came within reach, struck at him savagely. Macklin pinioned her arms, and lifted her aside as though she were a child. The Gambler raised the gate slowly from its sill. As soon as it had risen a foot or two, the other men, stooping low, ran under it and caught hold of the windlass crank.

"Bring in them horses, you fellers," commanded the deputy sheriff. "Then come in yourselves an' let down the gate an' h'ist them there planks. Nobody ain't gonter get in here to-night 'ithout we know who he is. What was you tryin' ter do, marm, anyhow?" he added, turning to the woman. She had been struggling silently in Macklin's arms, trying to reach him with her knife. Finally the knife fell from her hand. She gave a little scream, and became passive. Macklin stepped on the frail blade as it lay at his feet, and snapped it close to the haft. With a side jerk of his foot, he sent it through the open gate, and then set the woman at liberty.

"What was you tryin' ter do?" asked the deputy sheriff again. The woman arranged her ruffled draperies, straightened herself up, and glanced haughtily around her.

"You have violated the rules of hospitality," she said. "You were plotting treachery against your host, speaking with slanderous tongues against him, and accusing him of monstrous deeds. You were preparing to undo him who took you in when you were sore beset on yonder plain. Had I once secured the gate, you would have remained without, methinks, for you would have found it difficult to effect an entrance against the will of those who were within. But now you are here. Work your will with us, for we have no means of resistance, and, therefore, we submit."

As she finished speaking, she turned and left them, retiring to a room on the opposite side of the passage from that in which the Messenger had been laid. Ten minutes later, as the Gambler was passing the window of this room, he glanced inside. A fire burned on the hearth, throwing wavering shadows on the clay floor. On one side of the fire Frog Tizzard was huddled in a motionless heap. On the other side his wife sat reading one of her well-thumbed pamphlets. Now and then she would wave her hand in unconscious gesticulation. Every trace of her recent annoyance had vanished; the only expression on her nervous face was one of intense interest in what she saw on the printed page before her.

As the Gambler turned away from the window, the men had closed the entrance to the castle and were attending to their horses. Some of them were already lying, their heads pillowed on their saddles, in the deep shadow of the walls.

"Reckon you'd better turn in, now, an' get some sleep," said the deputy sheriff, crossing the courtyard. "There ain't nothin' you c'n do. The doctor, he's had his supper, an' he says that the man what's hurt is sure doin' as well as he knows how. Got sunth'n more'n an even chance, the doc says, an' do' want nothin' fer now but ter be kep' still. Some er the boys, here, are goin' to keep watch an' let in the rest er the gang what's out after them thieves. They'll bring 'em here if they ketch 'em alive, an' if they don't ketch 'em they'll come theirselves, so's ter get a start by sun-up in the mornin'. You go ter roost." The advice was good. The Gambler was surprised at the degree of fatigue brought by the anxious day that he had passed. He threw himself down on one of the piles of skins in the room where the wounded Messenger lay, and in three minutes was sleeping the deep sleep of utter exhaustion.

Once during the night he was partially awakened by the creak of the windlass as it raised the portcullis, and the bang of the drawbridge as it fell. Then followed the tramp of hoofs and the sound of men's voices that blended themselves together in a sort of meaningless dream, as the Gambler slept once more.

Then, in a few minutes it seemed to him,

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someone was shaking him by the shoulder.

"It's me," whispered Macklin's voice. "Come up onter the wall. Tuspon he's up there, an' the Depitty. The Depitty wants you. There's sunth'n go'n on." The Gambler followed him out of the room. By the light of a smoky lantern that hung on the wall, he could see that the wounded man was resting quietly. The doctor was sleeping on the floor beside him.

Followed by the Gambler, Macklin led the way up the ladder on to the wall, and then ran along the top, stooping low so that the parapet would conceal them from anyone outside. The Gambler almost stumbled over the legs of a man who knelt against the parapet. It was the Deputy.

"See?" he whispered, pointing through one of the openings in the top of the castellated parapet. The Gambler peered through. A lantern was standing on the ground a few yards from the wall, and in the circle of light that it shed, Frog Tizzard was busily digging into the loose sand of the desert.

"He's been at that ten minutes er more," whispered the Deputy. "He lowered another ladder outside the wall an' got down on that. I was a-watchin' up here myself, under the shadder, where he couldn' see me. I got him covered all right. He can't get away, nohow."

"What's he doing, anyway?" inquired the Gambler.

"I d'no, but he's sure doin' sunth'n—he's there, ain't he?" returned Macklin.

"Sh-h!" said the Deputy. Tizzard had finished his excavation. Sticking his spade in the pile of sand by the side of the hole, he turned and came toward the wall. Macklin made a movement as though he would start in pursuit, but the Deputy stopped him, saying: "He's left the lantern—he'll go back. Hol' on." Leaning over the wall, the three men looked down. Though the east was brightening with the coming sunrise, there was still so little light that Tizzard's figure showed only as a blot somewhat darker than the shadow of the walls. From the sounds they could tell that he was trying to drag something toward the hole he had made; something that was heavy and that yielded slowly. Little by little it moved, until one could see that it was a chest of some kind. As he dragged the chest, Tizzard was between it and the lantern, so that it was not until he stood aside that the light gleamed on the black frame and dark green panels of an express safe.

The deputy sheriff and the Gambler ran around the wall toward the ladder by which Tizzard had descended, while Macklin and Tuspon rose to their feet and levelled their rifles. Tizzard looked up and saw them. Throwing the lantern against the iron chest, smashing the globe, and extinguishing the light, he started to run, but the breaking day made his movements visible, though dimly so.

"Stop!" roared Macklin. Tizzard gave no sign of having heard the command. A rifle shot followed it. The man ran still faster, and for a time the Winchesters crackled fiercely from the top of the wall. At the foot of the ladder the shadow of the wall was streaked with red by the flashes from the Deputy's pistol. From where he stood, on the rung of the ladder, the Gambler leaped over the officer's head, staggered as he struck the sand, recovered himself and started in swift pursuit of Tizzard's retreating form. He rapidly overhauled his man. Tizzard's heavy footsteps were becoming irregular, and the Gambler could hear that his breath was drawn in the short gasps of one unaccustomed to running. A couple of men, roused by the shots, had hastily mounted their unsaddled horses and were riding in a circuit in an attempt to intercept the fugitive. Suddenly Tizzard doubled, returning to his starting-point as a coursed rabbit returns, and ran into the arms of a party just coming to join in the chase.

He made no resistance. Walking between two men, with others preceding and following, they brought him to the place where the abandoned stage stood, near the drawbridge. The Deputy was there to receive them.

A dozen voices inquired as to the cause of the chase. Macklin and three others brought the safe by way of answer, and laid it at the Deputy's feet. What followed was of the nature of a trial. It was very brief. There was but one conclusion to which the men could come, and one penalty to which they could sentence the accused. In a few minutes, therefore, the proceedings were finished as they had

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been carried on ; finished with shouts and oaths and reference to the wounded Messenger and the driver, whose unburied body still lay in the house of the man they believed to be instrumental in causing his death.

Taking the hair neck-rope from one of the horses, they bound Tizzard's hands with it. A lariat was reeved through the lead-ring on the tongue of the stage, after which the tongue was lifted and propped with the doubletree.

The loop of the lariat was placed around Tizzard's neck, and several men grasped the loose end. For the moment there was a hush of expectation, then the Deputy stepped forward.

"Is ther anythin' ye'd like ter say before yer go?" he asked. "Any little thing that wants ter be 'tended to ? I'll do what I can, but ye'd best speak up. You likely won't have no other chance." Tizzard looked down at his feet and made no reply, but there was a moment during which they all waited for one. Suddenly there was a swish of draperies, and the voice of Lady Tizzard broke the pause.

"What now, ye hounds!" she exclaimed. "Which of you has dared lay violent hands on your host? And you so many, he but one." The men turned and saw the woman crossing the drawbridge. She was walking slowly, with long strides and a pause between each stride. There was an expression of grave displeasure on her face, but it was self-satisfied displeasure, as though she rejoiced in the opportunity of showing it. The men shifted their positions and looked uncomfortable. Catching the woman's arm, the Gambler tried to lead her away, but she waved him imperiously aside. Tizzard glanced at her once, then dropped his eyes.

"Would ye condemn him to the death of a dog?" she went on. "Surely ye could mete to him some end more fitting our rank—he is lord of all the land ye see. If it is ransom that you require, it shall be yours—the ransom of a prince—all our treasure and my jewels."

Once more the Gambler tried to lead her away. The Deputy also approached, saying : "Ther ain't no sort er use in you bein' here, marm, not the leas' in the worl'. Ye see its outer my han's, its outen the han's of all of us, an' no money ain't gonter do no good. You better go with that ther gentleman."

A little murmur of sympathy came from the men, and one of them said, aloud : "He'd orter a ben took off f'm here somwers. It's no ways her fault, she ain't jus' right, and hadn't nothin' ter do with it all—not knowin'ly, anyhow—it's a dead shame."

Tizzard, who had been standing with his eyes turned toward the ground, suddenly raised his head. He stood more firmly, and the drooping corners of his mouth straightened themselves. His protruding eyes glanced around the circle of men that surrounded him, resting on one face after another. He gulped down something that was apparently sticking in his throat, and with an effort that was almost painful, he spoke.

"Look-a-yer," he said, and his voice was harsh, as though rusted from disuse. "One er you fellers was askin' me if I wanted ter say anythin', an' I didn't then, but now I do." He paused and gulped again, looking down at his hands as they were tied in front of him, and opening and closing them once or twice in a helpless sort of way, and then went on.

"It ain't no good fer me ter say that you got me where I don't belong, not this time anyhow, fer you wouldn' believe me. I know I got ter hang, an' the sooner the quicker. It's her, there, I wanter say my piece about, so you ducks let me alone till I get through, an' then yer can hang me and be damned.

"She ain't done nothin', an' she's a woman what wants somebody ter look out fer her. She ain't no fool, but her kinder brains ain't the sort what goes roun' here ; not in the little things, that is. Other ways she's all right. The way the house is fixed up, so's no one can't get in, that's her doin' ; an' ther couldn't no one have got in, not one er you, if she hadn't made me pull up that ther portcullis thing."

He spoke more rapidly, now, eager, apparently, to see that full justice was done to the mental powers of the woman he was trying to defend. The men were silent except where someone said, in an undertone, "Firs' time he ever said three words together when I was 'roun'." "Sh-h-," said some one else, and then the pause was unbroken until Tizzard resumed his speech.

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"Say, here's this: she's been dead white all she knowed, alwuz. It don't hurt no one, does it, if she wants er flag flyin' when I'm in the shebang an' wants ter pull it down when I go out? Never min' what I done; that don't cut no figger, now, an' I'm gonter pay up fer what you think I done—pay up all I got, an' no man can't do no more than that.

"I heard some er you a-sayin' that ther was a tough gang what hangs 'roun' here. Let it go at that. What I wanter say is that she ain't got nothin' ter do with none of 'em. She calls 'em all retainers er mine; thinks they're a little private army, like, what I keep for to see that things don't go wrong 'roun' this yer manor, or domain—that's the land what I got 'roun here, an' most er the desert what she thinks I got. She ain't locoed, like what you think, not er little bit. She's edjercated, that's all. All the time she's readin' them books what I sen' for down to Tucson. All the time she's readin' em, an' nights, when I ain't got nothin' else ter ten' to, she'll read 'em ter me, so's I'll know how ter do like the men in them books, they did. But I ain't much on their lay—never was—an' I reckon no one couldn't wear iron clo'es, not in this climate.

"She's lots too good for to be in this country, here, along er me, an' she's too good ter be left along er you-all, but I can't help myself. So I want one er you men, if so be ther is one square an' decent ernough, ter say that she'll be treated white an' right till she c'n be got away f'm here back East, where she come from. I want one er you ter write to them people back East an' tell 'em she's comin'; an' then see that she's put on the cars an' started—ther's money enough fer that. Then I want this here place an' the cattle sold, an' the money sent ter them folks in the East. Is ther someone what'll do this?" Tizzard looked eagerly, first at the Deputy, then at the Gambler.

"I know she struck at you with a knife, las' night," he went on, addressing the Gambler directly. "That was when she tried ter shut you-all out, an' she tried ter do that becuz she thought you was a-sayin' things erbout me. She's stuck by me through all hell, an' that's all the harm she ever done. Will you do them things what I spoke of? I can't do no more for 'er now, an' you c'n pay yerself fer the job." Tizzard stopped speaking, and raising his pinioned arms, wiped his forehead on his shirt-sleeve. Apparently the speech had exhausted him even more than had the near prospect of death, for his face was as white as its weather-beaten skin would allow. He dropped his arms and once more looked at the Gambler.

"I don't want any pay," said the Gambler. "I'll do all I can."

"So 'll I, dead straight," added the Deputy. Tizzard looked relieved.

"Go inter the house, now, honey," he said, speaking to his wife for the first time. "Take 'er in!" he added to the Gambler. "Take 'er in an'—an' get it over, will you?"

Both the Gambler and the Deputy turned to the woman, who stood between them. She dropped a book that she had carried with her from the house; it lay at her feet, and a little breeze was fluttering its pages. She was bending forward; her hands worked convulsively, one into the other.

"I fail to understand," she said, hesitatingly. "I fail to understand."

"Ther ain't no call that you should understand, not right now," said the Deputy, soothingly, as one might speak to a child. "Come on inter the house, here, like he tol' yer to. Here's yer little book." He picked it up and handed it to her, but she did not seem to see or hear him.

"Surely you would not murder a man!" she cried. "Release him! Let him go—let him come with me. There is ransom. You can have all there is—I ask only for his life."

Once more the Gambler tried to lead her into the house, but she broke away from him and ran forward, leaving all trace of her feudalism behind.

"Let me have him, oh, let me have him! He's done you no harm—he hasn't harmed anybody. That box has always been here. It belonged to us—I thought it belonged to us. I sent him out there last night to bury it—I was afraid someone would find it and my things that are in it. Let him come with me. He'll go away—far away, and I'll go with him. I'll go with him anyway, and then you'll have killed two. Let me have him—he's all I've——" With an unsteady step or two,

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she fell unconscious on the sand. The Gambler sprang forward to raise her.

"Take 'er inter the house, quick," said Tizzard, hoarsely. "Now, before she comes to—an' then get it over." He turned away from his wife and stood facing the open desert. Lifting the woman in his arms, the Gambler carried her into the house. There was another sympathetic murmur from some of the men. Macklin stepped quickly forward.

"Look-a-yere," he said to Tizzard, roughly, "what was that 'bout that ther box—'bout you findin' it out her on the desert, somwers—that yer woman jus' said. Was it straight?"

"Yep. On the desert I found it, busted an' empty, after the stage was held up, two year ago. Give it to her to put stuff in. Open it."

There was no trouble in opening the safe. The hasp was broken, and it was fastened only with a stick. The lid was thrown back and the contents were revealed. There was money in the safe; money in halves and quarters, gold pieces and a few stray bills. There was jewelry as well, crowns and tiaras of cheap gilt, pins and rings and bracelets of the same kind, all of them set with sham gems that glittered bravely as they were thrown in a heap on the sand. They were most obvious theatrical jewels; even the men recognized this as they crowded around the safe.

"Why didn't yer tell us first off that this here wasn't the box what we was after?" asked the Deputy, indignantly.

"Called me a liar if I had," returned Tizzard.

"That's so," admitted the Deputy.

"That money's mine—an' hern. It's what we saved," Tizzard volunteered after a pause. "She wanted ter keep it there along with them—them other things er hern. Them jewelry things belongs to her. I got 'em fer her an' she likes 'em. She ain't much of er judge er jewelry. She's got er notion that they're things what her gran'daddies had f'om away back," he went on with a pitiful smile of deprecation at the weakness he was revealing. "It's jus' her way, count er that ther edjercation er hern. It don't hurt nobody," he hastened to add.

There was a dead silence after he had finished. The men looked uneasily at each other, shifting their positions or suddenly becoming engrossed in nothing at all. Each one was waiting for someone else to make the first move. Finally the Deputy spoke.

"Say, boys, are you so dead sure we want this here man so bad?" he asked, in a shamefaced sort of way. "Ther don't seem ter be so much proved on him—now. S'pose you take his word that he'll pull his freight an' turn 'im loose."

"You can see that he keeps his words easily enough," added the Gambler, who had returned from the house. "All the people that were on the stage are willing to let it go that way, and we're the sufferers by the hold-up to-day. There's nothing proved against this man—you've got nothing against him, more than you've had for years past. Surely it's hardly a square deal to go on and hang a man just because you've begun the job and don't want to leave it unfinished. Think of his wife. She showed us nothing but kindness—she did the best she could. You'd better let him go."

This proposition did not meet with universal approval, many of the men were in favor of carrying out the sentence. Each faction held obstinately to its opinion. From arguments more or less orderly, the debate grew warmer and louder, until the air was torn with strident voices. Suddenly the doctor appeared in the drawbridge.

"Shut up that noise, can't you," he called, raising his hand to attract attention. "Do you want to kill the man in there—the Messenger?"

There was silence instantly, and the doctor went on in a lower tone:

"This noise will be the death of him if you keep it up. What are you doing with that man?" he asked, looking at Tizzard.

"Hangin' him," answered someone.

"What for?"

"You know. Robbin' the stage an' shootin' the Messenger an' the driver," growled the man who had spoken before.

"He didn't rob the stage—there was no robbery."

"Where's the express safe, then?"

"In a trunk on the boot. I thought you knew. The Messenger put it there, He talked about it when he was out of

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his head, awhile back, The other package was a decoy, I suppose. I had just got the man quieted when you roused him with the cursed howling out here. I don't know anything about who did the shooting, but if you're going to hang anyone for it I wish you'd do it somewhere else or do it more quietly, that's all." Turning back, the doctor re-entered the house.

There were but two trunks on the boot. One was indentified as the property of the Capitalist, the other was so heavy that four men could hardly lift it down Someone brought an axe and split off the lid. Inside there was a something wrapped in canvas. Drawing a knife Tuspon slit the canvas, revealing the missing safe that lay beneath.

"I reckon that settles it," said Macklin, briskly, as he began to untie the knots that bound Tizzard's arms.

"But I reckon you better not stay 'roun' here," added the Deputy.

Some of the men looked at each other rather foolishly; some of them growled among themselves, but no one offered to interfere with Macklin as he struggled with the knots in the hair rope. He untied them at last, and tossed the rope to its owner. Tizzard threw the loop from his neck. He stretched his cramped arms and chafed his wrists as he looked stupidly around him.

"Stay here?" he said "Stay here—with her? Not while I c'n walk an' pack her with me. Sun-down 'll see me thirty mile f'om here." Turning toward the house, Tizzard lunged across the drawbridge, and disappeared in the direction in which his wife had been carried. The Gambler watched him until he was out of sight.

"I don't see that there's anything for us to stay for, now. The Messenger's in good hands, and there are men enough to do—all there is—for the driver," he said, turning to the Deputy. "You'll come along with the treasure I suppose and see that we aren't held up again. Perhaps some of the men can ride along, too."

By way of an answer the Deputy pulled away the doubletree that had been propping the tongue of the stage. Horses were quickly harnessed. The Deputy mounted the box; the others climbed to their places and the stage moved away, straining up the little rise down which it had come the day before. It reached the top and began to descend on the other side.

"Theah's the wind-up, I reckon," said Tuspon, pointing backward down the road. The others looked. Over the top of the sand-dune, only the castle tower with its battlements and flag-staff, was visible; and as they looked the flag fluttered down. The men faced ahead again, and for a time no one spoke.

"I bet that Tizzard chap was in that gang, just the same, and knew all about those hold-ups," remarked the Capitalist, at last. The Gambler and the Deputy nodded. Tuspon looked at the Capitalist in mild amazement.

"Why, suah," he said.

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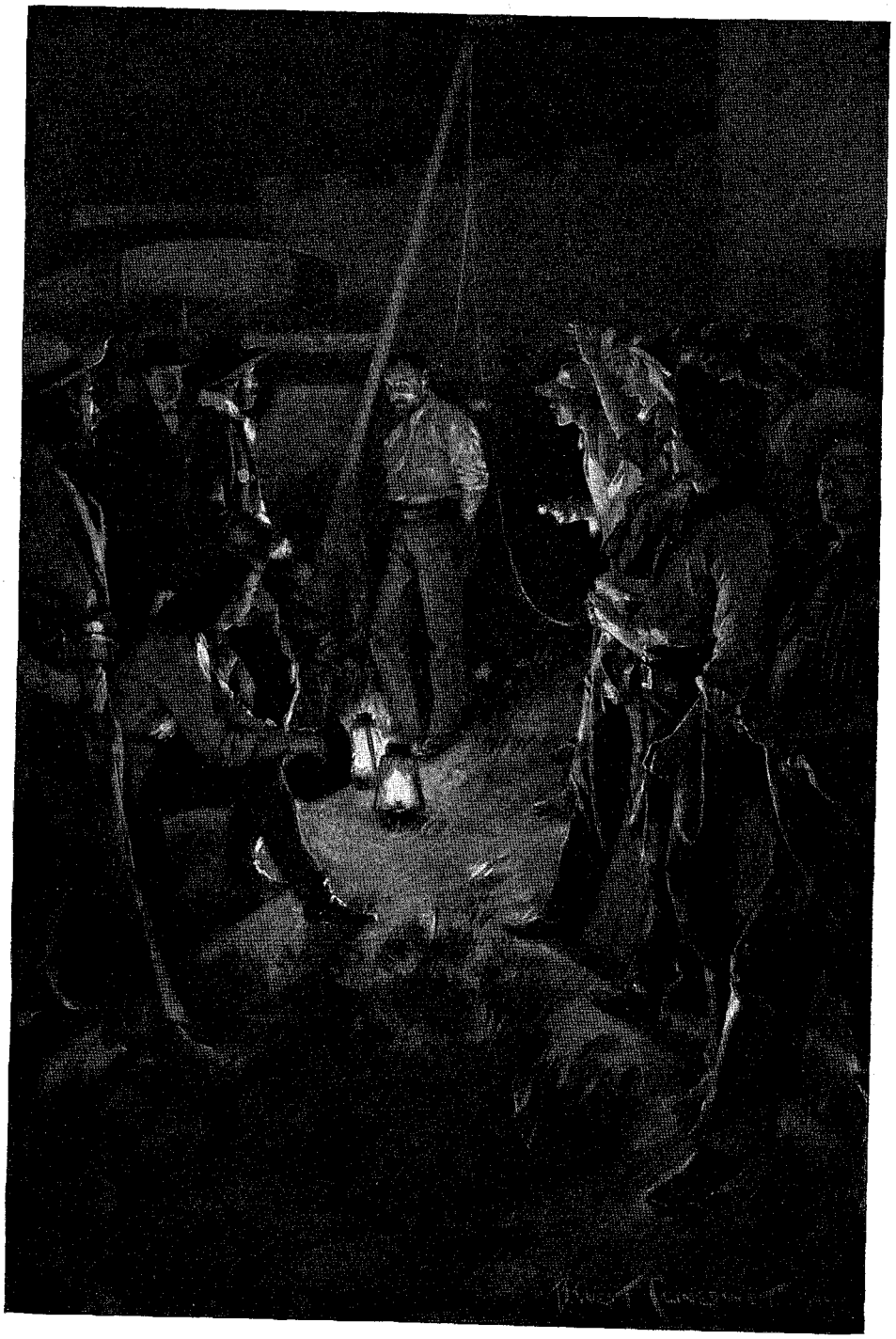

"Is ther anythin' ye'd like ter say before yer go?" he asked.—Page 97.

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A FRENCH LITERARY CIRCLE

By Aline Gorren

Jules de Goncourt.
From an engraving by Varin.

THERE are few persons interested in things literary who, being in Paris within the last ten or fifteen years, can have failed to hear of the Garret of M. de Goncourt. M. de Goncourt himself would, perhaps, have preferred people to say the Garret of "the brothers Goncourt," although, as is well-known, the institution was originated and flourished only after the death of the younger brother. The "Garret," specifically, was a charming room, half hall, half library, on the third floor of the little Louis XVI. hôtel at Auteuil which M. Edmond de Goncourt occupied during the whole latter part of his life; generically, it was the meeting together of kindred spirits, of disciples and admirers and friends of the old *maître;* the germ of the Academy which it was Edmond de Goncourt's dream to establish in opposition to the Academy of the Forty Immortals; and the nursery, as it were, where talents were grown to ripeness for the honor of admission to that same especial Academy.

In casting about for a convenient generalization that will help to make clear to one's mind those peculiar characteristics of the French literary life that cause it to be so distinct from the literary life of any other country one hits at last, in an attempt to simplify the infinitely complex, on the conception that it is a family. Oh! a large family, with many different branches, with minor ramifications sprouting from the main shoots. A family, too, in whose midst dissensions may rage, where cousins are not always on speaking terms. A family whose members do not hesitate to bandy, when supervene disagreements of opinion, or standard, or procedure, epithets marked by that extreme of opprobrious frankness of which the family relationship everywhere appears to have the specialty. But, all the same, a family; which means a unit, something homogeneous and coherent, something that you can think of as a totality. There are numberless literary groups in Paris. There are literary men who have leanings toward the social world, and prefer to study their types in that *milieu*, as did Guy de Maupassant, as does M. Bourget now. There are others who are "serious," whose centre of gravity is the University. There are æstheticians, like the followers of MM. de Goncourt. There are—but there is no need to prolong the list. There are as many notions in literature as there are in art; and yet, somehow, the whole hangs together. Certain features that you meet in one group you meet in all.

The two constantly recurring features are the abundance and the freedom of the talk, and the interest which men of letters have in each other's undertakings. As to the talk, it is often disconcerting to the English or American outsider who has been admitted to a Parisian literary circle on some occasion when the number of people present is small enough to make perfect ease of attitude and expression possible. "*Ah, ça!* Compromise yourself next time, if you please. We all compromise ourselves here," said the poet

*** In the library of Edmond de Goncourt were many books, commonly presentation copies, in which, on a fly-leaf, a portrait of the author or donor had been drawn by one of the artists of the circle or by some friend. In 1896 SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE secured the privilege of having copies made of many of these drawings, and the portraits marked "Library" in the present article are from this collection.

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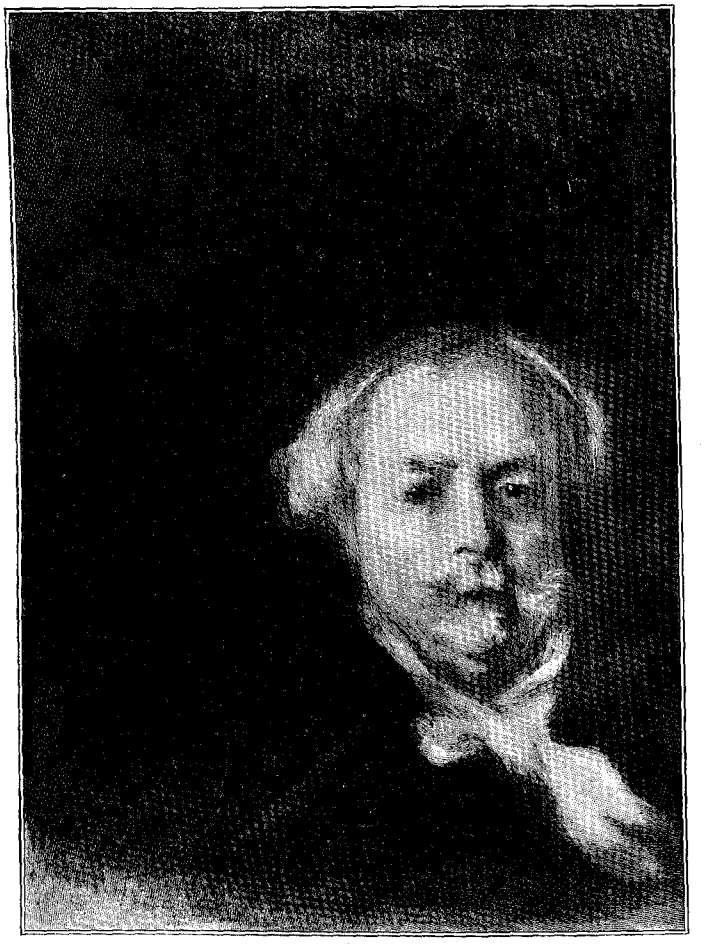

Edmond de Goncourt.
Drawn by Carrière. (Library.)

Théophile Gautier, to Edmond Scherer, one evening in the sixties, at a Magny dinner—one of those famous Magny dinners which take a so prominent place in the pages of the "Journal" of MM. de Goncourt. The conversation had been floating along on a tide of what is most radically, aboriginally *gaulois*, and Edmond Scherer, who, with Taine and Renan, represented at these fortnightly meetings the Celtic or Frankish, in any case the anti-Gallic, constituents of the French genius, had seemed to listen with critical aloofness. The Anglo-Saxon reader of the "Journal" has the conviction that the members of the Magny Dinner Club certainly did compromise themselves, even as the elder brother compromised himself by publishing the record of the sayings and doings of the celebrated personages there assembled. Further than that, one may say that the non-French reader conceives the French man of letters to be largely engaged in compromising himself much of the time—in one way or another. That is evidently something to be judged according to the stand-point of what is considered compromising; and that stand-point, as it is held by the French man of letters and by our own, is not one and the same. What is positive is that the first needs to expand, and insists upon expanding, more than his English-speaking fellow finds necessary. Hence the centres of expansion, of intellectual expansion, which he

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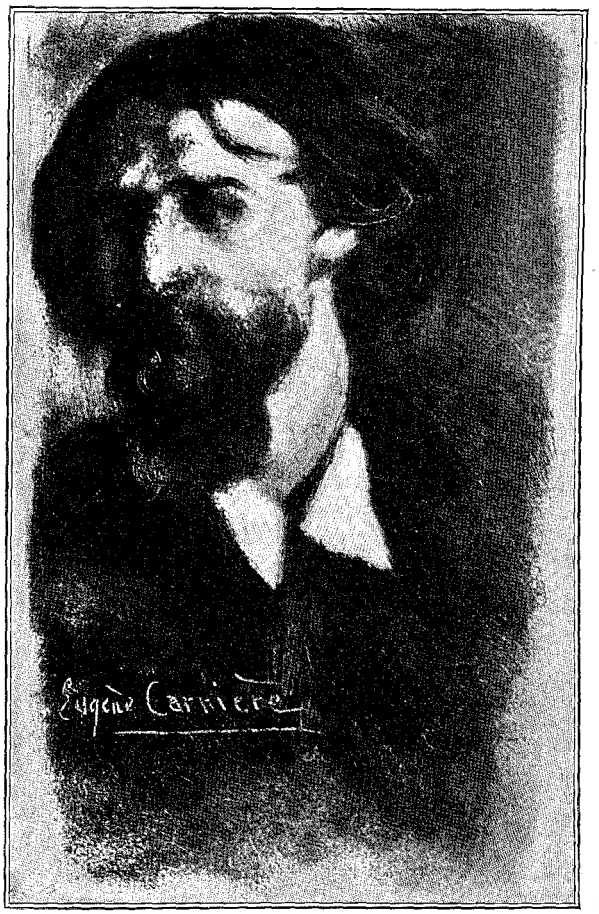

Alphonse Daudet.
By Carriere. (*Library.*)

makes for himself. Hence those same dinners that punctuate the literary history of France for forty years back. Dinners at the Café Riche, at Magny's, at Brébant's. Dinners now at the little house of Sainte-Beuve, in the rue Montparnasse; now with Gustave Flaubert, at Croisset; now in the rue de Courcelles, or at Saint-Gratien, with the Princesse Mathilde. Dinners of the "Cinq," the five "hissed authors." Hence those "Sundays" of the one, "Wednesdays" of the other. Hence, more lately, the literary gatherings of the Goncourt *grenier;* the literary gatherings at Médan, M. Zola's *propriété;* those at Champrosay, the country-home of Alphonse Daudet. Each is a safety-valve. At each the nervous irritabilities accumulated by too much work too long protracted —for the typical French man of letters is a tremendous, indefatigable worker—relieve themselves in paradoxes often gigantic, in statements often astounding, and in ironies always caustic. The Anglo-Saxon whose mental attitude is rarely pitched at the point of sympathy where he can gauge what meets his ears at its exact value, is generally far from his reckonings when he ventures to put forth an estimate of what he may have heard upon such an occasion. His trouble is that he takes everything too literally, and does not enough "make the share" of the elbow-room the talkers permit themselves. A certain exaggeration is the "note" of literary talks in Paris. You must not expect the text to mean just what it reads to mean. The talkers do not intend that it shall be expected.

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Madame Alphonse Daudet.

By J. Tissot. (Library.)

They are "moving ideas" for the pleasure, hygiene, solace, of the act, and doing so before an audience whom every intellectual audacity finds prepared, and besides prepared, tolerant. All this talk ends by making a density in the air which is almost to be felt, almost, you might say, visible and palpable; a real literary atmosphere, which envelopes both the "arrived" and the strugglers in a common medium, and has the effect of making other literary atmospheres seem, in comparison, of a rather chilly insubstantiality.

We said that another feature common to French literary circles was mutual interest among workers as to what they were striving for. There is a great deal of this interest, and it is impossible that there should not be in a community for whom the intellectual performance has always such immense reality. No one would claim, of course, that its presence was invariable. It is typical, but there are departures from the type. The circle of M. de Goncourt was precisely one of those exceptions, one of those instances of departure. But then Edmond and Jules de Goncourt had, from the beginning, been

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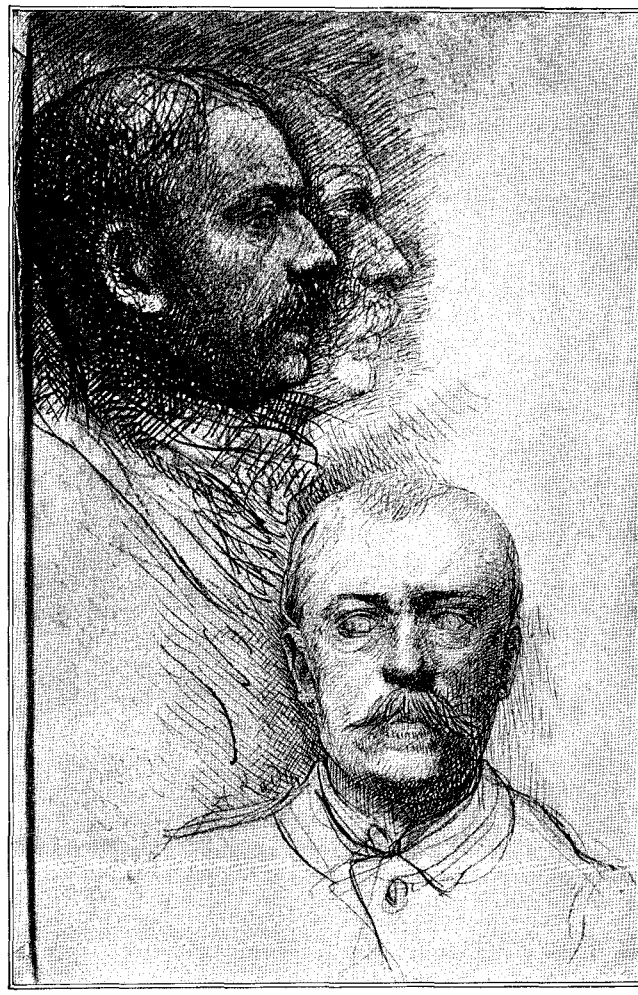

Octave Mirbeau.

From a pen-drawing by Rodin. (Library).

littérateurs of an extremely effective, but a rigidly circumscribed order. They can be justly reproached with having been narrow and deficient in intelligence beyond the boundaries of their own chosen field of perception. Their eminent success within that field was, in a way, a justification of their exclusiveness; but it does not alter the fact that their indifference to what lay outside was barbarous. With age, the limitations of M. de Goncourt tended to increase. Even those of his intimates who were most in sympathy with his ideas could not always deny that he bore down a little heavily toward the last on the rôle, as of the high priest of an esoteric cult, into which he had been led by circumstances; nor that he became somewhat too aggressively disinclined to suffer opinions that differed from his own. His circle appears, in the main, however, to have taken this rather overbearing pose in good part. And the whole situation is so illustrative of certain phases of the intellectual life of Paris that it becomes an interesting matter of consideration.

If M. de Goncourt did *pontifier* a little—or much—in the latter part of his career, that was perhaps excusable when one reflects how trying must have been the long stretch of years, in the first part of it, when his literary authority, and that

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The Princess Mathilde.
By L. Doucet. (Library.)

of his brother, were contested or ignored. They published their first book in 1851, and although Sainte-Beuve at once appreciated the originality of their peculiar form of cleverness, and opened the way for them by one of his illuminating criticisms—even as he had done, awhile before, for Gustave Flaubert, whom they resembled in so many ways—they were not thought of seriously, at first, either by the public (which, of course, was not to be expected) or by the mass of their literary confrères. They happened to belong to a family which was noble, though of recent nobility, and to have some means; and this, added to their preciosity, their horror of the banal and the commonplace, their contempt for people who sacrificed a tittle of their artistic conviction to money or the vulgar approval of the multitude, caused literary workers for whom fate had not prepared the way so agreeably, and who were obliged to take life more as they found it, to look upon them rather as elegant dilettanti than as men of letters with a mission. This was a bitter disappointment to the brothers, who toiled at their work-tables like galley-slaves day after day, only going out for a walk at eleven o'clock at night, and whose intense earnestness about their art was, whatever other criticism may be made of them, unquestionable from the start, and splendid in its integrity. Convinced as they were that they *had* a mission (which was to show, among other things, that modern life, with its increased complexities and feverish intensity, needed to be expressed in literature by a style quite different from all those hitherto employed, a style that would bite out the aspects of things as with an acid and make them

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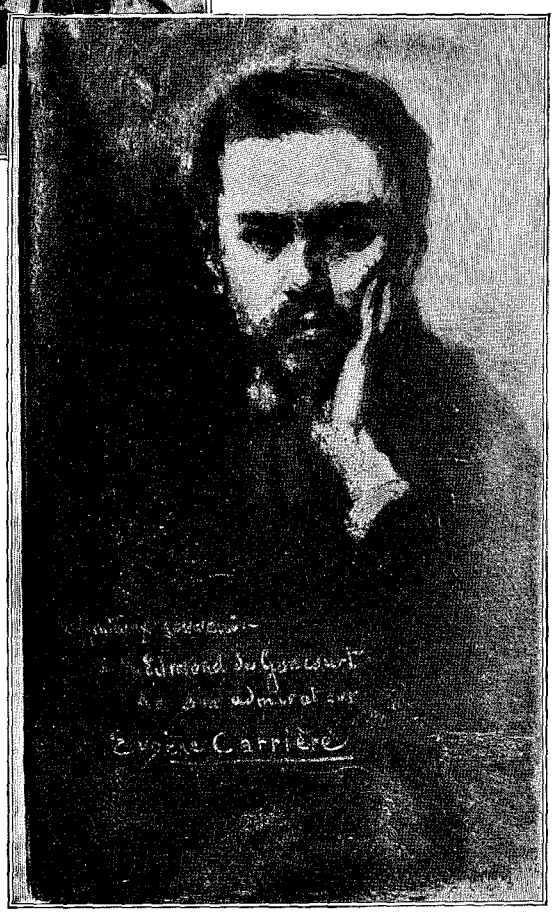
Léon Hennique, Executor of Goncourt's Will.
By Jeanniot. (Library.)

live; and, of course, their triumph in this direction is the thing that they will be remembered by;)—convinced as they were of their mission, it must have been indeed irritating to nerves so near the surface as theirs to have their ideals and endeavors regarded as, at best, the generous vagaries of gifted amateurs. It was a brilliant literary period, that which coincided with the last ten or fifteen years of the Second Empire; but the brothers Goncourt did not get much good or comfort of it. It was the period when the Magny dinners were in their glory, when the salon of the Princess Mathilde shone with its brightest lustre. It was the time when Sainte-Beuve was pouring forth those *Causeries du Lundi* which, for the average reader, were to be his definitive literary monument; when Tourguénieff, among his French friends, talked in his most inimitable fashion; when Mme. Sand came up from her farm in Berri to meet her old friend Flaubert at the dinners of the restaurant Magny; when Renan, just returned from Syria, just issuing from those years of laborious obscurity that had followed upon his rupture with Saint-Sulpice, was beginning, for the first time, and with something still of the shyness of the seminarist—he who was later to become so ironically fluent, so fascinating, a talker—to mix a little with his literary contemporaries and with the world. It was the time when the Bonaparte-Demidoff princess, the



Gustave Geffroy.
By E. Carrière. (Library.)

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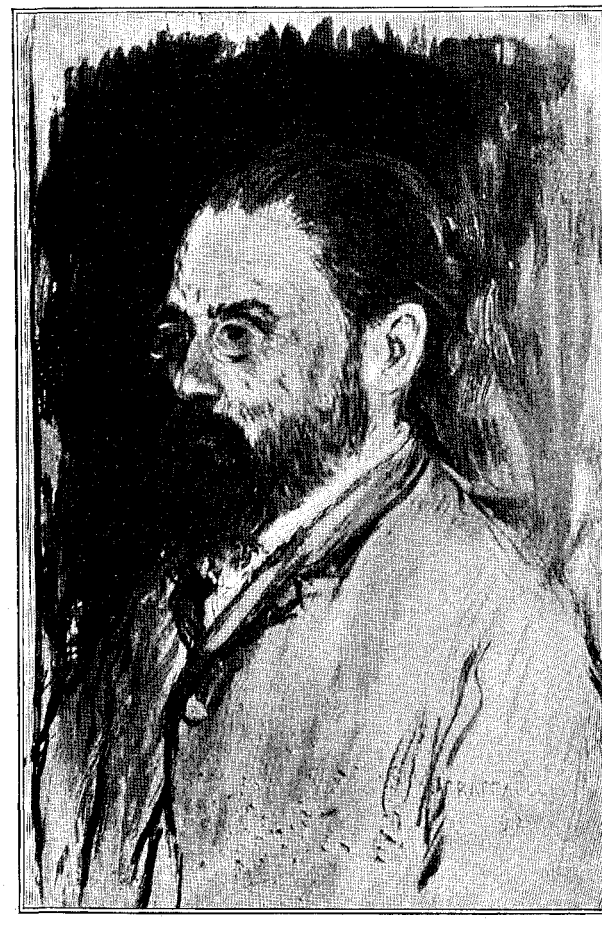

Émile Zola.

By Raffaëlli. (Library.)

friend of Sainte-Beuve, the friend of Edmond de Goncourt till his death, the woman whose passion for the things of the mind will always honor her, whose personality was so genially dominating, and whose faults were at least destitute of pettiness and drawn in large lines—as she, physically, was herself!—presided over her literary and artistic Wednesdays at the height of her feminine influence and beauty; beauty, that is, such as it is understood among her countrymen: an affair of presence and expression even more than of color and line.

Wherever they went the brothers Goncourt found themselves, during all those years, more or less out of their element. They were in sympathy with Gustave Flaubert, as has been already hinted, and they had two intimate friends in Gavarni, the caricaturist, and in Théophile Gautier, the poet, who had a great affection for the *précieux* also, and really indicated the possibilities of the *écriture artiste* before the brothers worked it up into the extraordinarily vibrant, sensation-giving vehicle of expression they were eventually to make it. But of other sympathies they had none. Science, which was beginning to take, in every department of the intellectual life, so large a place, and which was finding such votaries, in different directions, as Taine, Berthelot, and Renan, was for them non-existent. It was something which they never regarded very seriously; and the elder brother, if we are to believe all accounts, maintained this rather ingenious stand to the end—or exaggerated it.

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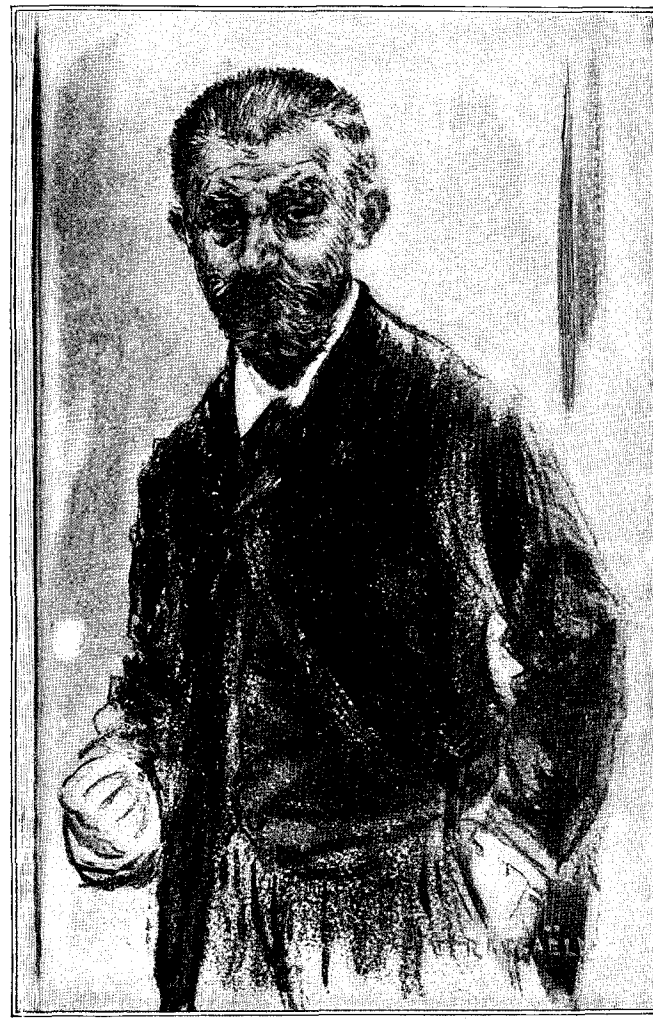
"What is science?" he is quoted as saying at one of the Sunday afternoons of the Garret. And an eye-witness describes the parallel drawn by the old man—he had a military head, and his glance, which Tourguénieff, in a letter to Flaubert, speaks of as *dur et luisant*, gave pith and point both to the head and its air in saying things—between science and a balloon. A balloon, could it ascend high enough, would pass the starry region, and enter into the great dark, the blackness of space. This blackness was the *néant* in which science also would lose itself. One can fancy the image being developed effectively enough by the old *causeur*, holding forth amid his circle of attentive disciples.

Those disciples began to gather after the German War, the year of which was likewise that of the death of the younger Goncourt; the more cynical, perhaps, but also probably the more originally gifted, Jules. The *écriture artiste* and naturalism had made their way, and the Deux Goncourt had become banner-bearers for a younger generation of writers and artists. It is not the place here to speak at any length of the connection between the impressionist school of modern painting and the literary impressionism of the brothers Goncourt,



J. K. Huysmans.
By Raffaëlli. (Library.)

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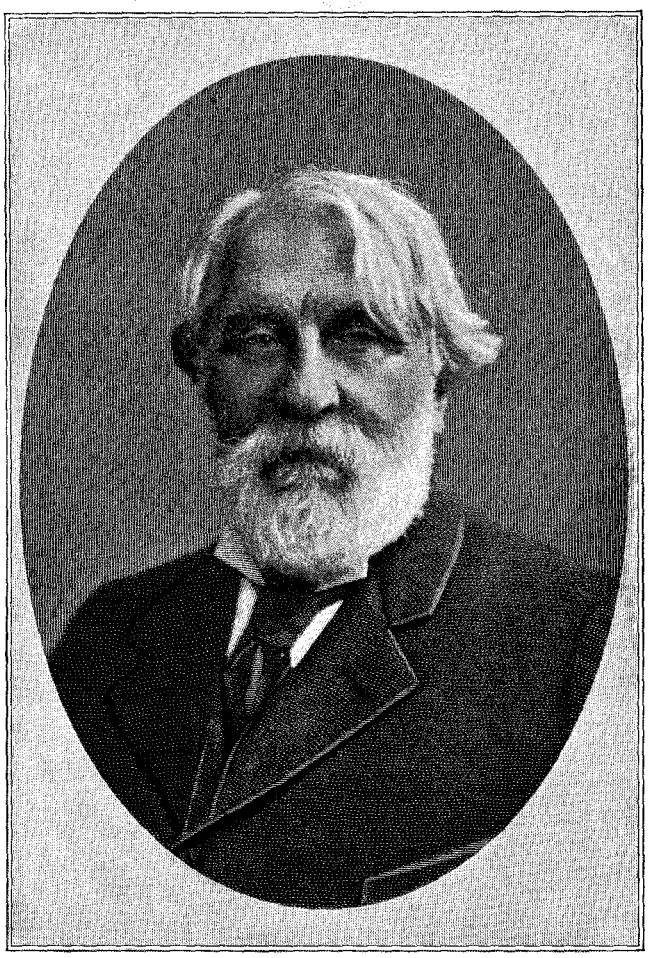

Tourguénieff.
From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

and of those who have "goncourized" in their wake. But many painters belonging, nearly or remotely, to that school, owe much of their inspiration to the artistic creed of MM. de Goncourt—a fact realized by such artists as Raffaëlli and Carrière, who were habitués of the house at Auteuil.

As a temple of naturalism—naturalism being supposed to be most genuine when most concerned with the uglinesses and sordidnesses of life—the little hotel of the boulevard Montmorency lacked character. But M. de Goncourt was a *raffiné* as well as a naturalist, and in the former capacity he had composed for himself a dwelling which suited him well. He had gathered about him specimens of eighteenth-century art—crayon and water-color drawings of Watteau and Fragonard, of Lawrence, and Moreau, the younger, and odd pieces of furniture and bric-à-brac—forming a collection to-day considered almost unique, and the nucleus of which dated from the early years when he and his brother had ransacked curiosity-shops in search of unpublished documents, autograph letters, and rare *bibelots*, of that period, which would enable them to reconstruct the mental and material environment of its painters and its pretty women in those historical studies which form one of the important parts of their literary output. M. de Goncourt was all his life long a passionate collector. A fine old engraving, the possession of the beautiful eighteenth-century

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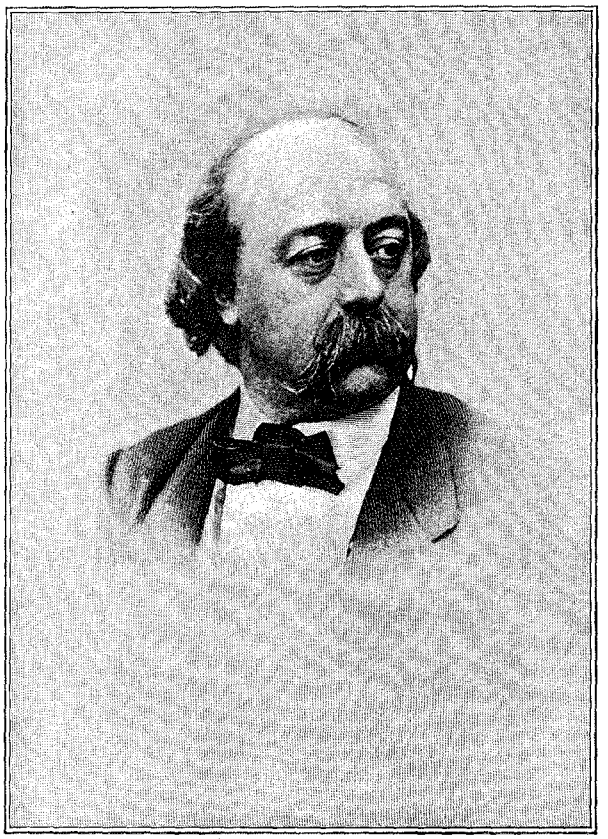

Gustave Flaubert.

From a photograph by Nadar, said to be the only one taken from life.

bed in which Madame de Lamballe had slept while she lived under the roof of her father-in-law, the Duc de Penthièvre, or (when he had become an exponent of Japanese art) a colored print of Hokousai or Outamaro, consoled him for all those daily irritations of existence which he felt so furiously. He said for all, but it did not go quite so far as that. M. de Goncourt never reached that entirely abstracted serenity that one associates with the typical lover of beautiful things.

Such was the setting, then, of those famous Sunday afternoons. M. and Mme. Alphonse Daudet, who were M. de Goncourt's nearest and dearest friends for a long time before his death—it will be remembered that his death occurred at Champrosay, where he had gone in ill-health to spend a few weeks—were the unfailing guests of the "*parlote littéraire*." Émile Zola, who was one of the five "hissed writers" that, in the seventies, had been wont to dine together—the four others being Edmond de Goncourt himself, Alphonse Daudet, Gustave Flaubert, and Tourguénieff—was another of the intimates, though in recent years his attendance had been less assiduous. Flaubert, on the occasions when he tore himself away from his work-room at Croisset to come up to Paris, had often shown his big Norse presence there; and one might have seen likewise the nephew whose literary beginnings he had guided so austerely, and who well repaid the pains—Guy de Maupassant. More lately there had been such men as Rodenbach, the Belgian poet, whose delicate, dreamy talent has so many affinities with that of his countryman, Maeterlinck; as Octave Mirbeau (the French discoverer, precisely, of Maeterlinck), a clever writer whom the Socialists have begun in recent days to claim

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for their own (one imagines the views M. de Goncourt must have held on *that* subject); as Gustave Geffroy, the art-critic; and *feuilletonists* known of the Tout-Paris, like Jean Ajalbert, like Paul Alexis. J. K. Huysmans gravitated naturally toward the author of "La Faustin;" and along with the tormented author of those two amazing books, "À Rebours," and "Là-Bas," there would appear — to lounge among drawings of Gavarni, *éditions de luxe* of contemporary authors, bound according to M. de Goncourt's especial designs, and illustrated, in flying leaves, in black and white, or color, by his artist-friends—the two brothers Rosny, the novelists whose collaboration has been modelled on that of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, and Paul Margueritte, another of the master's particular followers who will likewise, it is understood, collaborate hereafter with a literary brother in the same fashion and partnership. Curious instances, both of these, by the way, of an attempt to produce, by analogous technical methods, results akin to those which the brothers Goncourt achieved through the peculiarities of their extraordinary temperament. Then, with all these *jeunes* of literature (so-called, at least, until quite lately, when men of a very different school from that of M. de Goncourt, men like MM. de Vogué, Lavisse, and Wagner discovered a group of new *jeunes*, more authentic ones in point of age, whose ideas, as we have been apprised, are far removed from those of the æstheticians and naturalists), there were a crowd of painters, young men seeking their formula, men with individualistic art-theories, and so forth.

Desertions from the inner circle of the faithful would occasionally occur which touched the master of the house keenly. Such a defection as that of M. Pierre Loti, for instance, was calculated to seem to him an act of tragic disloyalty. How could any person, elected to be a member of the future Goncourt Academy, forswear his ideal artistic independence to truckle to the mediocre standard of excellence adored of the *bourgeois*, the standard illustrated by the academicians that sit under the classical cupola on the left bank of the Seine? These were the days, probably, when a disappointment of some such nature had stirred in him nervous reactions uncommonly acute, in which the *maître* did not willingly abide a word of opposition in his *cénacle*, in which it was better to be of his way of thinking than against it. The aristocrat—he always appeared in that character, more or less, to the imagination of his literary friends, who, like all Frenchmen, prefer to invest people with some definite rôle—the *intime* of the salon of the Princesse Mathilde, where he was surnamed "Délicat," could then take privileges, if the legend be trustworthy, that might have been discomposing to the looker-on were it not the fruit of experience to expect in the artistic nature the unexpected.

However this may be, the inner ring seems, we repeat, to have been proof against alienation. What with hasty words and brusquerie and sensitiveness, one may allow one's self to surmise that M. Alphonse Daudet, whose ideas were at so many points opposed to those of his friend, that Mme. Daudet, whose relations with the old man appear to have been so pretty and charming, so daughterly, motherly, womanly, friendly, may have passed through moments requiring much expenditure of the *finesse* of affection. To be the younger friend, the half-monitor, half-pupil of a *gloire* that is passing away—not a really great *gloire*, of course; M. de Goncourt made, perhaps, some illusions to himself on that score; but a celebrity, a large intellectual figure—is a situation that must offer some difficulties. It makes the happier impression to note the successful manner in which such difficulties are in France surmounted. There are surely few positions in which the Gallic nature shows to better advantage. The measure maintained in these relations is very satisfying to the sense of balance and proportion. That drop of acid that goes with the terrible objective lucidity of the national perception preserves the Frenchman admirably from the debauch of excess of veneration. Of those grotesque sentimentalities whose very hair can, you would say, be heard to *schwärmen*, and of which Germany and England have produced at given hours their share, the supply is small in France. But of real reverence for the *grand homme* there is much. And this reverence has, as a general thing, a fine

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catholicity. We have already noticed that the lack of catholicity among M. de Goncourt's friends was an exception. Of this willingness to pay respect to a man simply considered as an intellectual manifestation, and even an intellectual manifestation along lines opposed to the current of one's sympathies, there was a memorable illustration in the case of Paul Verlaine. We do not picture to ourselves our own minor poets making pilgrimages to Camden, N. J., there to show respect for what was great in Walt Whitman in spite of what there was in him that they did not approve of. At least, we do not picture those doing so habitually who had a care for their place in the social whole, and who did not wish to be considered to be wandering eccentrically afar off from the centre.

The centre among the French has always such drawing power that even the most centrifugal forces never get entirely away from its area of gravitation. It is the supreme triumph of the country that, more than any other, knows how to utilize all its elements, that it does not allow its most individualistic talents to drift so far from the common associations that they dry up in a rarefied isolation of their own, or exaggerate their individualism until it becomes impossible to convert it, in any shape, to the common account. Edmond de Goncourt and his brother, for example, were exactly the sort of men who in any other surroundings—if they can be fancied in any other surroundings—would have become social aliens, hermits. They had most of the gifts and all the defects which make recluses. But Paris managed to assimilate them; and the elder brother, who had begun by being an object of curiosity (sympathetic, in the case of Michelet, Sainte-Beuve, Théophile Gautier, and a few others; ironical, in the case of the majority), ended by being an authority and a power, and by impressing his exceedingly personal vision of art and existence on the work and ideals of a whole generation. The reason is that there *is* a validity in this vision which the brothers Goncourt had. Although they only saw a fraction of what life is, and art can do, they saw that fraction with *justesse* and intensity, and worked themselves beyond the bounds of health and strength to impose what they did see. The vogue of impressionistic and naturalistic writing is passing. One may say that M. de Goncourt died just in time. But it has left its trace, and something of it will remain, not only in French literature, but in every other. Paris, in short, took up what was vital in "Goncourism" and turned it to lasting and general use, which shows adaptability and aliveness to the idea. The surplus and dross are easily washed away.

It is this trick that Paris has which prevents its literary and artistic circles from being the really small affairs that they seem to the ordinarily intelligent observer. Especially was the circle of M. de Goncourt undoubtedly small. It was as contracted in many ways as it well could be. An observer not ordinarily, but extraordinarily, intelligent, Mr. Henry James, notes, with the discomfort that a close room gives to lovers of fresh air, that all Frenchmen of letters revolve in a very little space. M. de Goncourt certainly never travelled. Few littérateurs in France travel. They have, even in Paris, a little world of their own. They seem, in more directions than one, riveted to the spot. But if you move about a great deal, and have a variety of interests, and yet do not convert the acquisitions thus gained into methods or materials that give a fresh impetus to literary undertakings, you are not, as littérateurs, so much in the larger world of letters after all. Even if M. de Goncourt's soliloquies in the *grenier*, surrounded by his little court of worshippers—the *maître* in Paris tends naturally to soliloquize, whether he be a Victor Hugo or M. Stéphane Mallarmé—were chiefly amplifications of the notions and theories to be found in the "Journal" (and no one would call those broad or philosophical), he did belong to that larger world of letters, because he showed it a distinctly new way of getting at certain results. That much will hardly be denied, as time goes on, and the fact dignifies the group of which he was the central figure. One perceives that it had legitimacy.

It was, besides, a group of men, interesting and honorable for its singleness of devotion to work. Other literary men live more, it will not be contested, as men. M. de Goncourt, and those *jeunes* who thought as he did, lived, as littérateurs, with an intensity and absorption difficult to rival.

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One may criticize the temper of the exclusive craftsman as conducive to one-sidedness. One best describes it, nevertheless, by paraphrasing the famous sentence of Théophile Gautier in the "Journal:" Those who have it are men "for whom the invisible world of literary representation *exists*."

THE CHILD ALONE

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

THEY say the night has fallen chill—
But I know naught of mist or rain,
Only of two small hands that still
Beat on the darkness all in vain.

They say the wind blows high and wild
Down the long valleys to the sea;
But I can only hear the Child,
Who weeps in darkness, wanting me.

Beyond the footfalls in the street,
Above the voices of the bay,
I hear the sound of little feet,
Two little stumbling feet astray.

Oh, loud the autumn wind makes moan,
The desolate wind about my door,
And a little child goes all alone
Who never was alone before.

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THE UNQUIET SEX

THIRD PAPER—WOMEN AND REFORMS

By Helen Watterson Moody

NOT long ago, a man, a busy and successful editor, who has an unusual way of ruminating facts until he gets all the significance possible out of them, said to me, "Have you ever thought of this?—there are in this country at the present time an unusual number of capable and conspicuous women, at the head of distinguished political or educational movements and reforms, or administering unpaid public offices with great tact and charm, and with some helpfulness. Now, if one were fully to inform himself as to the station in life of these busy persons, he would find, I think, that they are, almost without exception, either women of great wealth, having, consequently, abundant leisure and the power to destroy it, childless or unmarried women, or self-supporting women whose business interests are supposed in some way to be forwarded by publicity."

Yes, I had thought about it in a desultory and unproductive fashion.

"Well, go on thinking about it and you will find conclusions ahead of you somewhere, if I am not mistaken."

I did go on thinking about it, and he was not mistaken, but the first conclusions I arrived at (by the pleasant Hibernian process) were questions. Which is cause and which effect? Is it public service for public service's sake or for publicity's sake? Is it not possible with leisure and the consciousness of money-power to develop a kind of epicureanism in reforms as in the other pleasures of life? Are we in danger of making a fad of what must be really a very solemn undertaking, when one considers that a reform is necessarily a readjustment of creation, and that if it comes to anything more than an experiment in reform, it must be about as serious a matter as creation itself? I have not yet answered any of these questions satisfactorily to myself. Can anybody give me a ray of light?

So much for the first conclusions, which, as you see, were no conclusions at all, and perhaps the second were like unto them, for the one serious matter I settled with myself was that I did not agree with my friend as to the limitation of this taste among women for public affairs. So far as my own observation goes, most women have it, to-day, to a greater or less degree, and have had it, with different manifestations, ever since the days when their Puritan fathers and husbands pushed into reforms, having not yet taken the time to push out of the wilderness. Those early days of transcendentalism in New England must have been glorious times for the reforming instinct, when, as Mr. Lowell says, there was "no brain but had its private maggot, which must have found pitiably short commons sometimes," and in which it is evident that women were deeply involved, from the very nature of the reforms themselves.

These dealt not only with the establishment of communities, where, as one chronicler has it, "everything was to be common, except common sense," and with a reversion to labor upon land, which was declared to be only work in which men could lawfully engage, but there were those who wished to do away with yeast, and eat unleavened bread, fermentation being considered an unholy and unwholesome process; there were persons who attacked buttons as allies of the devil, and other means of locomotion than legs, and marriages, and miracles, and the ordinary courtesies of expression—from all of which it is indubitably to be inferred that many of the prophets, even then, were of the unquiet sex.

Now, the desire for reform is by no means to be decried, since it must make an essential part of the working capital of every earnest man or woman. Heaven

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forbid that any word of mine should be interpreted as remotely casting levity (which is worse than casting discredit) upon any attempt on the part of anybody toward that strenuous reach to "exceed one's grasp" which is "what a heaven's for." Only since we women (I see no derogation in acknowledging it) are by that entire physical and mental organization generally known as temperament, more inclined to extremes in all things than men are, it appears wise to me that we should suspect the desire for reform whenever we can see that it has passed onward from that latent quickening heat which warms the ovum of thought to life, into the open excitement which will hopelessly addle it. To be able to sit down beforehand, to a cool and impartial scrutiny both of the animating spirit of our reforms and their objective and subjective results, seems to me wholly necessary, before we can be sure that we are not undertaking reform for reform's sake alone, or that in the high and unselfish purpose which is prompting us, we are not losing some adornments of character which seem to me greatly worth keeping.

It may or may not be worth comment that during the early days of reforms in this country there were more men reformers than women, but that later on, dating, perhaps, from the Civil War, the number of reforms instituted by women is the greater. Perhaps this bears out my editor's suspicion that leisure and wealth and the power it buys are at the bottom of half our reforms, as well as of half our mischiefs. At any rate, the number of public affairs we poor women have to look after nowadays must be either exceedingly gratifying or exceedingly disheartening, according to one's point of view. We seem to have the health of the country wholly in our hands (at least, one is inclined so to fear, contrary to what one has been taught to believe about microbes and bacteria, to say nothing of an all-wise Creator whom we used to credit with some sense of responsibility for the world He has made); we have kindergartens, and the Alaska Indians, and sanitary plumbing, and doing away with distinctions of sex in work, and the introduction of patriotic teaching in the public schools, and the higher education of parents, and dress reform, and many more things of like gravity, which, like the apostle, I have not time to speak of now.

Now, very likely all these things are good to do, and to be—and to suffer, too, if one is able to "drink fair" in the matter of reforms and to take as well as offer an appropriate opportunity for improvement. But it seems to me most essential that we should not lose what the Germans call Uebersicht, in our zeal, and that we should remember, however necessary it may be to the world alone that a social or political reform should be instituted, it is surely of much more importance both to the world and the reform—to say nothing of ourselves—that the reformer herself should be sane and pleasing—particularly pleasing. For here, my friends, I stoop to plead the cause of unreformed feminine nature. I have never been able to see why any one of us should be ashamed of a desire to please—even to please men. Could woman's desire go farther, on the whole, even in post-mortem vanity than the epitaph Mr. Lowell was so fond of recalling, "She was so pleasant?" For myself, in honest confession, I would rather be pleasant than be President, and St. Paul defend me if I imitate his humble example and speak these words as a fool!

One of the regrettable things about the reformatory instinct is its persistence. If one could only be occasionally a reformer and anon come back to one's quiet and passive provincialism, the case for the reformers would be proved at once. But a taste for reform is like a taste for the luxuries of life — one seldom gets over it. This in the case of women is particularly to be deplored, because there is likely to result a habit of mind and behavior more or less egoistic, downright, declaratory, and dead-in-earnest, while most of us still like our women as Sairey Gamp liked her porter —"drawed mild." Why not? Is there any advantage, in the nature of things, in severity and strenuousness over mildness and serenity? Can we be certain that the latter have not a surer vitality of their own? It is to the meek and not to the strenuous that the inheritance of the earth was promised, and at least it is to be conceded that in mildness and serenity is to be found the antidote to the strain and tension which the acceleration of the age

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puts upon us all. Possibly here is still another mission for women—or will be, when we get the composure to consider it: that of ranging ourselves with the calm and leisurely forces of nature which the hurry of modern life has not yet been able to alter, and which even the American must accept until he finds some way to change his constitution, or to do away with it altogether and live on the by-laws, as one American statesman used to say he did. The American may have discovered how to digest badly, but he has found no way to digest both well and quickly.

All this misbehavior on the part of men is bad enough, but it seems to me infinitely worse when it comes to women, for I do not see how it is possible to evade the conclusion, as indicated by the supreme functions and most imperative duties of women, that they were meant to live closer to nature than men were, to be a very part of its great orderly processes, and to have the inestimable privilege of sharing, if they will, in its simplicity, its largeness, its tranquillity, its unconscious patience. If this be true, and I like to believe that it is, it seems to me most essential that in our desire to perform one set of duties, we should not lose sight of another still more important set, that we should keep our sense of perspective, and not mistake, even in reforms, the false need for the real one; that we should be able to discriminate between the righteous necessity for fundamental adjustment and a mere desire to relieve our feelings.

"Is reform needed?" asks Walt Whitman. "Is it through you? The greater the reform needed the greater personality you need to accomplish it." Let us see. Is reform needed? Not always. A number of men and women, all good and wise, may meet together and, discovering a great evil or a real abuse, may decide that something ought to be done, and set about doing it at once. Yet it by no means follows that because things are out of joint no duty remains but to set them right. It is not quite enough that a reform should be desirable or even necessary; it must also be inevitable. And when it is inevitable it "hath a way" of its own. It seems then to be set in motion by an inner spiritual vitality rather than from any mechanical and outside force. And when the reform is accomplished, it is usually to be observed that it seems to have moved with a curious—almost a human—perversity, never in the obvious or direct line toward its end, but, bringing up its re-enforcements from unexpected quarters, its march has been through a series of zigzags, leading sidewise, backward, anywhere, but along the simple straight line upon which our convictions have settled as the one practicable method of approach. The genius of reform, like the genius of the German sentence, seems to be for "yawing and backing, for getting stern foremost and for not minding the helm." Nothing better betrays this delightful sense of humor in the spirit of reforms than that reform, at once the most complicated, the simplest, the most long-suffering, most endeared to the hearts of women—dress-reform.

It is hardly to be supposed that the dress-reforming spirit is a product of modern times, since we find the necessity of it enjoined upon women as far back as Bible times, but for present purposes it is sufficient to go back to forty years ago, when the women of this country began to look timidly and tentatively (much as the little fish in the fable looked at the fly on the hook) toward the mere possibility of such changes in the garments they wore as should conform them, in some degree at least, to the demands of beauty or health or convenience or adequate bodily protection. A few women, looking at the matter quite simply and directly, and conceiving, therefore, that dress-reform was a matter solely of individual and private concern, shut themselves into the privacy of their homes, snipped and sheared and stitched industriously, coming forth at last to shock the gaze of a waiting world with a curious hybrid garment, neither male nor female, lacking the stern practicability of the masculine garb, lacking also all the sweet appeal of the flowing feminine line, lacking even that long "petty-coat," without which, as the acute Mr. Pepys observed, "nobody could take them for women." It is not strange that the reform received a blow, then and there, from which it staggered along unsteadily, upheld only by the occasional enthusiasm of a business-like prophet, or a Rainy Day Club, or a Woman's Congress (where it

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crept in with other more popular and less necessary reforms) until about three years ago. Then, without any seeming movement, without declaring itself at all, suddenly, like light at the creative fiat, it *was*. And it *was*, not through any tempest of organization, or any whirlwind of enthusiasm, but through the still, small wheels of the bicycle, bringing forth the one thing that was necessary and had been lacking all the time—reason enough. What a regard for health or beauty, or convenience, or individuality, or comfort had never accomplished, the desire for pleasure brought at once. To-day the short skirt, the comfortable blouse, the well-protected ankle, make up a costume as respected and as non-committal on the streets of a great city as on the golf-links of the most remote hills. Dress-reform need go no farther in accomplishing its own ends, though it is certain to carry with it half a dozen linked reforms, more or less desirable. Given reason enough, you see—specific and immediate need—and any reform is inevitable, but in the absence of sufficient reason it is as impossible to accomplish a reform as it is physically impossible (to use one of Mr. Mallock's illustrations) to knock a man down unless he gives you a sufficient motive for doing so. There is no doubting that reforms are sometimes necessary; that the world is full of affairs which are not righteous, and that many of them should be set straight; just as there is a restful certainty that these surely will be set straight in their own ripe time. But it by no means follows that you and I are necessary to their reformatory conduct. I have sometimes wondered whether we women, conscientiously anxious as we are not to play the shirk in all questions of serious import, have not come to overrate the responsibility of the individual in the simple possession of convictions and powers. For it is not always inevitable, even in the stern deductions of the moral world, that because one has the ability to do fine things, nothing remains but to be constantly about their discharge. To be always living "at the top of one's voice" does away both with the logic and the distinction of the performance. I like to think that each one of us has a right, if she wishes it, to a sense of unexpended power and to the ample self-possession that comes with it, just for their own sweet sake, if she happens to prefer these to a more ostentatious and ambitious self-expression. And as for convictions, perhaps an advance in ethics may some day lead us to suspect that convictions were meant to be serviceable mainly as springs of action, and to govern us in our relations with others, rather than for promiscuous circulation among our friends—who may also happen to have convictions of their own. Possibly, too, we have been overadvised as to the peculiar responsibility for morals which is generally supposed to attend upon the possession of petticoats. Whatever the Turveydrops of the moral world may have to say about the necessity for elevating moral deportment on the part of "wooman, bewitching wooman," I have never been able to see any indubitable intent in nature herself toward binding them over to any higher moral standards than she does men. Both men and women seem to me to be compounded of the same average morality, though with certain unlike manifestations, largely the result of circumstances and opportunities. I see no special cause for believing that the average woman under like temptation would do very differently from the average man—a belief which is not lessened by Bishop Potter's recent accusation before the Women's Auxiliary of the Civil Service Reform Association, that they put their relatives into office whenever they get the chance, "without any evidence that they are fitted to fill the places they applied for." Possibly women were intended by their Creator to stand for the reformatory interests of life, but I think there is not, as yet, sufficient evidence thereto either in the nature of things or of women to warrant any special abrogation of other distinct and more familiar duties in favor of interests mainly moral.

And even if we had as a sex displayed that special aptitude for managing public affairs which has distinguished a few of us, we are still, most of us, as the division of labor adjusts things at present, either too busy or too tired to undertake them. It must be quite clear to those who are watching the trend of modern life with any interest as to its results, that we women are taxing ourselves to the point of physical distress and mental superficiality. We are carrying the heavy end of creation. We seem to desire to im-

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press ourselves and the world at large with the great virtue that consists in getting tired. I wish, instead, we might arise to such an appreciation of our physical worth and dignity as would make us as ashamed of exhaustion (except under extremest provocation) as we should be of any other equally grave physical immorality. And as for the extreme busy-ness in which we rather glory to-day, what is to be said of it except that it is no more worthy of respect than any other departure from nature, and that it argues not so much for general ability as for the specific inability to exercise a wise and proper selection in the affairs of life? Somewhat, also, does it indicate a lessened sense of personal dignity, in that we permit ourselves to be whipped like slaves through each day with the scourge of many duties.

I suppose the end of reform is the betterment of the world at large, and with that in view it has always been surprising to me that so little attention has been given to the part played in this general betterment of creation by mere happiness. I believe it is Mr. Stevenson who says that the duty of being happy is the most underrated duty in the world. And in spite of all we may wish or assert to the contrary, there is indubitable evidence that happiness, up to date, at least, has a basis in physical well-being. I suppose one of the reasons why the reformers of the earth have not been notably delightful persons to live with is because they were either too busy or too tired to be happy. And yet a happy man, and especially a happy woman, is a radiating focus of reform, for such a person possesses that gentle and diffused persuasiveness which leads us into willing good endeavor, simply because it displays to us the good taste of enjoying fine behavior.

But however true this may be, there will still be some of us whose taste is for the purple of heroic action; who would rather give themselves to public benefaction than to private happiness, as also there will be some whose splendid abilities will give them to command both. For these there may be a not unfriendly suggestion in occasionally recalling the remark of the sage Mr. Birrell, that there is "a great deal of relativity about a dress-suit." There is also a great deal of relativity about reform, and it is the failure upon the part of many reformers to understand this which makes the pathos and the humor and the satire of so many reforming movements, in themselves noble and uplifting. The social structure being not a thing of mechanical parts, but a living growth, it is impossible even to lop off an excrescence without drawing blood from the whole body. It is with reforms as with everything else in the world that is an evolution and not a manufacture—you cannot get one end, which you may want, without getting the other end, which you will probably not find so desirable. It was, as Mr. Lowell says, the inability of Don Quixote to discover for himself what the Nature of Things really was, or of accommodating himself to it if he had discovered it, which makes the work of Cervantes an immortal commentary on "all attempts to re-make the world by the means and methods of the past and on the humanity of impulse which looks on each fact that arouses its pity or its sense of wrong as if it was or could be complete in itself, and were not indissolubly bound up with myriads of other facts both in the past and the present. . . . Don Quixote's quarrel is with the structure of society, and it is only by degrees, through much mistake and consequent suffering, that he finds out how strong that structure is, nay, how strong it must be, in order that the world may go smoothly and the course of events not be broken by a series of cataclysms. . . . 'Do right though the heavens fall,' is an admirable precept so long as the heavens don't take you at your word and come down about your ears—still worse, about those of your neighbors. It is a rule rather of private than public application, for, indeed, it is the doing of right that keeps the heavens from falling."

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THE POINT OF VIEW

Education and Travel.

THERE is general concurrence as to the value of education, but wide diversity of opinion as to what education consists in and by what processes it may best be obtained. President Eliot, a high authority, in the essay in which he sets forth "Wherein Modern Education has Failed," finds so much that is amiss in contemporary schooling as to make his reader wonder at the persistence of the American intelligence in developing as well as it does. Mr. Grant Allen, whose views, though less authoritative, are at least interesting, in a recent essay finds abundance of fault with present methods and proclaims, for one thing, that the study of languages, dead and living, has been enormously overvalued as a means of mental training, and that a boy may much better spend two years of his youth in travel than three in a university. The usefulness of travel for rightly trained and constituted lads is so generally recognized that it is not at all unusual for parents who wish to give their sons every chance possible to increase in wisdom to offer them the choice between spending several years in Europe or going to college at home. Each of us knows one or two men who have pursued education in this way, and we are used to compare them with their college-bred coevals and pass opinions as to which method of intellectual development resulted best. Every year there are lads who were fitted for college and, perhaps, entered, but went abroad. To compare them six or eight, or ten or twenty, years later with their schoolmates who went on and took their college degree is, perhaps, the most available test of the respective efficiency of the two methods; and it seems safe to say that, according to that test, the educational fruits of travel and study abroad compare very well with the products of the domestic tree of knowledge.

If, then, in the opinion of educators and as judged by its results travel is so useful a means of true education, how comes it that it is not more generally and systematically cultivated as a means of intellectual training and enlargement for American youth? If there is one thing for which more than for another American dollars are obtainable it is for purposes of education. Rich men who want to do something for posterity and the America of the future feel that the thing of the first importance is that the coming American shall be wise; and though they cannot bequeath wisdom to him they do what seems the next best thing by providing, in so far as they may, that he shall have the appliances and the opportunity to learn. Besides the annual expenditure for the common-school system in this country, the income of endowment funds valued at one hundred million dollars at least is annually expended for colleges and universities. The lad who wants to go to college has the way made smooth for him by the benevolence of the friends and patrons of education. The lad who is impressed by the educational advantages of travel and foreign study, must, if he seeks education by that method, pursue it at his own cost. If travel is so instructive and so useful in developing mental power, is it not strange that it has not occurred more generally to liberal promoters of true education to try to bring it within the reach of youths to whom it is not available? There are, it is true, a few funds which provide incomes for American youth who wish to pursue abroad some special line of investigation; but nothing has ever been done on a large scale to send young men to Europe or elsewhere, to see the world and learn from it what will make them more useful Americans when they get back. It is possible that this is a development of liberality that will come in time. If it seems a fantastic plan, is not that because we are not used to it? The Japanese have been doing something of the sort for the last thirty years, and no nation on earth has made progress as they have.

MY friend Alanson, whose liking to do things his own way extends even to his choice of opinions, tried college education for a year or two and has also travelled very much more widely than the average American. When I asked him whether travel or university instruction paid better he de-

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clined to express a preference for either, but declared that the way men really got education was by trying to do something. Men who did things, he thought, developed their powers and learned to distinguish fact from theory. There was nothing, he felt, so instructive as to make something work; to make a plan and carry it out; to make a machine that would go, to carry on a business and exact a profit from it; to hunt a wild creature and get it; to hunt a star, or a microbe, or what you will, and find it. Alanson did not seem to care for the sort of education, however obtained, that enabled its possessors to disapprove of the universe and its workings without being able or perhaps willing to do the first practical thing to make it work better. The man who does something, he felt, is the man who really learns how. He did not disparage preliminary education, nor at all suggest that children had better be put to grow cabbages than to learn to read; but he did seem to feel that persons who assumed to be educated ought to be able to prove that they knew something worth knowing by doing something worth doing, or at least by being something worth being. He did not care for an imaginary capacity that could only find its expression in an imaginary world. If a man assumed to have learned how a ward ought to be carried, or a city governed, he wanted him to demonstrate the worth of his theories by at least attempting to carry a ward or govern a city in his way. The man who has a theory according to which a silk purse can be made out of a sow's ear, may seem to be an ingenious person as long as he keeps from putting his notion into practice. But he would not do for Alanson, who would never admit that his scheme was a good scheme unless the purse was forthcoming.

Processes and Results.

Such sentiments as Alanson's have their weight with us all in our attitude toward education. We are not satisfied with processes. More and more we want results. If the colleges profess to teach the humanities and make gentlemen we insist that the instructed shall demonstrate that they *are* gentlemen. We don't like slugging in football games or trickery in racing, or professionalism or sharp practices in any kind of sport. The great educators of the country are quite of our mind in these matters (or it may be that we are of their mind). They want results, too. At one college, where there is a strong sentiment that a college graduate should write good English, the practice of late years has been to make students write and keep them at it until they learn how. So in teaching various sciences there is an increasing tendency toward laboratory practice and field practice. To tell after a fashion how something ought to be done isn't enough; it is necessary to do it. If a man does something we shall all admit he knows how.

Year by year we see in politics the same impatience of theories and the same demand for actualities. The theoretical politicians are no longer content to call names at the practical politicians. They go to school to them and learn their methods, and if they cannot adopt them, try to overcome them by means which they can use. They are learning; they improve. The plan of the practical politician has seemed to be, in the cities especially, to give the people the worst and most corrupt government they would tolerate. The plan of the theoretical politician has been to give absolutely good and non-partisan government. Perhaps that is too much to hope for; for the sort of education that has results teaches that almost every product bears an inalienable relation to its materials. But at last we are justified in believing that we shall ultimately get the best government possible, and our justification lies in this, that the theorists have gone to work and are finding out what will wash and what will wear, and what will not. When that sort of investigation begins something comes of it.

The Weather-Bureau Frame of Mind.

FEW people ever get beyond a weather-bureau point of view toward Nature; to the majority, a day or night is either rainy or clear, dry or damp, hot or cold, and the seasons as they come and pass are empty-sounding names. The wonder of a morning when the leafless trees, all wan, seem groping through the mist to undimmed day, is lost to them; they bolt the door and wait for the fog to lift. In a complacently filled corner of such people's minds, weather, with its synonym, Nature, is tucked away with other equally original interpretations, and as bad weather is disagreeable, it follows that Nature must be equally intolerable during a fog. Yet from the fogs and storms and mists of an Iceland fishing-season Pierre Loti has made a story, beautiful, fantastic, like frost-lace on a window-pane.

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I know a little stream whose waters run to the horizon and drain the sky of half its color. Golden-rod, wild sunflowers, and purple thistles bank the stream on either side; and when the flowered fields give back the sunset's glow, this little stream runs liquid golden-rod, fringed with reflected purple. But who in all the country round cares if the flowered fields are vying with a summer sunset? It isn't raining, a breeze engenders thoughts of a cool night for sleeping, and there's an end of it. That cloth-of-gold, the fallen leaves quilting the grass, the turquoise sky and all the tarnished brightness of an autumn day move them to profoundly observe that "it's awfully warm for this time of the year." Winter's silver silence turns their thoughts more completely to material affairs, and when it rains or snows or blows or fogs, the women, triumphant champions of the eternal occupation of the fingers and the ultimate deadening of the imagination, produce superfluous linen things and fill them with unnecessary stitches.

However, when a literal-minded individual does admire any object in the world—on a clear day, of course, or that person wouldn't be looking out of doors — you may count upon that individual's taste running to a cherry-tree in blossom or a full-foliaged maple. Now, the delight of a cherry-tree, really, is when in early spring little pale-red shivers run over every branch, or later when the snow of blossoms flies and blurs the outline of the tree at every wind-gust, and not, as the literal-minded individual thinks, when it is covered with masses of white like a Christmas-tree strung with pop-corn. This same individual sighs for leaves on a naked maple when every branch ensnares the stars—the cool, pale-golden stars which make one's heart ache for longing to possess them by the handsful and feel their soothing golden drip between one's feverish fingers.

It is a sorry fact that riding the bicycle is responsible for other afflictions than "the bicycle-hump" and "the bicycle-face;" it encourages the weather-bureau mind to an alarming extent. When the sky turns gray on an autumn day and a mist transforms a common elm into a fluted-mouthed, slender-stemmed Venetian glass vase, the disappointed cyclist scorches home, grumbling for commonplace sunshine, and little dreaming what a marvellous change of scene he has lost in his frantic endeavor to keep a little dampness from falling on the handle-bar. But where's the good of talking when most people in this highly civilized world enjoy only the few glaring days of summer weather, when lawn dresses are in vogue and it is "the thing" to go to the country to show them off? One sighs for the sympathetic companionship of a little South Sea savage, like the one Charles Warren Stoddard tells of, who was inthralled every evening by "watching a particular cliff in a peculiar light and at a certain hour;" or exclaims once more with Wordsworth,

Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.

"THE Golden Age," Kenneth Grahame calls childhood, looking back at it through the vista of intervening years. It *is* a golden age, albeit more golden in the remembrance than in the actual enjoyment, as it may be the best joys always are. But perhaps the *Recollection* of Childhood is the real golden age, the age at which men most nearly approach the pure gold of indestructible joy. I call it second childhood, this season of life when the spirit of youth lives in men, kept alive by the glorified memories of childhood days and the yearning to "be a boy again." The phrase ought to be divorced forever from connection with the lean and slippered pantaloon, and kept for this mood of the strong man. First childhood, let us say, is like Eden; but man was not man in Paradise. Not until he had tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and the angel with the flaming sword had taken up his guard before the gate of the garden of ignorant happiness, did the retrospect have anything of spurring regret or the prospect anything of yearning and allurement. Not until he has known what sin is and what is shame do the other days take hold on man's remembrance, and bring back the spirit of eternal boyhood by which man must enter the Kingdom. The world has been nineteen centuries in interpreting the scene where the Saviour took a little child and pointed to him as the key. Men have spent themselves in searches after every other; they have been stoics and epicures, they have counted life all and counted it naught; they have looked to Alexander and to Diogenes alternately for the secret of happiness, and found it in neither.

Second Childhood in Literature.

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To-day it seems as if we were beginning to understand. Perhaps it has been in part due to the evolutionists that the boy has been taken from the status of an underdone man and put at the root of all human potentialities and possibilities. Froebel's philosophy of child-gardening, too, has done as much for parents as for offspring; until it has become a common thing to hear mothers of the hard-working classes discussing the traits and beauties and tendencies of childhood in a way which was unthought of by the learned of fifty years ago. Little by little this wide-spread awakening of intelligent interest in childhood is finding expression in literature. In the wastes of tawdry "realism," iconoclasm, cynicism, and shamelessness, men have lifted up voices of regret for the epic age, and cried aloud for the times when life was simpler. A great living writer has paid his tribute to one of the greatest of writers recently dead by saying of him, in loving tenderness: "He was the spirit of boyhood tugging at the skirts of this old world of ours and compelling it to come back and play." Certainly Stevenson deserved this word of Barrie's; and to many he will seem as fine an incarnation of the second childhood as the world has seen.

Since Lamb, who perhaps was the first great boy in literature, there had been few enough before Stevenson to know this spirit; but now we have all at once "Sentimental Tommy," "The Golden Age," "The One I Knew the Best of All," "The Child-World," and Mrs. Meynall's essays on the child, and others—books whose grasp and increasing hold upon the public taste go far to indicate that some of the finest and delicatest possibilities in literature are opening up to the vision of the second childhood. One has need only to compare Wordsworth's sentimental poetizing about childhood with Riley's "Child-World," for instance, to measure the difference between the old insight and the new. The one looks upon a child with nicely summoned sentiment as a type of what he used to be before manhood's wisdom came to sit in state upon his brow; the other sees in childhood not only what he used to be, but what he hopes again to become. It is the apotheosis of ingenuousness; the triumph of instinct over logic, of faith over reason, of intuitive judgments, which are the kindliest, of strong and simple likes and dislikes, unswerving loyalty, unquestioning love, ungrudging tribute and all unconventionality.

In the attempt to escape convention recent literature has already been driven to the soil for the elemental life which really appeals to men, and in which it is possible to depict things worth depicting. Of the men who have succeeded, this has been true to an extent often laughable; and the children of the soil have not been able to sustain the reputation for all the primitive strength and potentiality which their historians have given them. Neither, in all probability, will childhood be able to sustain the burden of adult literature for long. Violence will undoubtedly be done as soon as the tyro begins with clumsy fingers to meddle with the exquisite essence of what we call second childhood. It is not far from the maudlin and the mawkish, this newest phase in literature. One trembles to think of the fools who will rush in while angels stand hesitatingly without, fearful of ground so delicate. There are sad possibilities ahead if the ideal of second childhood takes hold as firmly as it promises to do; yet in spite of them the child hero or heroine is welcome, aside from the actual joys which have come with Tommy and the rest, because of the spirit which will survive the special type. It is one of the broad and simple forces by which alone new life comes into literature.

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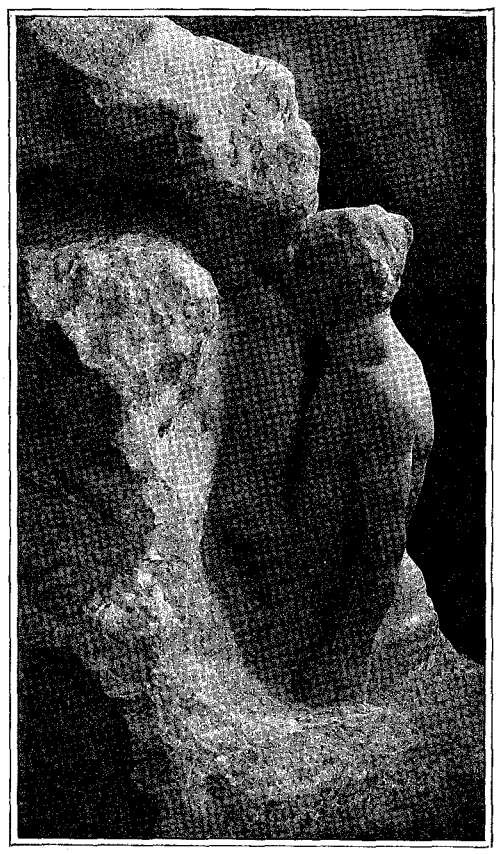
THE FIELD OF ART

TWO RECENT WORKS OF RODIN

RODIN has been in poor health for two or three years past, and his important works, with the notable exception of the Victor Hugo monument, have remained nearly untouched. The public can afford to wait for such sculpture as the Dante portal, however. Meantime the leisure of such an absorbed worker has been comparative leisure only, and is to be gratefully credited with not a little production of (also comparatively) minor rank. Two examples of it are given herewith. They have a value of their own, an interest that attests specifically the spontaneity and persistence of artistic impulse to which they are due, and that atones for the enforced interruption of some of the sculptor's more arduous and complicated undertakings.



"The Artist and the Ideal."

Each is an extremely characteristic Rodin — sculpturally, in the first place. Where is modelling quite like this to be found elsewhere? In nature, and, at a still farther remove, perhaps, from current art, in the antique. As in all Rodin's work, the physical basis is as uncompromisingly insisted upon as it is thoroughly understood. It is obviously seized as an opportunity rather than accepted as a limitation. The sculptor's art and feeling have taken cordial and complete possession of it. The modelling is inherent, not merely skin deep, and follows the structure and its movement with intimate interpretation, so that it seems to issue finally in surface and quality—as if the process were one of growth more than manipulation. Notice the back of the male figure, for example. It is very beautiful in surface and quality, in texture and variety, but this beauty is not so much enhanced by as it absolutely inheres in the structure. And though we see of course but the envelope, we delight in what we divine beneath it. A section would show a beautiful silhouette. And similarly in the female head, it is the form felt and expressed so fundamentally that constitutes the central source of one's interest and pleasure.

Interest and pleasure are awakened by the superficies, too, it is needless to point out. Any sensorium to which this makes no quick appeal is plainly lethargic. Modelling expressive of heroic qualities, however, is perhaps generally associated with Rodin's work, and for that reason, no doubt, his work is not yet as popular as it will, of course, become when it becomes generally known how popular it already is. It is singular but certainly true that power and force often escape recognition in minds that readily apprehend sweetness and charm. One would say that

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one element was as appreciable æsthetically as the other. But force is doubtless more easily confounded with eccentricity, with brutality, than charm is with insipidity, by just the degree of intelligence that occupies itself voluntarily but not very vitally with the unfamiliar in art. Anyone can see how soft and sensitive, how smooth and suave are the contours and surfaces of these two pieces, and to find these qualities in Rodin's work must be piquantly agreeable to the sense of contrast aroused in those ignorant of how eminent in much of his work these qualities are. Then, too, the modelling shows a high degree of finish, and finish is very dear to the crude. It is probably the most popular quality in the round world.

Indeed, it is the lack of finish in the rough-hewn and scarcely shaped marble in which these sculptures are engaged that will most stand in the way of their appreciation. The female head is very beautiful, but why did Rodin not complete the figure? The youthful form embedded in the background is charming, but why is it not more completely realized? are questions that will obsess the traditional observer. At all events the reason is not that the difficulty was so great as to be avoided by the sculptor of the "Age of Bronze" and the "Dante Portal." Well, then, it will be said the trouble is in his point of view. In his point of view there is an alloy of pose; he is concerned to astonish, to antagonize, to do the unexpected. There is, of course, no answer to this objection except in so far as it is a moral one. And morally it has no value, for Rodin's is an absolutely simple and sincere nature. Æsthetically it is as useless to discuss the question whether or no pose is shown in the independence of precedent and neglect of tradition characteristic of Rodin's work—in the personality of its point of view—as it is to discuss *à priori* the whole question of classicism *vs.* romanticism.

After all, in works of the first class one admits the point of view. The real question is *its* value. If these sculptures are fragmentary, they are intentionally so, and they are conceived in sincerity. It is their significance that gives them their chief claim on our interest. They are beautifully composed and modelled, but it is the ideas they illustrate and the way in which they illustrate them, what is called their "literary" side—to use the stigmatizing epithet of the trades-union technicians who see no difference between a joke in *genre* and "The School of Athens"—the appeal they make to the mind, in a word, that places them for us. And it places them, I think, in a very high niche. "*C'est simplement une idée, la pensée et la matière*—Thought and Matter," explained Rodin to an inquirer about the female head emerging from, yet trammelled by, the block on which it rests. The other is, I think, called "The Artist and the Ideal;" submissive and reverent absorption reaching a real union of spirit with the beauty that can never be grossly realized, it certainly expresses. And to express such ideas as these and express them so poetically and so sculpturally, with such a union of power and charm, using forms of such beauty to convey adequately conceptions of such spiritual significance is, one would think, to earn immunity from the criticism that inquires why the artist did not do something else, or do this in some other way. W. C. B.

To another inquirer, an artist, an admirer of his, who had said to him, of the head emerging from the rock, "Well, did you mean anything?" Rodin answered, "*Enfin, c'est une fleur sur un rocher.*" Then, in the loose, conversational manner of artists, the great sculptor spoke of having made a study from nature, therein most carefully observed, and nothing more. And his admirer demurred, saying, "That is impossible; you must have done something with the nature that you copied, or I could not have that contradictory impression of this being a work of art, and curiously, of its reminding me of Greek work," and there the explanation ceased. But Rodin, years before, had explained to this same inquirer what in a certain way separated Greek art from our modern work, more completely even than their respective canons of proportion and their ideals of beauty, and that was extreme sense of life; the expression of movement by a position of repose. Life was what he sought for and he obtained his expression by complications of excessive finish, or by want of detail, as the case might be. To anyone who knows his work, or has even seen nothing more than such photographs as are here given, there can be no doubt about the artist's tremendous capacity for rendering facts—visual facts. But the manner in which life has been given to his work is that of some change in what the commonplace mind would see as

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the real form. The writer remembers a wonderfully realistic figure of Rodin's —a woman meant to be flying—which was modelled quite nude, with the most marvellous rendering of those parts of the body which he intended to drape, later. In this case, Rodin explained how, after obtaining the actual form of the arm moving near the breast and side, he had thickened it and made it apparently more fleshy, meeting the roundness of the body so as to represent the colored reflection that belongs to living flesh—a reflection which increases its appearance of size, and which the painter can give in color without changing the proportions to a great extent, but which in the cold white marble could only be brought to the eye by presenting a larger surface for glitter and reflection. The sculptor smiled in all the simplicity of triumph, hardly admitting that the idea was worth dwelling upon, so much more certain he was of having copied the thing from nature. With his interviewer he was shy of references to Greek art; and he might not have taken with pleasure any expression of analogies to Michelangelo. Barye he expressed great admiration for, intimating that he was the sculptor of the century. He himself had been a scholar of Barye's long ago, and a scholar who did not understand the value of his master. The master, a quiet old gentleman entirely absorbed in his art, who studied and re-studied it every day, having no pretence, no æsthetic appearance, no outside, as it were, to use the French expression: the scholar, young and anxious and exposed to that storm of bad taste which has enveloped the latter part of this century.

"Thought and Matter."

Around him in Paris there were plenty of tall young men with more or less red beards, and with red cravats, who could drink beer late at night and "talk art," so that the youngster could get a full sense of satisfaction without wasting his time in dry measurements and all the weary training which underlies the easy poetic expression of feeling in art. And Barye was forgotten; until one day the scholar, become then almost a master, recognized in some little bronze of Barye's the idea for which in reality he had been striving; that idea of movement and life in what physically is a single immobilized position.

These statements came in answer to the admiration expressed by his interviewer, who thought he had discerned in the sculptor's work certain accuracies of movement in life which the average excellent sculptor passes over. These traits of life in motion the admirer had not been able to obtain in his own work, which, however, was of a different kind. No man walks the street or the room as a man walks the stage. Every part of his body

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meets the fact of slight changes of level, of possible arrest and sudden halt, of having to yield and make place and allow for the passage of other people, and that must extend over every part of the complicated mechanism of the body and of the clothes. Thus the animal groups of Barye play together as a whole, every part of which is dependent upon every other part. On the contrary, the modern sculptor too often represents his figures as if they moved in free space; and even when they are grouped, no part of them has yielded to that fear of contact, or that necessity of contact, which in companionship with anybody else becomes a guide of all motion. Now, that sense of fact this other artist recognized in Rodin as he had in Barye, and the great sculptor was pleased at being so far understood.

With the possession of this secret; with an enormous experience, an artist like Rodin, a man with a hidden source of emotion and thought and feeling, will be led to the highest use of form; form as a language, as rhythm and metre and words are the manners of expression of the poet who writes. The images made in clay or marble or paint will, in reality, be the words of a language, an attempt at saying things which are too complicated, too subtle and too involved for the forms of literature. Something of this we all feel in the work of Michelangelo after he has passed from his beautiful youthful stage of realism and has begun to think in terms of the human figure. We all know that; he has told us so, and we also know that wisely he has told us very little. His training in literary expression may have made him wise and led him to perceive that he could not explain except by the things themselves. So profoundly true, however, is this explanation of all his later work that no one doubts that even the merest ornamental and academic pose, of the painted figures in the Sistine Chapel, is connected in some subtle way with his spiritual life. Quite as much as the figures that represent the stories of the Old Testament do the figures supporting architectural forms give the impression of some mental struggle, of some view of life, of some memories of a moral state of mind, obscure perhaps even to himself, but coexistent with, and lasting through, the carrying out of their mechanical execution. So, in another way, the arrangements of color made by the great colorists have represented, as music represents by its arrangements of notes, either peace or struggle or triumph or passion or some state of the human soul: those states of the human soul which the great Italian was tired of and broken down with when he said that he had known them all. If we realize this we can see how dangerous it is to label them with any but some such title as goes to a piece of music or to the heading of a poem. Perhaps, after all, Rodin may have had both of the ideas which are noted above, and many others also, while he worked on that little head emerging from the rough stone. The artist in plastic art—as perhaps the musician—often gives to those outside of himself too definite an explanation in words. In proportion to the fulness of his life, the meaning will be more complex and more impossible to put into the language of the dictionary. Often, for the artistic mind untrained in analysis, the momentary feelings which have waked up other older feelings and memories of execution by the hand will be supposed by him to have created the impulse. Very often they have been nothing but the favorable wind, the breeze that has carried him on. I have known of a painter who could remember how certain modellings of his figures, especially in the touches indicating their expression, had been executed while a sonata of Beethoven was being played to him. Each touch was influenced and apparently brought down to the canvas by the rhythm of the notes; afterward there was nothing to show that the forms had depended upon the state of mind of a man long since dead, who had expressed in the notes he put together sentiments different from those that animated the painter, though connected perhaps in their being deeply felt, and their being extremely serious, and their being brought to rhythm and to law. Had that painter claimed that the painting of a certain cheek represented such a passage of the "Adelaïde" we should laugh. In terms of words he would be entirely in the wrong, and yet, if his mind were uncritical, like that of a child, he might certainly believe that the meaning of that music was translated into those pigments; and I have known artists who might have said so. This is the difficulty of putting old words to a new service for which they were never meant.

J. L. F.

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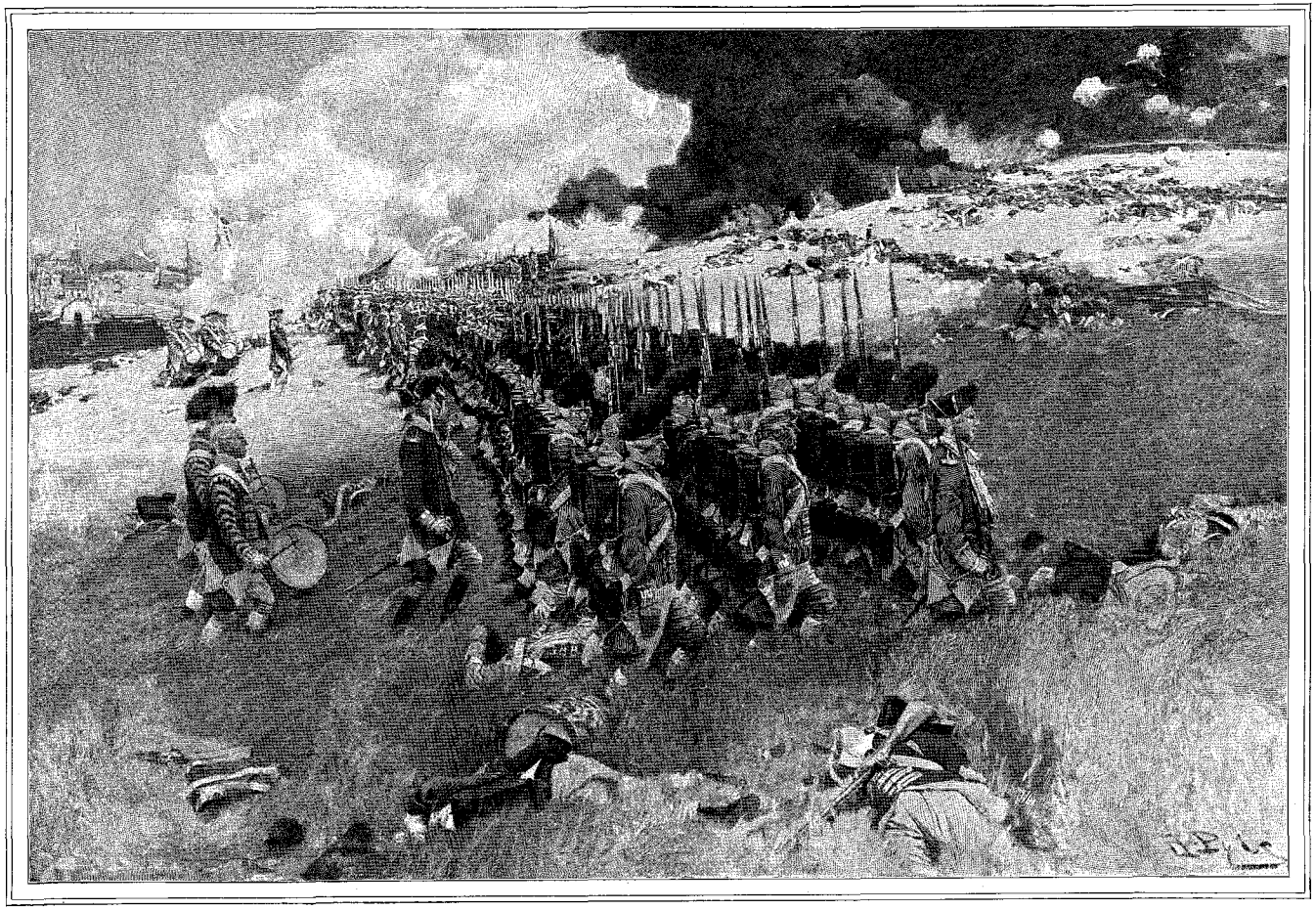

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

The scene represents the second attack and is taken from the right wing of the Fifty-second Regiment, with a company of grenadiers in the foreground. The left wing of the regiment, under command of the major, has halted, and is firing a volley; the right wing is just marching past to take its position for firing. The ship-of-war firing from the middle distance is the Lively; in the remoter distance is the smoke from the battery on Copp's Hill. The black smoke to the right is from the burning houses of Charlestown.

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